JOHN BULL DECEMBER 15, 1934

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVI.
1487.

John Bull's Christmas Number

JOHN BULL

"Crowned every Christmas"
with
BIRD'S CUSTARD
ONE OF BIRD'S PURE FOOD PRODUCTS

MEN WITH SPARE TIME

FREEMANS

The House of Quality.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY!

Lucrative spare-time occupation for men in regular work to represent one of London's oldest cash and credit houses supplying the finest values in Drapery, Clothing, Footwear, Household Goods, Toys, Jewellery, etc. Dignified, pleasant work, generous terms, no outlay. Wonderful range of samples supplied. Experience quite unnecessary. Every support given. Acknowledged the best steady spare-time agency of all. Early application advisable. Write for details NOW to :The Staff Manager.

FREEMANS,
Lavender Hill, London, S.W.11

SOUTH WESTERN

AMAZINGLY REDUCED

18/- CASH

2/-

FREE STEEL BRACING
250 MILE FREE
LORRY DELIVERY

SUPER GARAGES

	Cash	Down	12 pts
10ft. x 7ft.	89/6	4/6	8/2
14ft. x 8ft.	129/6	6/6	11/11

SUPER GARDEN SHEDS.

	Cash	Down	12 pts.	Ft.ex.
6ft. x 4ft.	29/6	3/6	2/6	3/6
8ft. x 5ft.	60/6	4/-	6/5	11/6
10ft. x 7ft.	60/6	5/	6/2	22/6

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO 1929 L[illegible]
Dept. J., Hugon Rd., Fulham, S.W.6. Ful. 1121 (5 lines)

FUN WITH YOUR RADIO

ENDLESS FUN Broadcasting your own Jokes Songs and Plays, with the **"HOME MIKE."**

Only **5/-** Post 6d.

Complete with instructions. Send P.O or sent C.O.D. on receipt of p.c., or 'phone Hop 4177.

Just slip the "HOME MIKE" to your Set. Works on all Receivers. No Alterations. Complete with Transformer. Great Entertainment Novelty — the Rage of the Season.

Order at once to avoid disappointment.

No set complete without one.

SCIENTIFIC SUPPLY STORES (Wireless) LTD., 126, Newington Causeway, Elephant & Castle (Dept. "B"), London, S.E.1.

MY GREAT XMAS OFFER IS THE BEST YET

I offer the finest ALL-BRITISH Wireless Sets at bargain prices, including Battery and All Mains Receivers. Any Set sent ON APPROVAL, PACKED FREE & CARRIAGE PAID. Write now for my beautifully illustrated Art Catalogue.

For Only £3.10 CASH, or EASY TERMS

L&A O'Brien LTD WIRELESS SPECIALISTS, NO 2 COVENTRY

"READICUT" RUG WOOLS

THE ORIGINAL WOOL CUT INTO LENGTHS READY FOR USE

SEND NOW FOR 1935 1/- RUG BOOK FREE

with over 80 designs in full colours and FREE WOOL SAMPLES. Send a p.c. (1d. stamp) to

READICUT WOOL Co., Ltd., Dept.J.B., OSSETT, Yorkshire

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6 for 2/- Post free.

NO MORE TO PAY

Wonderful value in GRAMOPHONE RECORDS, FULL SIZE, 10 in., TWO TUNES. Excellent reproduction (not secondhand, but absolutely new). Free Performance Rights for Cinemas, Cafés, etc. Send 2/- and 6 popular DURIUM Records will be sent post free. [illegible] (Dept. J.B.), [illegible] House, 4, Wall Street, London, E.C.1.

Trade Enquiries Invited.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

Order Now for Xmas

SEND NOW FOR XMAS. EVERY OFFER GUARANTEED.

£2-2-0 VALUE FOR 9/6

WRIST WATCH 18 CT. PLATED WARRANTED 10 YEARS

ANOTHER COLOSSAL PURCHASE of closing factory's entire stock enables us to offer this genuine Lever lady's 18 ct. plated expanding bracelet watch—made for the Australian market to be sold at £2 2s.—direct from us at a price which we, as expert valuers, know to be a world-wide achievement ranking us as the British House for Amazing Bargains. 9/6, post 6d. Warranted 10 years. Gent's square model same price. Send NOW!

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD. (Dept. J.B.6.1), 89, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. (Opposite Glave's.)

9/6 POST 6D

FINAL WEEK SATISFACTION [illegible]

- 2 White Woolly Blankets 80x70
- 2 Good Strong Sheets 80x70
- 2 White Pillow Slips 30x20
- 1 White Bolster Case 54x20
- 1 Art Printed Bedspread 80x70
- 2 Coloured Turkish Towels
- 1 Art. Silk Brocade and Corded Cushion Cover
- 3 Fancy Handkerchiefs
- 2 Chamois Polishers
- 1 Damask Table Cloth

CARR. FREE 20/- If C.O.D. 1/- extra

FREE LOVELY WADDED DOWN QUILT

Send for list of 20/- bargains

PATON MILL Co., Dept. 7., 73-75, Cannon Street, MANCHESTER, 4.

Supreme QUALITY

FUR GAUNTLETS

(Late of the Sample Shoe and Glove Stores).

14" LONG

Made from EXTRA STRONG pliable skins; fur-lined inside cuff of gauntlet with fur cuff reinforced on to leather palm; fingers lined with warm fleecy woollen lining; sewn prix seam throughout; perfectly cut and wonderfully comfortable. Where else will you find such value at a comparable price? The biggest bargain in gauntlets of the century!

AVAILABLE IN THE FOLLOWING SHADES:

PER PAIR 10/- POST PAID

- No. 1. Ladies' Beaver Coney Backs with Tan Cape Palms 10/-
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- No. 4. Men's Black Coney with Black Cape Palms. Extra wide cuff ... 10/-
- No. 5. Men's Beaver Coney with Tan Cape Palms. Extra wide cuff ... 10/-
- No. 6. Ladies' Golden Pulled, with Tan Cape Palms. Extra quality ... 10/-

"SUPREME" GLOVE CO., (Dept. 5) 26, Moncrieff Street, Rye Lane, S.E.15.

ALL BUSINESS TRANSACTED BY POST

Money will be instantly refunded in full if the gauntlets fail to give absolute satisfaction. Write for your pair now—while stocks last! Remember, they are worth MANY TIMES the money. Mention shade and size.

TRADE ENQUIRIES INVITED.

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42 PIECE CHINA TEA SET and 7 PIECE FRUIT SET

THE LOT CARRIAGE PAID ONLY £1

No. CB/81.7 A real China Tea Set for 12 persons of charming design in Rose or Violet. (Please state clearly colour required when ordering). And an elegant 7 Piece Fruit Set beautifully hand painted. Enclose Cash with Order NOW and avoid disappointment.

HAVE YOU ANY FRIENDS who would like to save money? They can purchase anything they require from England's largest Mail Order House and you can earn large Commission. Send a postcard NOW for our Scheme to:—

THE GREAT UNIVERSAL STORES LTD., (Dept. 181), [illegible], Ardwick, Manchester.

COMPARE SIZES Length Width Height PRICES & MAKE

All Bath's Buildings have Galvanised Steel Bracing at Corners.

Free Delivery by Lorry or Rail.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE including Hundreds of Garden Mats. Post Free.

[illegible] from 12/6

Garden Frames from 12/6

Poultry Houses from [illegible], or 3/- down

Wood, Asbestos and All Steel Motor Houses from £3, or 4/- down

Greenhouses from 47/6, or 2/6 down

Huts from 18/6, or 2/- down

BATH'S 2-7, SOUTHAMPTON ST., STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

PIANO STYLE ACCORDION

ONLY 8/6 NO MORE TO PAY!

Complete Factory Liquidation Stock Must be Cleared before the New Year

The most amazing offer ever made to popularise this fine organ-toned instrument—sweet, mellow and as easy to play as a 20 guinea model. Strong bellows. Well finished with heavily nickel plated metal parts. Attractively coloured as full size professional model. Ivory finished piano keys. 8 basses. Complete with hand strap and shoulder sling. An offer to advertise our name the world over. Only 8/6, post and packing 9d. NOTHING MORE TO PAY AFTER RECEIVING INSTRUMENT. Send at once to:—

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD. (Dept. Z. J.B.7), 89, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

SUTCLIFFE'S Store SHED from 2/9 MONTHLY

Design S.S.

DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, Prams, etc. Built in 6 strong sections, fitting together easily [illegible] (Specify extra.)

SMALL STORE SHEDS from 20/-.

Long	Wide	High	Cash			or 12 payments.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	£1	10	0	2/9
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	2	12	0	5/-
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	3	10	0	6/5
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	4	15	0	8/10

Send for Free Catalogue, Sheds, Sports Pavilions, Poultry Houses, Kennels, Greenhouses, Garages, Aviaries, &c.

F. & H. Sutcliffe, Ltd., 63, Wood Top, Hebden Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms: 40-42, Oxford St., W.1.

AMAZING XMAS OFFER

MAGNIFICENT 35/- MIDGET CHROME WRIST WATCH

Swiss made, super finish, 10 years guarantee. Chromium Link Band to match very latest pattern.

GIVEN ABSOLUTELY FREE

To readers purchasing a double link of our newest [illegible] Marina Pearls, with screw earrings to match, equal to any 10 gn. link gold, nestling in exquisite satin lined velvet case. This wonderful Xmas offer sent on receipt of only 1/6 and your promise to pay 1/6 a week or 5/- a month until 35/- has been paid. Send immediately to secure this gem of a watch. To save bookkeeping we will further give a special Xmas Box of a Golden Guinea 21/- lever action Fountain Pen, gold nib, to all who send the full amount of 30/- with order or within 7 days. Money back with pleasure if our offer is not genuine.

[illegible] (Dept. 7), [illegible] House, London, E.C.4.

WINTER FUN

Be the life & soul of the party!

Send for a parcel of our harmless laughter-making, practical Jokes, catches, &c. such as Cigarette Bangs, Indoor Fireworks, Sneezing Snuff, Plate Lifter, [illegible], Itching Powder, Musical [illegible], Matches, Trick Pencil, Distorting Mirror, &c. Ideal for Xmas Parties and a Winner for all occasions. Money refunded if not thoroughly satisfied.

LEADING JOKES (listed 3/6)	2/6
DOUBLE PARCEL ..	5/-
SPECIAL MONSTER BOX	10/-

All post free.

Also, Catalogue of 150 Jokes, Conjuring Tricks, &c., now ready.

SEND FOR IT TO-DAY.

J. B. HUNTER, 304, EDGWARE RD., W.2.

UNBELIEVABLE OFFER! Everybody admires the MINORETTA ACCORDION FREE!

This popular minor model instrument with a full scale of notes reproducing popular tunes is given absolutely FREE to every purchaser of 15 3-hole type, 100% Sheffield "Double Life" Razor Blades at 1/-, post and packing 6d. This is another of our stupendous advertising "stunts" to popularise our famous blades. Simply send 1/6 now to receive your Minoretta Accordion and 15 Blades. No waiting. Sent per return. Nothing more to pay. Money refunded if blades are not equal to any 4d. blade obtainable. [illegible]

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD., (Dept. A.J.16), 89, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. (Opposite Glave's.)

BABY-CLOTHES

DON'T TROUBLE ABOUT MAKING BABY CLOTHES — IT DOES NOT PAY — LET ME SUPPLY A COMPLETE LAYETTE FOR 30/-

Modern Short Lengths or usual Long clothes

39 delightful garments for Winter or Summer Baby. Silk and Wool Shawl, Nainsook Robes, Lawn or Winceyette Day Gowns, L.Cloth, Flan. or Winceyette Night Gowns, Wool Vests, Back-Flannels, Hand Knit Woollies, Hat, Coats, Binders, Turkish Bibs, Turk Napkins, etc.

A MOTHER'S TESTIMONIAL: "The layette is really wonderful, words cannot express my delight. Everyone who has seen the garments are amazed at the quality and such a quantity for 30/-."

Expectant Mothers! SEND 2/- FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL. Bal. Cash or Terms. Mrs. J. B. HOWARD, 60, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

Christmas is near!

CONVERT YOUR RADIO TO A QUALITY RADIO-GRAM

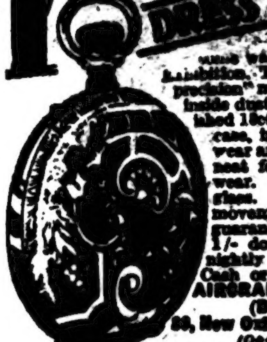
Make your pleasure complete this Xmas. Simple to fit. Supplied complete with volume control, connecting leads, pick-up, rest and book of instructions. 7 days free trial. Money refunded if dissatisfied. From your local dealer, or direct—send postal order or cheque, or we will send Pick-Up post paid C.O.D.

COSMOCORD PICK-UP .. 15/-

Please write for Free Booklet.

COSMOCORD LTD. ENFIELD, MIDDLESEX

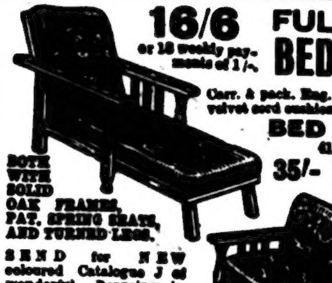
1/- DEPOSIT SECURES THIS 18 CT. PLATED DRESS HUNTER



Undoubtedly one of the most handsome watches of the 1934 Swiss Exhibition. To its credit 7 "ancre de precision" medals stamped on extra inside dust-proof case. Highly polished 18ct. plated, modern chased case, incorporated to prevent wear and scratching. Thin and neat for dress and everyday wear. Unbreakable inside glass. Accurate Geneva lever movement. Timed, tested and guaranteed 10 years. Sent for 1/- down, balance 1/6 fortnightly until 25/- is paid in all. Cash or within 7 days, 23/6.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD.
(Dept. J.H.1.15),
89, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.
(Opposite Glaves.)

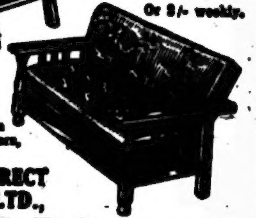
16/6 FULL SIZE BED CHAIR



or 18 weekly payments of 1/-.

Carr. & pack. Eng. and W., 2/6. 3 velvet cord cushions. ANY colour.

BED SETTEE



41 ins. wide.

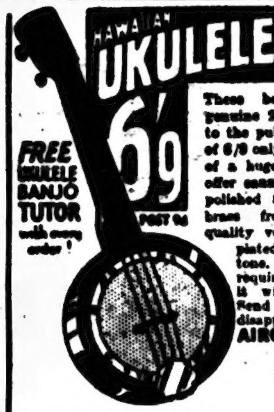
35/- Carr. & Pack. E. & W., 3/6. Or 2/- weekly.

BOTH WITH SOLID OAK FRAMES, PAT. SPRING SEATS, AND TURNED LEGS.

SEND for NEW coloured Catalogue J of wonderful Bargains in Upholstered Chairs, Bedroom and Dining Room Suites. Cheques, reg. letters, crossed P.O.'s to:

NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO., LTD.,
88, Shaftesbury Ave., Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1.

HAWAIIAN UKULELE BANJO 6/9



POST 9d

FREE UKULELE BANJO TUTOR with every order!

These beautiful instruments are genuine 21/- value and are offered to the public at the ridiculous price of 6/9 only as the result of a disposal of a huge purchase; therefore this offer cannot be repeated. In highly polished Satin Walnut finish with brass fretted finger-board, first quality vellum and heavily nickel-plated fittings. Amazingly sweet tone. An hour or so only required for a novice to master it with the FREE TUTOR. Send P.O. to-day to avoid disappointment.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS Ltd.
(Dept. J.U.2),
89, New Oxford Street,
London, W.C.1.
(Opposite Glaves.)

Amazing success of new discovery for the

DEAF

A simple, inexpensive safe home treatment

The new Aural Massage defeats deafness and head noises. Nothing to wear. Absolutely safe, swift, and certain. Gets right down to the root of the trouble. Hundreds of successes. Try it at our expense by accepting this free trial. *From letters:—"My hearing is now restored." "This is splendid." "Great improvement after one week."*

SENT ON FREE TRIAL SEND NO MONEY

Send only name and address for 3 days' free trial or Half-price trial offer—14 days' treatment for 5/-. Don't delay. Send now for FREE TRIAL. D. & J. Hill, Ltd. (Aural Dept.), 245, Oxford St., W.1 (over Oxford Circus Tube Station). (Hours 10 to 6.) Or 431, *Chester Rd., Manchester. (Hours 2 to 5.) Supplied under National Health Benefit. Write, 'phone or call to-day.*

The Hammer and Anvil Bones of the Ear on which Aural Massage operates

ACCEPT THIS FREE TRIAL

NOTE THIS AMAZING OFFER.

LIMITED QUANTITY ONLY BRAND NEW RADIO VALVES

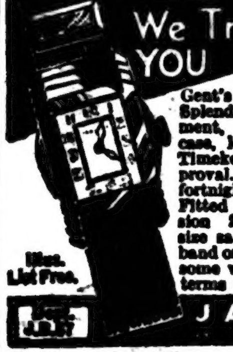
BY FAMOUS BRITISH MANUFACTURER

DETECTOR H.F. or POWER **2/9** EACH
Screened Grid and Pentode 3/9
POST FREE
Usual Prices 7/6 to 16/6

Take advantage of this astounding offer to give your Set a new lease of life for winter evenings. New valves mean new life, Power, and Sensitivity. Suitable for all sets using batteries or eliminators. We guarantee your satisfaction with every valve. If in doubt as to type to order, state make and type now in use and we will send equivalent. Send P.O. to:

RADIO & ELECTRICAL WHOLESALE SUPPLY, LTD.
(Dept. J.B.), 6, Conduit Street, London, W.1.

FREE APPROVAL We Trust YOU

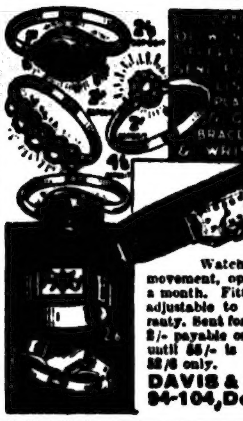


Lady's or Gent's Wrist Watches **£3.3.0 value for 22/6**

Gent's size. Bold Luminous dial. Splendid quality, tested movement, highly polished platinon case, leather sewn strap. Perfect Timekeeper. Sent on free approval. If satisfactory pay 1/6 fortnightly until 22/6 is paid, or Fitted on Chrome Mesh extension 27/6 same terms. Lady's size same quality on Black Moire band or expanding Bracelet, in handsome velvet-lined case 22/6. Same terms 1/6 fortnightly after receipt.

Illus. List Free.

Dept. J.B.27 **J A DAVIS & CO**



OUR WONDERFUL BARGAINS OFFERED ON EASY TERMS. SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE OF PLATINUM SET DIEMOND & GEM RINGS, WATCH BRACELETS, GENTS POCKET & WRISTLET WATCHES

£5.5.0 Value for 52/6. Yours for 1/- Deposit. Solid gold. English hall-marked Wrist Watch. Fine quality jewelled movement, opal dial, timed to a minute a month. Fitted Milanese mesh bracelet, adjustable to any size. 10 years' warranty. Sent for 1/- deposit. If satisfactory, 2/- payable on receipt, and 5/- monthly until 55/- is paid, or full cash 7 days, 52/6 only.

DAVIS & CO., Dept. J.B.14, 94-104, Denmark Hill, S.E.5.

FREE!

CAFE COLETTE ORCHESTRA ON 5 RECORDS

ALL FIVE SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE

The greatest and most sensational free gift offer of the year—a real Xmas present for everybody of five new complete Records by the Famous Cafe Colette Orchestra given absolutely free and without obligation to all applicants just to introduce our celebrated Double-Life 3-hole type 100% Sheffield Razor Blades, worth 4d. each. Send only 1/- for trial packet of 15 blades, also 6d. for post and packing of five records, and your blades and big gift will reach you by return. Everybody is surprised and delighted, and you'll say "What a gift!" Hurry up!

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD. (Dept. J.F.R.5), 89, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. (Opposite Glaves' Central Entrance)

Free Xmas Gifts for YOU!

Full Size Wadded Quilt and Full Size Bedspread

FREE

with these Bales of Bedding.

Our 20/- Bale is the heaviest and best value offered.

- 2 Woolly Blankets, size 70 x 90
- 2 Twill Sheets (approx.) 70 x 90
- 1 Large B'd'red Table Cl. 54 x 54
- 2 Full-size Pillow Slips
- 1 Full size Bolster Case
- 1 Full-size Wadded Quilt

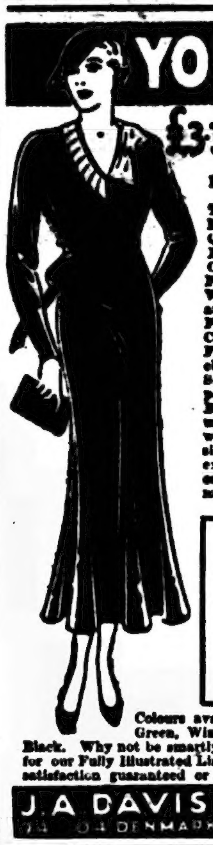
20/- POST FREE

With the above we give you a Full Size Wadded Quilt and Full Size Bedspread to match, both entirely Free

OUR GUARANTEE—Money returned without question if you are not satisfied.

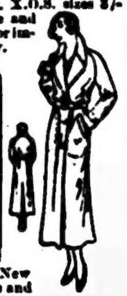
HOME NEEDS, LTD. (Dept. J.),
Tipping Street, Cannon Street, Manchester 4.

YOURS for 6d DEPOSIT £3-3-0 VALUE FOR 17/11



Note Our Free Gift to Every Customer.

The Latest Parisian Design Winter Model Frock produced in Fine Quality Chiffon Finished Twill Back Velveteen. Modish High-cut Corsage with Cross-over Yoke Front. Adjustable Tie, Finish to Waist, Smart Medium Neckline, attractively trimmed with Stylish Frill and Bow of White Sand Crepe. Well-cut Skirt with Medium Flare. Let us send you this exclusive model on Free Approval. Send only 6d. deposit and 6d. for postage for Free Approval. Balance payable 1/6 fortnightly until 18/11 is paid, or full cash within 7 days 17/11 only. All sizes and lengths. X.O.S. sizes 2/- extra. Give size and colour required for immediate delivery.

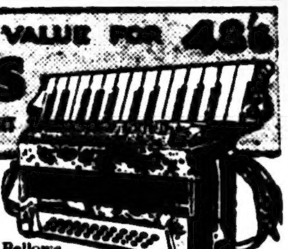


Note Our Free Offer
Every Purchaser has one of our £2 2s. Raincoats with StormCollar, Full Belt & Vertical Pockets—Free.

Colours available; Navy, New Green, Wine, Nigger, Saxe and Black. Why not be smartly Dressed out-of-income? Write for our Fully Illustrated List of up-to-date Models. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed or deposit refunded.

J. A. DAVIS & CO Dept. J.B.47
94-104 DENMARK HILL LONDON S.E.

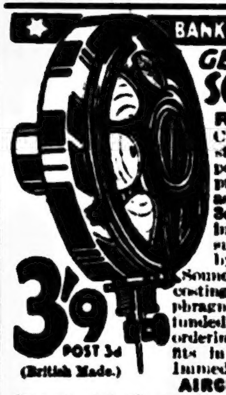
£6.6.0 VALUE FOR 48/6 YOURS 3/- DEPOSIT



Real Piano Accordions at Specially Reduced Prices. Piano Finished Cabinet, Steel Reeds, Metal Bound Bellows, Triple Chord Action, Complete with Shoulder Strap. 21 Piano Keys, 8 Basses. Send only 3/- Deposit, Balance payable 5/- Monthly until 52/- is paid, or Cash within 7 days 48/6 only. Write for Illustrated List of Models with 25 Keys, 12 Bass; 25 Keys, 24 Bass; 34 Keys, 48 Bass; 41 Keys, 120 Bass, etc., etc. All on equally attractive Terms.

J. A. Davis & Co. (Dept. J.B.7), 94-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5

BANKRUPT STOCK OFFER GENUINE SUPER SOUNDBOXES RADIOGRAM TONE

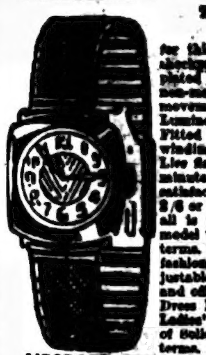


3/9 POST 3d (British Made.)

Complete Manufacturer's stock of these famous Ultra powerful Soundboxes, list price 21/-, now offered at the astounding price of 3/9, post 3d. The cheapest gramophone instantly transformed into super sweet-toned instrument by simply fitting this Super Soundbox, only found with models costing £25. Durolite metal diaphragm. Non-vibrating. Cash refunded if not delighted. When ordering state whether soundbox fits in or slips over tone arm. Immediate delivery.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD.
(Dept. J.S.4), 89, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1
(Opposite Glaves central entrance.)

"AIRCRAFT" Shockproof WATCH



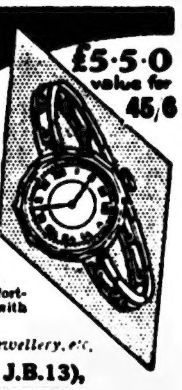
This Milanese Bracelet FREE.

Send 1/- NOW

for this world-renowned "AIRCRAFT" shockproof watch. Handsome Chromium-plated case. Fitted with famous Aircraft non-magnetic, shock-and-vibration-proof movement. Silver Chrome dial or Plain, Luminous. Swiss jewelled movement. Fitted with recoil spring to prevent over-winding. 10 years' written guarantee. Lies flat and neat on wrist. Timed to a minute a month. Send 1/- now. If to satisfaction, forward 2/6 within 7 days and 2/6 or more fortnightly until only 18/- in all is paid. Cash price 16/6. Superior model with unbreakable glass, 22/6; same terms. FREE to Purchasers.—Latest fashion Gent's broad U.S.A. pattern adjustable Milanese Chromium Bracelet. On and off in 3 seconds. 7 Jewelled Chrome Dress Pocket Model, 22/6, same terms. Ladies' Solid Silver Model (with Free Gift of Solid Silver Bracelet), same price and terms. Immediate Dispatch.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD. (Dept. J.B.A.18),
89, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. *(Opposite Glaves.)*

YOURS for 1/- DEPOSIT £5·5·0 value for 45/6

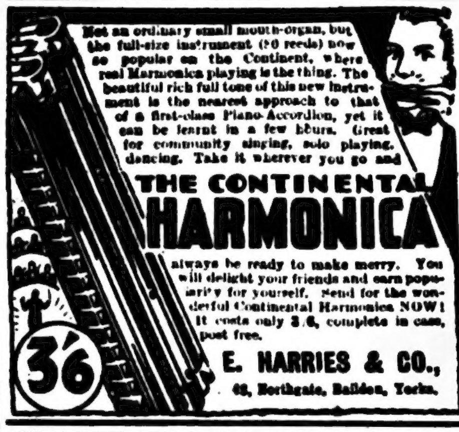


Illustrated List Post Free. SOLID GOLD English Hall-marked Keyless WRIST WATCH with Expanding Bracelet attached. Tested Movement. Timed to a minute a month. Fully Warranted 10 years.

Send 1/- Deposit only for Free Approval. If satisfactory, balance payable 2/- within 7 days and 2/- fortnightly until 49/6 is paid. Cash with order or within 7 days 45/6 only.

Write for Illustrated List, Rings, Jewellery, etc.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B.13),
94-104, DENMARK HILL, S.E.5



Not an ordinary small mouth-organ, but the full-size instrument (80 reeds) now so popular on the Continent, where real Harmonica playing is the thing. The beautiful rich full tone of this new instrument is the nearest approach to that of a first-class Piano-Accordion, yet it can be learnt in a few hours. Great for community singing, solo playing, dancing. Take it wherever you go and

THE CONTINENTAL HARMONICA

always be ready to make merry. You will delight your friends and earn popularity for yourself. Send for the wonderful Continental Harmonica NOW! It costs only 3/6, complete in case, post free.

3/6

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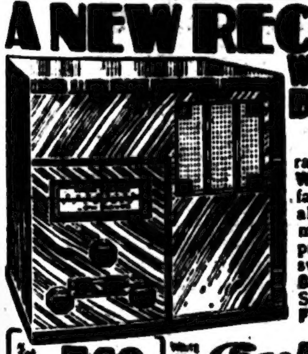

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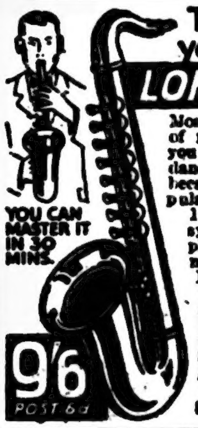

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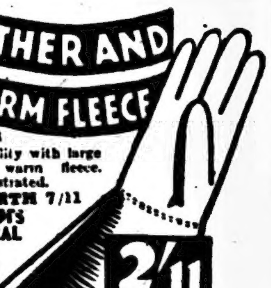

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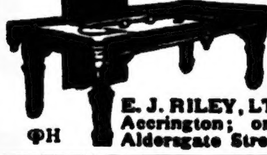

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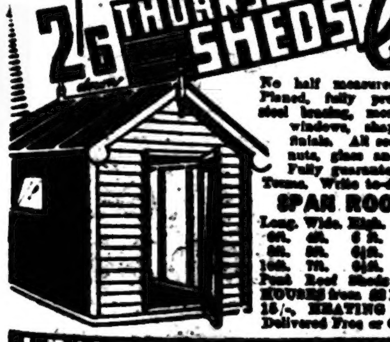

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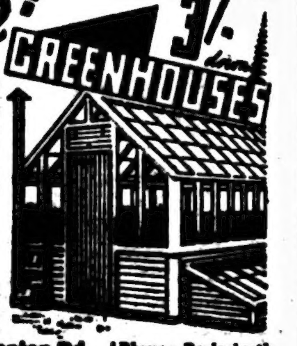

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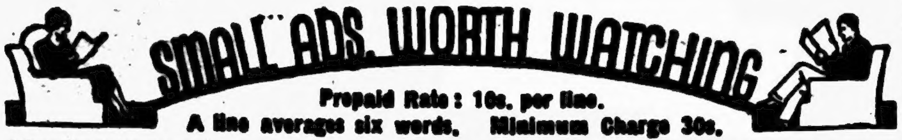

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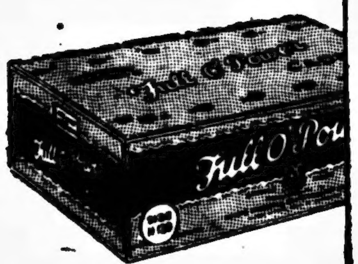

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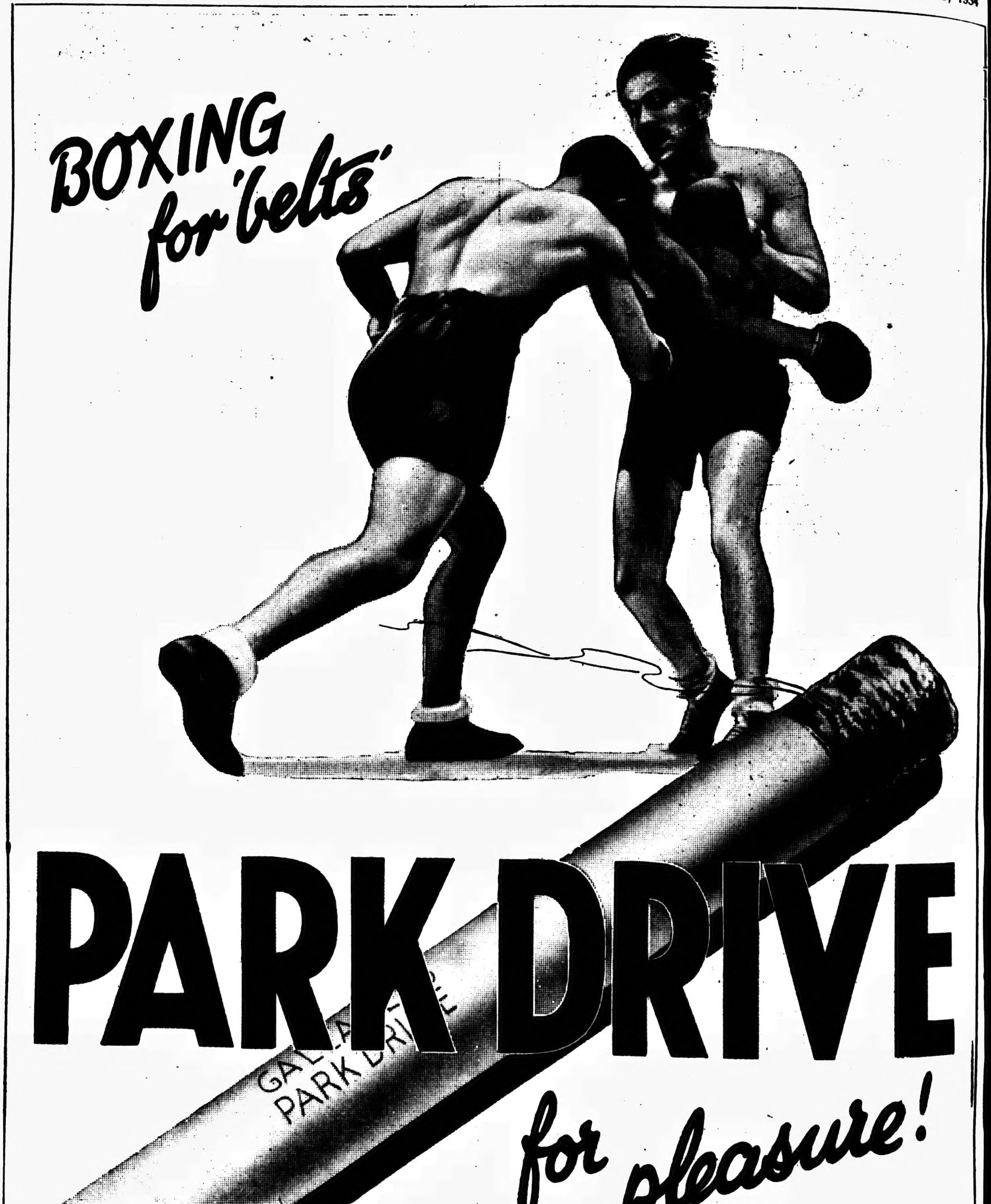
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JOHN BULL

THURSDAY
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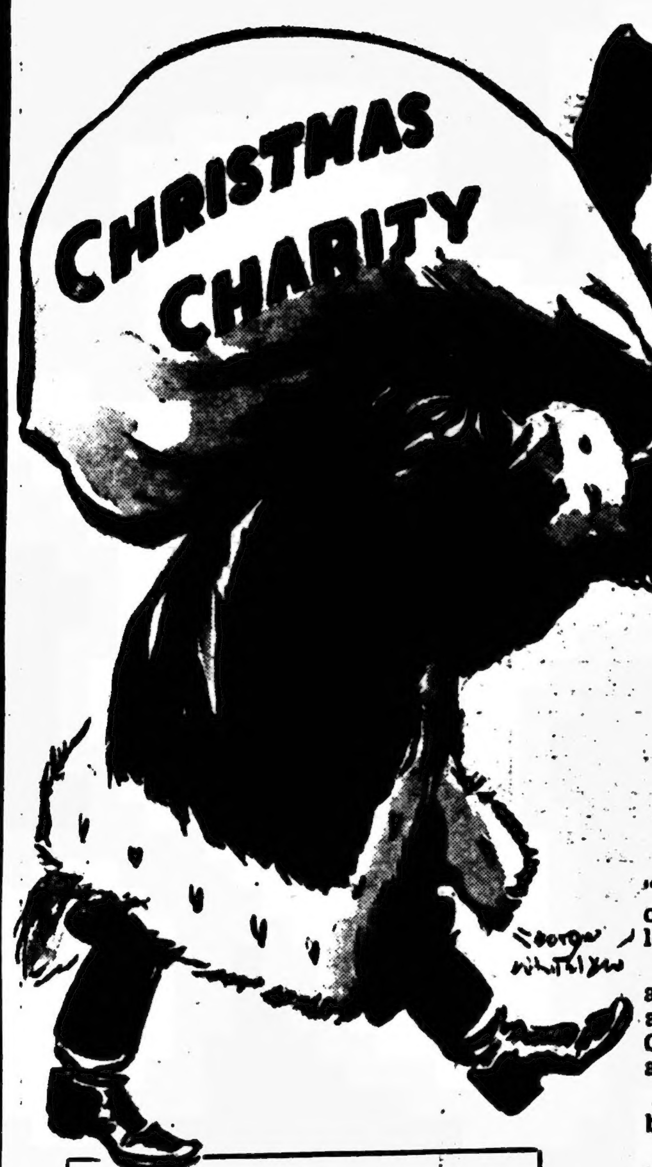

Beware of Father Wolf

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year, but that is enough to provide a rich harvest for those wolves of charity who, in the genial guise of Santa Claus, exploit the Season of Good Will.

At no other time in the year are people's hearts and purses more open than when the festive season is approaching, and dubious charity benefactors find it an ideal opportunity to enrich themselves.

Poor, crippled, slumland children generally provide the medium for the chief appeals which are made; though many of the exploiters raise money through heartrending tales about funds which have supposedly been properly established for the assistance of workless people, aged and infirm sufferers, the blind and the maimed, and so on.

The charity laws of this country are so weak and antiquated that rarely are the police able to act, even though they know a bogus appeal is being made.

So long as the promoter can prove, as, of course, he mostly takes good care he can, that he has handed over *something* to charity, he can carry on unhindered—a scandalous fact which applies all the year round to any venture of the type we have in mind.

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THE present operations of scores of Christmas charity "wolves" more than illustrate that the demands which JOHN BULL has constantly made for new regulations for the governing of charity collections are both pressing and urgent.

Recently we exposed a concern called the British Disabled Ex-Servicemen's Association, for which money was being widely collected by a man who has been exploiting charity for years, and who has been more than once in prison.

This particular rogue, a year ago, ran a shady "Holly Fund" for ex-soldiers.

Last week we had the satisfaction of being notified that, disturbed by our disclosures, the London County Council had held an independent enquiry and, as the result, had struck the "Association" off the register. To-day the offices of the concern are vacated, and the police are looking into its affairs.

There is one man living in luxury to-day about whose persistent activities massive dossiers are to be found in the archives of the Charity Organisation Society, which has issued innumerable warnings against him for nearly thirty years.

His "busy season" has for some weeks now been in full swing.

He issues appeals which, to people who know his inner history, are sickening in their sentiment. One of his present pamphlets is illustrated by a snow-covered house, outside which some poor children are singing for alms, while two little ragged mites crouch together in the snow.

The "sob stuff" language, amplified with seasonal phraseology, talks of "neglected little ones," of poor children who have to go about in the cold in threadbare garments and with bare feet, vivid pictures being given of their drab lives in narrow courts, small rooms and common lodging houses.

This man is now collecting for a Christmas dinner fund, and his agents, who pocket fifty per cent. of the money before it reaches the promoter of the so-called Christmas children's feast, are active in all parts of the country. There is no doubt that some sort of a dinner will be given, but what its cost will be in proportion to the amount subscribed by the public will never be known outside the charity-monger's office.

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IN past years this man has issued accounts—but only when sorely pressed to do so—which give no real indication of the position. They have never been audited, are signed by no one other than himself, and even then, with what meagre information *is* grudgingly given, show that the major portion of the amounts he has chosen to show therein have been swallowed up in expenses!

The police at the moment are directing their attention to a man who is running a "charity" from several addresses in London. He, too, is notorious as an appeal organiser, and has been associated with many ventures which have robbed the public ruthlessly.

His lay at the moment is to give money and food to homeless and destitute people at Christmas, though there is little doubt that the bulk of the money collected will find its way into the pockets of himself and his associates.

The real worth of the "charity" he is running can be gauged from the fact that it has already been discovered, in connection with his present appeal, that cash has been handed over the counters of banks, and exchanged for banknotes, without the amounts passing through a pass book at all. The same thing, on a lesser scale, has happened at post offices and public-houses.

We could go on giving scores of instances of this cruel form of imposture on soft-hearted people. Not only does it ruin their confidence when they realise that they have been deceived, but also does immeasurable harm to genuine and well-conducted institutions which do good and really deserve support.

In a supposed "account," issued under pressure last year by one society in response to its Christmas appeal for hungry and destitute children, the sum said to have been collected was given as, roughly, £2,000 Expenses amounted to four-fifths of this—a pretty costly business. Who really benefited, we wonder?

Another charity, which is very busy just now raising funds to provide meals and Christmas gifts to homeless people, and which is run by a man and his wife, recently gave its last year's figures to the Charity Organisation Society.

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ON their own showing £900 out of £1,400 stated to be the full collections went in organisation expenses. In view of this it is not surprising that Mr. Justice Humphreys, in sending one of its collectors to prison for fraud a few days ago, severely criticised the fact that 50 per cent. of all amounts collected went to the collectors, and added: "Then there is the office in London, and one wonders how much goes to the destitute and the homeless. . . . You are one of those detestable people who do more harm than anything else to charity."

How recklessly some of these societies select their collectors is shown by the fact that the collector in this instance had been several times to jail, and had only been at liberty a short while when he was taken on by this organisation.

In another case, where the Christmas season brings the best grist to the bogus charitable society's mill, accounts had literally to be dragged from the promoter. On his own showing—and there was no means of finding out whether he had given full and appropriate figures—he had collected some thousands of pounds and, apart from the "expenses" incurred in correspondence and paying the rent of his small office, had pocketed the lot!

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A DIFFERENT type of Christmas charity fraud is run by crooks who describe their organisations as "Christmas Clubs." They send canvassers from door to door soliciting subscriptions for funds which they declare will provide a varied supply of good things at Yuletide and still leave a surplus for charities in which they pretend to be interested.

Most of these crooks realise that Christmas festivities are prepared for long in advance, and it often happens that by the time Christmas comes the offices of these spurious "clubs" are closed down and their promoters have disappeared.

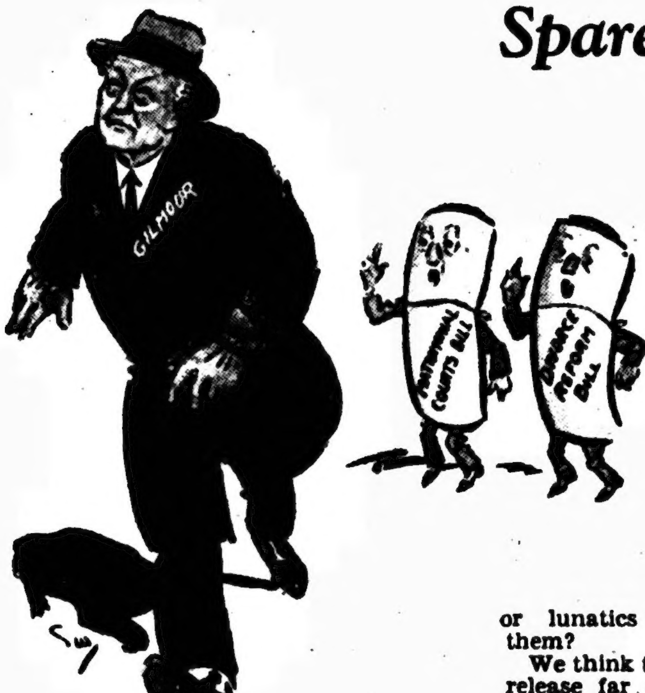
It is a detestable scandal and one which, from the Christmas aspect alone, has long called for official action. Parliament could do far worse than decide, as one of its New Year resolutions, to end this shame once and for all.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Making a Mockery of Marriage Reform

Spare the "Knife" on Children!

No Hope for Our Sailors



"None so bind as those that will not see"—none so blind as Sir John Gilmour

WHAT is behind the great marriage mystery of Whitehall? In other words, why does the Government so blindly oppose every proposal for marriage reform?

There must be a reason, but whatever it may be, it is not plain to the man and woman in the street. Our postbag provides ample proof that our Ministers are hopelessly out of touch with public feeling.

Yet they still obstinately refuse any explanation for their obstruction to much-wanted and long-overdue reforms.

More obstacles

They are once more hindering the Divorce Reform Bill, the very mild measure which would grant divorce in cases of incurable insanity, three years' desertion, persistent cruelty, habitual drunkenness or drug-taking, or where one partner to the marriage has been convicted of murder or is serving a life-sentence.

The Bill's promoters now believe they have a majority in the House of Commons behind them. There is already one in the Lords. There certainly is one in the country.

Twenty years' fight

Twenty years ago a Royal Commission recommended these provisions. M.P.s have been trying ever since to get them adopted.

Now, when there is at last a good prospect of carrying them into law—given the opportunity—the Government brusquely retorts that it can't spare time for their discussion.

We don't think that specious plea will delude anyone.

Unions of misery

If Ministers can honestly find arguments against the proposals they should state them in the House.

Let them summon courage and explain why a woman should be bound to a man who beats her, refuses to keep her, or who makes her life a misery by continual drinking or doping.

The great mass of the public, we know, refuse to believe that there is much "sanctity of married life" about such unions.

A champion passes

It is unfortunate that one of the greatest champions of saner divorce, Lord Buckmaster, should have died last week, just when the Government's obstruction to reform took on a new phase.

That great judge would have been an invaluable supporter to the Bill, as his trenchant articles in JOHN BULL plainly showed.

We know that, like us, he would have welcomed a much more courageous measure.

Mockeries

The innumerable married couples who, though bitterly unhappy, will be excluded from the present Bill just because they are normal—because they are not married to murderers or lunatics or drug-fiends—what of them?

We think they should be able to obtain release far easier than our costly and cumbrous divorce system permits.

The Government thinks they should continue to live in conditions that make marriage a mockery.

Lord Merrivale's anger

They have demonstrated that by opposing all attempts to set up matrimonial courts—privately held tribunals that would patch up domestic quarrels and be free of the objectionable police-court atmosphere.

For a time Sir John Gilmour tried to bluff Lord Merrivale into believing that they would consider these excellent courts which he so strongly advocates. Now Sir John admits that they don't intend to do anything of the sort.

We are glad that Lord Merrivale's indignation at this shabby dodge has led him to reintroduce his admirable Bill. We shall continue to give him all the support we can.

Spinster experts!

The only grain of humour in the Government's curious attitude can be found in its committee set up to consider the question of matrimonial cases in police courts.

The only women members are unmarried!

That is the one humorous feature of a situation that reflects badly on the Government's honesty and courage. And we fear that will do little to temper the disgust which most people feel at the continued obstruction to rational and belated reform.

All wrong

You know, that phrase about "sailors don't care" is all wrong. It should be "sailors don't count."

The Government thinks so, anyway. Though it is going to give a £2,000,000 subsidy to tramp shipping, it coldly refuses to ensure that British sailors should be employed instead of foreign (and cheap) labour.

Oh, no! If 50,000 British sailors are unemployed, so much the worse for them. Not a finger can be raised to help them.

Dirt-cheap labour

In our recent article, "Ships Manned by Boys," we told how youthful apprentices were being engaged to do skilled men's work by unscrupulous shipowners. Does the Government object to that? On the contrary. It is too fearful even to agree to Mr. Arthur Greenwood's demand for an enquiry into the conditions on British ships.

The shipowners will get their subsidy. The seamen can go hang.

The surgeon's knife

What does please us is that the mania for taking out schoolchildren's tonsils is on the wane.

Only 77,000 such operations were performed last year, compared with 111,000 the year before.

Needless operations

And we are glad that, as some school doctors still seem to preserve their passion for wholesale operations, Sir George Newman has given them another warning.

He has pointed out that there ought to be a six months' experiment with other methods of treatment before the operation is recommended.

The homework bogey

We have no fear about the result of the enquiry into children's homework which Lord Halifax has ordered.

We all know what youngsters and their parents think about excessive evening study, and what the teachers feel about it was shown by the trenchant article, written by a schoolmaster, which we published last week.

Our one regret is that the enquiry's results will not be known until next summer. Evidently the authorities concerned will not be expected to do overtime!

At last!

But we are really glad that Sir Hilton Young is going to have a national water survey carried out. We wish he had agreed before to our demand, though it's much better late than never.

All we hope is that the survey will be a preliminary, and not a very protracted one, to a great onslaught on the twin evils of drought and flood.

The Fragrant Minute.

CLEVER CHAR

SAID a charwoman once, as she scrubbed the floor: "I may be a dunce, I might know more. But one thing's as plain as my stocking's purled: though there's sun and rain in this bad old world; though there's hail and snow and there's fog, I guess, but there isn't, I know—any happiness."

"No happiness at all," said she to me, and then let fall this philosophy: "We must just be happy without it," she said, with a wave of her hand and a nod of her head.

Though I had to smile, I knew she was right. Nothing's worth while if our hearts aren't bright; and if only they shine, then the world's bright too. Don't you think she was fine? I certainly do!

Wilhelmina Stitch.

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Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

Thanks

Again, we can thank Sir Hilton Young, Minister of Health, for an unprecedented step.

A few months ago, a Rhymney Valley Water Board worker lost his life in trying to save a man in a gas-filled sewer, and his widow and three children could not obtain benefit under the Workmen's Compensation Act.

Sir Hilton Young's attention was drawn to the case, and he has allowed two local authorities to contribute £150 between them to the aid of the destitute widow.

That, Sir Hilton, is a very humane and generous gesture.

Justice wants cash

We wish we could say the same about the experience of a Hereford man, Mr. T. S. Griffiths, in the Grimsby County Court. For that experience helps to prove that, in the words of the old adage, there's one law for the rich and another for the poor. Unemployed and penniless, he cycled two hundred miles to enter a counterclaim for £40 against the £2 14s. for which he was sued.

But because he couldn't afford the court fees of 27s. 6d. his suit was struck out.

He should have known, of course, that a county court is the last place in the world to grant credit!

Clean sweep coming

There may be another shock for sweepstake patrons. A clean sweep of the Irish sweeps is now a possibility.

Dublin believes that Mr. de Valera will stop them after next year's Derby in the fear that they may be building up a race of unskilled workers.

We must admit that we understand his fear. We know how large numbers of Dublin people are apt to leave their regular employment at a moment's notice to "work for the sweep," and we know the effect of lotteries in Latin countries.

Wise sympathy

For the very good reason that poverty and crime are so thinly divided, let us rejoice that the Oldham magistrates sympathised with the motive that induced Thomas Holt, a young out-of-work husband, to embark on a series of petty thefts.

Deprived of medical benefits, he stole to provide funds for his wife's approaching confinement, carefully banking the lot in readiness for the arrival of his second child.

The Bench bound him over and said he had been foolish. He had, but the wisest of parents are apt to lose their heads when in such a dreadful predicament.

Thanks to them

Though we often criticise the strange decisions of some lay magistrates, we are not unmindful of the fine work done by others.

A fortnight ago we told how a Lincoln boy of seventeen, in despair because he had never had a job, tried to commit suicide.

We are glad to note that Mrs. Wharhirst and her colleagues on the Lincoln bench called for a specialist's report, have adopted his recommendations for treatment, bound the boy over for a year, and have made arrangements for his comfort and well-being during that period.

That seems to us an excellent blending of kindness and wisdom.

Lucky escape

The other day a woman was charged at Liverpool with stealing a box of chocolates and a pair of ear-rings from a department store. Her name and age were given, but not her address—nor the fact that she was the wife of a foreign consul-general.

The police applied for the charge to be withdrawn on the grounds of the woman's health, and the magistrate agreed—all this within sixty seconds!

Just before this three other women appeared in the dock, also charged with shoplifting. They were only labourers' wives, and one was fined £5, another £4, and the third remanded.

Dangerous

If anyone needs proof that fools are dangerous, let them ruminate on the "jokers" who have been pitching life-belts into the Tay at Dundee.

We are not surprised that Dundee citizens are furious at this risking of lives: what surprises us is that the "jokers" have so far managed to keep out of the lunatic asylum.

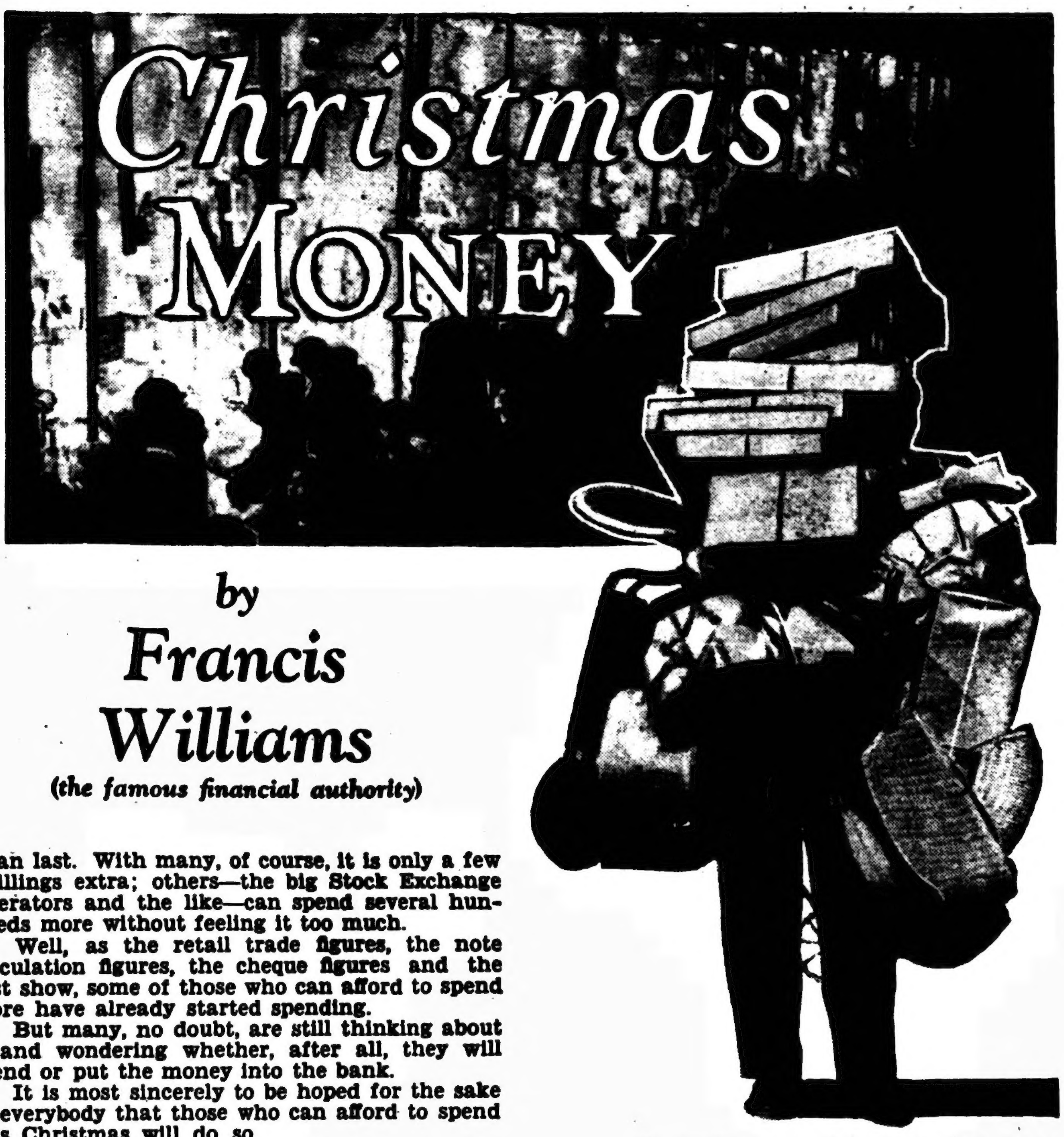
Fire brigade folly

The clerk to the Alton Urban District Council points out that his council has not been concerned in the purchase of a siren for the local fire brigade.

The "Candid Communication" in our issue of November 24, therefore, does not apply to his council.

We willingly give publicity to these facts.

Christmas Money



by Francis Williams

(the famous financial authority)

The presents you give will benefit not only the actual recipients but a host of others too. This Christmas shopper might almost be called a public benefactor

THEY are getting ready at the banks for a bumper Christmas.

Last year the Bank of England had to put into circulation for Christmas something over £24,000,000 of additional currency. That was £10,000,000 more than the previous year. And this year, judging by all the indications so far, the Bank may find itself called upon to put out an additional £6,000,000 or so, making £30,000,000 in all.

Already the note circulation is rising more rapidly than it did at the beginning of last year's Christmas season.

And that is an indication that people are getting ready to spend more at Christmas. But it is not the only indication. There are many others.

From nearly all the leading provincial centres —Manchester, Liverpool, Nottingham, Sheffield, Leeds, and others—the great joint stock banks report an increase in the volume of cheques passing through their branches compared with the same period a year ago.

That means that people with banking accounts are drawing upon them more heavily. They are spending more. They are getting ready to make this the best Christmas for years. The same is true to an even greater extent of the banks' experience in London.

And, over and above that, statistics of the trade done by the great department stores, cooperative societies, multiple shops and selected independent retailers which are compiled by the Bank of England show a notable increase in sales compared with last year.

In Scotland, the North of England, in Wales, the South of England and suburban London, retail sales are up by anything from 3 to nearly 5 per cent. compared with a year ago.

In fact, in what are termed "miscellaneous goods," and that means largely the sort of things which people buy for Christmas goods, sales are already more than 5 per cent. higher than a year ago, and in the fashion departments, where no doubt loving or dutiful husbands are busily getting ready to surprise their wives with something nice to wear, sales have risen by nearly 5½ per cent.

£ £ £

PERCENTAGES, of course, do not mean much to the ordinary person. They are dreary things, fascinating to the statistician, but lamentably lacking in the human touch.

But in this case percentage rises mean substantially more sales for the department stores, substantially more orders for the manufacturing companies which supply those stores, and substantially more work for Father Christmas and his deputies.

Altogether, in fact, the outlook for Christmas this year is particularly bright. For one thing there are, for a number of reasons, nearly 280,000 more people employed this year than at the same period twelve months ago. And Christmas trade will, of course, mean work, even if only temporary work, for quite a number more, for it is estimated that anything from 80,000 to 100,000 are taken off the unemployment register for the duration of the Christmas trade boom.

All over the country, too, various thrift organisations, slate clubs and the like, report an increased volume of money saved and now waiting to be paid out to members.

And at the same time an unprecedented boom on the Stock Exchange in Government securities and other stocks in what are termed the gilt-edged market—the sort of stocks that are held particularly by the small investor who cannot afford to take risks—has made many thousands of people feel richer.

£ £ £

NOT all of this rise, of course, is real money. In a large number of cases it represents only a paper profit. But those who have sold out —and there are quite a number of them—find themselves in possession of a sum which they could not have anticipated even a short time ago and one which represents an exceedingly handsome profit on what they paid for their securities.

Moreover, even those who have not sold out know that if they needed to they would get a lot more money than they would have got even a few months back. They are potentially richer and that means that they need not be quite so careful about saving as before. They can afford to spend more if they will.

There are, indeed, all over the country lots of people this year who can afford to spend more than last. With many, of course, it is only a few shillings extra; others—the big Stock Exchange operators and the like—can spend several hundreds more without feeling it too much.

Well, as the retail trade figures, the note circulation figures, the cheque figures and the rest show, some of those who can afford to spend more have already started spending.

But many, no doubt, are still thinking about it and wondering whether, after all, they will spend or put the money into the bank.

It is most sincerely to be hoped for the sake of everybody that those who can afford to spend this Christmas will do so.

In the present economic and trading conditions it is common-sense to spend if you can and it is one certain way in which those who are a little better off than a year ago can help to distribute some of their good fortune to others.

And I do not, of course, mean only the direct distribution which results from the actual giving of presents. It is not only those to whom you give presents who will benefit from your spending, but a host of others. It is, indeed, almost impossible to judge the full beneficial effects which will result from more spending this Christmas.

When you go into a shop and spend a few shillings, or a pound or two, or whatever it may be that you can afford, you are throwing a stone into a pond and you do not know how far the ripples will go.

£ £ £

INCREASED spending means increased trade, increased trade means more demand for goods, and more demand for goods means more employment.

Increased employment means in its turn yet more spending—spending, not just on Christmas presents—though if you spend for Christmas and begin to spend early you may make it possible for many a stocking to be filled which would otherwise go empty—but spending also for all sorts of other things, for food and clothes, for boots and for coal.

And that in its turn means an ever-widening circulation of money and an increase in activity in all sorts of trades which have little or no direct connection with Christmas present-giving.

Moreover, a bumper Christmas this year may very easily have greater and more lasting effects than that of any previous occasion.

To-day there are hundreds of millions of pounds waiting for investment. New capital for industries, finance for business undertakings can be obtained more cheaply than almost ever before in financial history.

But the demand for that new capital and that new finance still lags. And it lags because many commercial and industrial firms, although they have experienced increased trade activity recently, are not yet quite sure how long that activity is going to last and how far it is going to go. They are not quite sure yet whether the public is able and willing to buy. They cannot be certain to what extent economy is still the order of the day.

They do not wish to undertake new developments until they can be a little surer of their ground. If this year there is a record Christmas trade they will take it as an indication that an expansion in the home market is still possible—that people will buy if they are offered attractive goods and they will be encouraged to take advantage of cheap and easy borrowing conditions and embark upon new developments and new extensions.

And, if they do, that will mean a further increase in employment and an increase of a more permanent and stable nature than Christmas activity alone can produce.

We have to-day a problem in which there is unemployed money on the one hand and unemployed labour on the other. What is needed to help to bring the two together and to find employment for both is confidence that goods produced can be sold. And the only way that confidence can be created is by those who can afford to buy doing so.

And remember that just as depression is a vicious spiral so that declining trade leads to unemployment and economy, and unemployment and economy lead to a further fall in trade, so revival is a happy spiral.

If you buy more you encourage the shopkeeper to increase his stocks, that encourages the manufacturer to produce more and to undertake those developments which he is contemplating, that means more employment, more employment means more buying from the shopkeeper, and so the process starts all over again, bringing improved conditions with every completion of the circle.

So for all these reasons spend as much as you can this Christmas. Do not spend more than you can afford, but do not spend less. Give generously and you will not only bring happiness to your own immediate circle, but you will have done something constructive and important to help on the trade revival which we all desire so much.

CLOWN

"The clown is here—the one man who makes the whole world laugh"

At a crash from the orchestra of the Great Christmas Circus a motley figure comes rolling into the sawdust ring with such speed and unexpectedness that he might have been discharged from the mouth of the giant cannon.

Forgotten, now, the thrills of the daredevil lady on the cream pony, the human projectile, the flying trapeze.

The clown is here—the one man who makes the whole world laugh.

The *clowns* are here, in fact, for there are one, two, three of them. And the roar of delight from every child from three to eighty will not subside until they roll out of the ring again as crazily and comically as they entered it.

Watch the one who is wearing the most gorgeous pantaloons. Anything from £200 to £500 that crazy dress cost the management, rarely less except in the case of the smallest circuses. If he were wearing anything cheap and tawdry, the act which he is about to perform would be doomed to failure.

The oldest trick

For if he were to get such a rich and resplendent uniform wet through, that would be fun indeed, according to the ancient recipes for humour on which all clowning depends for its laughs. If somebody else tried to wet those beautiful clothes through, failed, and himself got wet in the process, that would be even more howlingly funny according to those same ancient formulæ.

And that is exactly what is going to happen. It is the oldest trick in clowning. Henry VIII. saw his court jesters perform it. So did monarchs before him. In five hundred years it has never been given a rest, and it is safe to say it never will.

The house rocks . .

Laboriously, the beautifully dressed one balances an empty bucket on a pole and then balances the pole on his nose. Mischievously, the other two clowns obviously make up their minds to put water in the bucket, for they go out to reappear almost immediately with a full bucket of water and a ladder.

How the house rocks as the single clown moves every time the pair of them are on the verge of pouring in the water. What a riot is aroused by his ignorance of what is happening—due to his concentration on his balancing feat. And the tumult when the ladder topples, throwing the clown at the top into seventeen somersaults, and soaking to the skin the confederate who has let the ladder slip!

The biter has been bit, and that is the secret of successful clowning in a nutshell. The oldest joke in the history of public entertainment—and yet the laughter gets merrier and more voluminous with the years!

Well, it is an ancient art, the clown's. In a rapidly changing world, nothing changes less. In every tumble, in every mistake, in every trip-up, he shows that in fundamentals human nature has changed little throughout the centuries, if at all.

You are going to laugh, this Christmas, with your grandfathers and great-grandfathers, and with their grandfathers and great-grandfathers before them. In fact, you are going to smile with all the courts that ever boasted a jester, for their tricks for arousing laughter have come down to us almost unchanged, and will be seen wherever there is a Christmas circus to enjoy.

You will probably see the clown who tries to break an egg on the bald head of another—and gets liberally covered in the sticky yolk of it himself. That trick, too, is hundreds of years old. And it won't spoil your enjoyment of it one bit to tell yourself so.

You'll see this

And the man who tries to tear off the shirt of another one. He never succeeds because the shirt is a hundred yards long—longer, in any case, than the width of the circus ring. You will probably see that.

Then you will be really unlucky if you miss the spectacle of the fool who waits for another fool to burn himself with a lighted taper, and waits in vain because there is really something like twenty yards of taper hidden up the sleeve of the man who holds the light.

Or the man who comes on cleverly balancing a feather on his nose, drops his handkerchief, turns his face downwards towards the sawdust to pick up the handkerchief *and still has the feather on his nose, because it is stuck there.*

These are just a few of the tricks in the thousands that comprise the stock-in-trade of our clowns, and they are all as old as Wren's churches, and in some cases much older.

Not that every clown will do the same tricks, because clowns belong to different types. They always did.

In the first place there is the solo clown, who is able to command the attention of 15,000 spectators without any help from other artists. That type is rapidly dying out, because only a man of immense personality and tremendous power can "hold" the vast circus audiences of to-day. Whimsical Walker could, but he died recently at the age of 84, and it seemed for a time as if London would be without a solo clown this Christmas for the first time in living memory

Now Joe Craston, who is also fast marching towards the eighties, has been brought in—to show London a command of vast audiences that none of our fabulously-paid film or stage artists of to-day could emulate.

Fools are fast

They are educated men, these solo clowns. They have to be. It is knowledge of men and matters that lifts them out of the ranks of the circus profession in which they begin. They don't take up clowning because they think they are funny. They spend years doing every branch of circus work, so that they can ride bare-backed, handle elephants, leap on the trapeze, and so on, and from then on they develop until each one of them comprises a circus on his own.

They have a repertoire of ancient tricks, yes—but they would court disaster if they just flung them at the heads of their audiences. Before they enter the ring they study their audiences to find out what would suit them best.

They know London likes [illegible]t turns. In fact, a three-quarters of an hour act in the best Continental circuses becomes a 15-minutes act in London. They know provincial audiences like slower action. On top of that they realise that every audience is different, and standing outside the ring they study the audience to learn its peculiarities and then dash in to give it just what it will enjoy the most.

At the end of their performances these "solo" clowns sink into chairs waiting just outside the ring breathless, perspiring, beaten. They work themselves completely out, such is the strain of managing a big audience single-handed.

Another type is the "August" clown—in effect solo clowns working in groups of three. It takes at least three ordinary men, apart from super-men, to hold so huge an audience as is attracted by the modern circus.

Set the fashion

And here is a point of interest about these "Augusts," as they are known. You know the present-day music-hall type of cross-talk that runs something like this: "What must I do now my doctor says I mustn't look at whisky?" "What must you do now that your doctor says you mustn't look at whisky?" "Yes, I ask you what must I do now my doctor says I mustn't look at whisky?" "Well, I say that if your doctor says you mustn't look at whisky you should drink it with your eyes shut."

That strange form of dialogue has

LAST CHANCE

As pointed out last week, this is the only opportunity **JOHN BULL** can provide for its readers to secure before Christmas a copy of the new 1,228-page Edition of the Complete Plays of Bernard Shaw.

The offer definitely closes Monday next, December 17. If you have not yet sent in your application do so *at once* before it is too late. Turn up last week's issue of **JOHN BULL** and use the Privilege Forms immediately.

This new Edition is the only one-volume Edition of the *"Complete Plays of Bernard Shaw"* in the world.

They are available in three different magnificent bindings—the beautiful Ordinary Edition, bound in Red Sundour linen-faced fadeless Cloth; the De Luxe Edition, bound in Dark Blue Art. Leather Rexine, and the superb Library Edition, bound in Brown Real Leather.

The De Luxe and the Library Editions have a frontispiece portrait of Bernard Shaw.

Remember, the closing day of the offer is Monday next, December 17.

ON PARADE

been evolved because three "August" clowns had to do the work of one solo clown as circuses got bigger, and as such giant personalities as Whimsical Walker died out, and the three could only make every member of the audience hear them by standing well apart and repeating the "key" of their jokes in this way. The music-hall cross-talk comedians simply adopted it because the public liked it and grew to expect it.

The push—

But although the "Augusts" are a development of the "solo" clown, their dress is different. For the lone fool there are dresses which, as already stated, are gorgeous things costing up to £500 each; whereas the "Augusts" wear incongruous and comical attire, and employ for their faces something different from the ordinary clown's make-up.

Tom Belling introduced that change—one of the few changes in clowning history. The greatest figure in the Continental circuses of fifty years ago, although an Englishman, he had filled in a spare moment in the ring-master's dressing-room by putting that official's frock-coat on inside out when that official betted him he wouldn't go into the ring like that.

Tom went to the ring entrance to study the audience and gauge what it would think of him. The circus directors, seeing him, guffawed at the odd spectacle. One of them, anxious to let the crowd share the joke, gave him a push that sent him sprawling into the ring.

It wasn't a mere laugh that followed. It was an earthquake of mirth. And when Tom picked himself up sheepishly from the sawdust the din was indescribable.

"August!" the crowd yelled, meaning "Gussie," the abbreviation of Augustus one uses to mean "Fool!" And "August" clowns they have been called ever since.

Coco's discovery

In that second a new form of clowning was born. The art of Charlie Chaplin, Laurel and Hardy, the Four Marx Brothers, all the greatest eccentric or knockabout comedians of stage or screen started at that moment.

"The biter bit" was no longer the only recipe for fooling. From then on the world was going to laugh at any man dressed so strangely as to look almost pathetic or wistful, particularly when he got into difficulties.

Coco, the great Russian clown, has carried this technique a step further. That, too, was the result of an accidental discovery.

During the Russian Revolution, when he was ordered to be shot and later reprieved, he found that people laughed much more heartily at the clown in danger of dying than they had when he had tried his level best to be amusing. Ever since then Coco has always raised a laugh by being in dire peril.

After all, laughter and tears are never very far apart. An audience that rocks at Charlie Chaplin is an audience not a hair's-breadth removed from weeping.

Laughed, then cried

Charlie showed that, once, by reciting the death of "Cock Robin" so that an audience laughed, and then reciting it again so that it cried. W. F. Wallitt, one of the old-time jesters, was reputed to have done that. That's why Charlie tried it.

And because he succeeded, and no other living man can, he is regarded by every man and woman who treads sawdust as the greatest clown in history.

They are a new development in a way, these "August" clowns, but they cannot introduce anything new in the way of business. They trip over buckets, they collide, they bump their heads, as the old solo clowns did throughout the centuries. Only when they try new tricks do they fall flat.

Three who were booked for a London circus recently arrived with three pantechnicons of "props." They had brought some marvellous new acts, they said. "Novel," "startling," "modernist" were some of the descriptions they used.

Well, the old people in their audience fell asleep and the children wondered when the fun was going to begin. The apparatus was packed back again in the pantechnicons before the next performance started, and a good old-time show was given. And the audience laughed its heads off.

Looks easy—

There, then, are the two main types of clown. There is one other—the "fill-in" clowns, who come rolling and tumbling into the ring between acts, twenty or thirty of them at a time.

They, for the most part, are "August" clowns in the making. It may be that here and there is a budding "solo" clown among them. They are to the finished fool what apprentices are to the racecourse, but they are nevertheless an indispensable part of a circus.

There are other clowns, of course, but they all belong to one or other of those three main branches.

Grock and Noni, for instance, are musical clowns who belong to the "August" variety. There were musical clowns five hundred years ago.

You think they are going to crash a chord, and they strike the faintest, thinnest tinkle possible. They stoop to pick up something and bump their heads on the keys. It looks so easy—and yet woe betide the funny man who tries it unless he is an absolute master of the musical art.

The wrong chord that makes the audience laugh, for instance. It must be just the right wrong chord, so to speak, or the audience would receive it with chilly disdain. The one tinkling note that sounds so absurd has to be suited to the temperament of the audience and the size of the hall. Not any tinkling note will do.

Both Grock and Noni could sit behind a partition and amuse you with notes. And it takes a lot of musical knowledge to enable a clown to do that.

The Arno Brothers, whistling clowns, are among the funniest and most successful of the present-day musical clowns. They know the exact capacity of every note in the human range for raising laughs.

This year there is going to be a woman clown in the Olympia Circus. She is a daughter of Joe Craston, one of the few remaining solos. And yet the idea of a woman clown is not new. There were

always women clowns in circuses until forty years ago, when for no known reason they just disappeared from the public view. It is going to be interesting to watch whether the public takes to them again.

Clowns? What serious people they are, at heart! They are like that because it takes something more than a fool to be a fool.

Man who matters

One has to start almost invariably with the advantage of being born with a circus. Some, like Toto Brasso, have been born in dressing-rooms. Progressing, one must be able to fall without hurt at two, somersault at three, and speak at least five languages at fourteen. There are really so few circuses in the world that a good clown should be able to speak at least nine languages, and many can fool in more than twenty.

One has to learn every job in the sawdust ring, for the clown who can't do every other man's act reasonably well can't be said to have mastered his own.

Finally, one must be able to find the laughter that lurks just under the surface of our tears—which is the only laughter that matters. The rest is mere giggling, guffawing or affectation.

Think of that when you make a visit to a circus a part of your Christmas fun. Otherwise you can't hope to appreciate it properly. The clown's part would be really lost, and he, after all, is the man who matters.

"Now comes Joe Craston to show us some really great clowning"

Everybody's
Beverage
for
Health
this
Winter

Definite Reasons why 'Ovaltine' should be your safeguard of Health this Winter

YEAR by year the supreme health-giving value of delicious 'Ovaltine' is more widely recognised. In the majority of homes throughout the world it is the favourite beverage for maintaining perfect physical fitness at all times—at all seasons. To millions of persons this winter, 'Ovaltine' is bringing the assurance of robust health.

'Ovaltine' presents every nutritive element required for building up the entire physical and nervous system. Moreover, 'Ovaltine' is acknowledged to be the world's best "night-cap" for soothing the nerves and inducing sound, refreshing sleep. Thus 'Ovaltine' ensures proper nourishment and proper sleep—the two most important factors in building up a high standard of resistance to coughs, colds and other winter ailments.

Remember that 'Ovaltine' is made by a firm with a world-wide reputation as specialists in the science of nutrition. The scientific methods of manufacture—originated and perfected by the proprietors—cannot be used by others. Although imitations are made to *look* like 'Ovaltine,' there are very important differences.

'Ovaltine' does not contain Household Sugar. Furthermore, it does not contain Starch. Nor does it contain Chocolate, or a large percentage of Cocoa. 'Ovaltine' stands in a class by itself for quality and value.

Prices in Great Britain and N. Ireland, 1'1, 1'10 and 3'3

Quality always tells—insist on

'OVALTINE'

Tonic Food Beverage

P.74a

No Gifts or Coupons just 100 per cent Quality & Value

Your Safeguard

The best way of making your money go farthest is to buy goods that are advertised . . . goods that must be superlatively good enough for their makers to keep calling them to the attention of people day after day, year after year.

* * *

A manufacturer brands his products with a distinguishing name and advertises and sells them under that name because he has unlimited confidence in his goods. With his eyes open he is making it easy for any dissatisfied purchaser to avoid buying his particular make of article a second time. It would be sheer commercial insanity to brand and advertise goods that nobody would buy twice.

* * *

Advertised goods are therefore honest goods and good value. How important it is, then to study the advertisements in this and every issue!

* * *

Only reliable firms are allowed to advertise in JOHN BULL, and readers, therefore, need never hesitate to respond to them, for they are all of proved value. Particular care is taken to ensure that no reader suffers any loss or disappointment through any of the goods purchased from advertisements in JOHN BULL—that is why the JOHN BULL Guarantee appears in every issue. Your safeguard! Here it is:—

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

STRONG HEALTHY EYES!

ARE PRECIOUS
—DO NOT NEGLECT THEM.

At the first sign of redness, irritation, crusts on the eyelids when waking—take immediate action or serious complications will follow. Singleton's will protect and keep your eyes in perfect condition. For over 300 years THE WORLD'S UNRIVALLED REMEDY FOR ALL EYE TROUBLES—Eye Strain, Weak, Watery and Bloodshot Eyes, Cold, Styes, Ulcers, etc.

SINGLETON'S
EYE OINTMENT

From all chemists or direct at 2/9 per pot.

FREE BOOK.—To Stephen Green, Ltd., 210, Lambeth Road, London, S.E.1. Please send booklet "How to Preserve the Eyesight."

NAME..

ADDRESS..

....

The Letter *that* Was Not Sent

Before going on a lecture tour in the North, Hannen Swaffer wrote the following Open Letter. A few hours later came news of Julian Wylie's death.

We print this "Letter that was not sent," because we feel sure that our readers will appreciate this tribute to the man who, although dead, will still live on this Christmas in the hearts of the thousands who will see his pantomimes.

MY Dear Julian,—Perhaps I should address you as "Your Majesty," for I see that you are now being acclaimed as "The King of Pantomime."

I don't know who gave you the title, or how you came by it—whether it was bestowed upon you by general consent, or whether, in these days of dictatorships, you followed Hitler's idea and bestowed it upon yourself. I expect so.

At any rate, you have a genuine claim to your title. After producing more pantomimes than any living man, you have brought pantomime back to its traditional home at Old Drury.

I have heard you complain, when called "The King of Pantomime," that it makes people think you can't do anything else. Isn't it better to do one thing really well than a lot of things indifferently?

But don't worry. We know you can do other things. You are always showing us. It is doubtful if anyone else could have staged such a rambling novel as "The Good Companions." Your record of successes with revues at the London Hippodrome still stands unbeaten.

Perhaps it was because you were born in Southport that you decided to become a showman. It's not far from Blackpool, anyway. They seem to breed the best showmen and the best shrimps along that shore.

I remember that when you returned to your native town, to open their new hall, you complained bitterly because you couldn't get any potted shrimps in the town that is famous for them. They export them, you see, the same as they export showmen.

Your parents had other views for you. They made you an accountant. But showmanship, like the measles, will "out." You got the sack as an accountant because you spent too much time at the music-halls.

I don't know what sort of an accountant you were, but I am sure you were a much better showman. When you joined up with your late partner and great friend, Jimmy Tate, a new force came into the theatrical business.

Two men who knew their job started to do things. You were as unlike each other as it was possible for two men to be, and that, as a rule, is the ideal partnership.

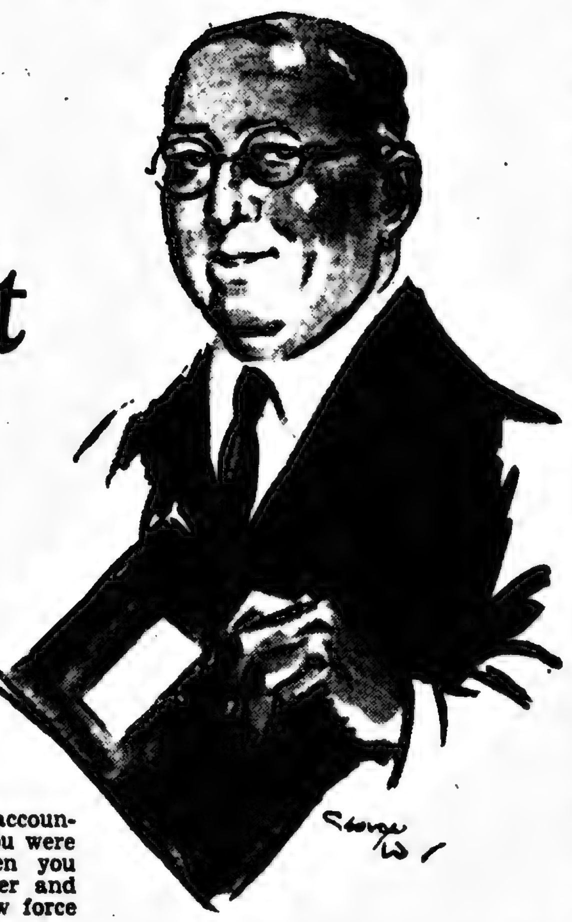
* * *

When Jimmy died, you carried on. But you keep his memory green, and I have seen tears come into your eyes when you spoke of him. You use his music in your pantomimes still. So the partnership goes on.

They tried to "down" you once, when you produced "Mr. Cinders." When they bought it for London, they decided to alter your production.

"It is provincial," they said. You remember the result. They had to call you back to put back all they had taken out! Then it was a success.

You don't do sophisticated shows. You are much too simple and straightforward. Well, you're none the worse for that!



In a profession where "Rumour" has twenty thousand tongues, not one of them has ever been able to wag against you. Still, you offend a lot of people because, when you think a thing, you say it. They only say it to somebody else.

You make your companies slave at rehearsals. You shout at them through a megaphone. You bully them. You ask questions. You hold inquests. There are fights and rows. Yet it is always all right on the night, and your permanent staff has been with you for years. The actors you offend don't know what a good actor you are. And you have the most irritating memory in the world.

Your chief trouble is that you are a pioneer, and, like most pioneers, you suffer from the fact that other people come along and improve on what you have done. You let that depress you. You shouldn't.

You suffer from an inferiority complex. You should not.

You are always saying that everybody is against you—that they are shutting you up, that they are treading on you.

Every man is potentially a doormat if he lets the other fellow wipe his feet. Stand up and hit back! The man with the brain wins. You've got a brain. You are "ruined" every day, you say. Yet you still go on.

You'll only be ruined if you ruin yourself. You are always setting out to achieve the impossible. When you find it can't be done you think the world is against you, whereas, as a matter of fact, you have succeeded far more than most. You have stood in the front rank of your profession for twenty years. The ranks have thinned about you. But you are still there.

People think you are rough and brusque, whereas a great deal of that is shyness. You complain that they say you are not "West End." What does "West End" mean? You say you don't know. Neither do I!

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

It usually means presenting a play about cocktails which appeals to about a thousand people, and loses money. You groan, and beat your brow, when they say you are "provincial." What of it?

Where did all the great men come from? Was Dick Whittington a member of the Carlton Club? Was Barnum, who wanted to adopt you once, born on Park Avenue? Even C. B. Cochran was born in Sussex—yes, in the same village as I was. Manchester's money is as good as Mayfair's.

Never mind what they say. Keep your pecker up and your temperature down. Take the thermometer out of your mouth and show them.

The man who knows his job beats the man who doesn't. I know your kindly nature and your sensitive mind. Don't be too sensitive. You love hard work. You love your job.

You enjoy your work as a child enjoys its play, and there is a great deal of the child in you. That is why, every Christmas time, you are able to bring joy and laughter, through the magic of your pantomimes, into the hearts of countless thousands of children. Isn't that enough to make you proud?

Hannen Swaffer

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Rt. Hon. WALTER ELLIOT,
Minister of Agriculture

DEAR MR. ELLIOT,—I don't think either the farmers or the housewives will be impressed by your warning, "At times you will have to trust us blindly."

For your further remark, "You may not understand it—nobody does," is a fitting comment on your strange scheme for reviving agriculture.

All we know is that you are making food scarcer and dearer, and if you don't radically change your ideas the public will accept your rash invitation, "If you don't believe in us, throw us out now."

JOHN BULL.

Mr, PERCY WORTHINGTON,
Ashdale Drive, Manchester

DEAR PERCY,—What came over you to perform gymnastic feats on the tram you were driving past a school while children were crossing the road?

Swinging yourself across the front of the car has proved costly to you and might have been dangerous to others.

But I hope the Manchester Corporation will take no more notice now that you have been fined £2, for surely such madness doesn't come more than once in a lifetime!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. G. D. H. COLE: No one will deny this country needs cleaning up, you think. Don't be impatient—income-tax people doing it as fast as they can.—JOHN BULL.

Councillor P. GRIFFITHS,
Ex-Mayor of Wednesbury

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—Your vain protest against the council's proposal to present you with a public testimonial at the end of your year of office does you great credit. You only did your duty, you insist, and maybe you realise that it is sometimes too easy to be generous at the ratepayers' expense.

I guess the people of Wednesbury will think all the more of you for that.

JOHN BULL.

Canon SUTTON,
Cockermouth Petty Sessions

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—"Open the window and let the prisoner go," you told a police officer. And the prisoner, a brown linnet, left the court without a stain on its character.

But I'm glad your benevolence didn't extend to Tom France, who had imprisoned the bird as a decoy in a cage too small for it.

He left two pounds poorer—the only unappreciative spectator of a charming episode. JOHN BULL.

Lord Provost H. ALEXANDER,
Aberdeen

DEAR LORD PROVOST,—I'm not surprised that Aberdonians are delighted with your proposed gift of a maze where they can lose themselves.

What an admirable retort to the taunt that they hate losing anything!

JOHN BULL.

JOHN CAREY,
Glasgow

CAREY,—Five hours after being released from jail last April you earned a medal by diving off a Clyde bridge to rescue a drowning man, and now you have been sentenced to two years' hard labour for attempted shopbreaking.

As the Archbishop of York has just said, "no man is a criminal and nothing else," and I am truly sorry that no one has diverted your evident vitality into a useful mode of living. JOHN BULL.

Miss FLORRIE STOTT,
In a London hospital

DEAR MISS STOTT,—It is not life that matters, but the courage you bring to it. You, indeed, prove this. A certificate has been awarded you for fortitude after spending twelve years of your twenty-four in hospital with spinal trouble.

A true Girl Guide, you have set an example in human endurance which should be a guiding light to all those who bemoan their lot and make misery of their existence here. JOHN BULL.

Dr. W. H. FRERE,
Bishop of Truro

MY LORD,—You are retiring at the age of seventy-one because you think that the modern bishop's task is a young man's job. "I shrink from saying more," you add.

I'll say the rest. It's a pity more of our twelve bishops who have passed three score and ten haven't the same plain sense. JOHN BULL.

Mr. JUSTICE CHARLES: "Five years' industrial school for truancy; that is making criminals," you said about Assize case. Yes, amateur on Bench is a public danger.—JOHN BULL.

Miss JENNIE LEE,
London, W.C.

DEAR JENNIE,—
Marriage as a state is obviously fitter,
For, since you were wed, you say you're less bitter.
And now you're a homely domestic mouse,
Having happy debates in your own little house.
The bitterness past, 'tis hoped bliss will last,
With Jennie and husband in happy lines cast. JOHN BULL.

Dr. IDRIS JONES,
Pwllheli, Carnarvonshire

DEAR DOCTOR,—Despite the risk, you descended a dangerous cliff road in dense fog—several times nearly falling over the precipice into the sea—to perform a delicate throat operation on a little girl.

All in the day's work, no doubt. But what a fine day's work! JOHN BULL.

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD,
Postmaster-General

DEAR P.M.G.,—A little concession—but a big-hearted one—is your order that unemployed persons need put only a halfpenny stamp on letters that contain applications for jobs.

That is one of the best things you have ever done, and allow me to thank you on behalf of all those who will benefit from it. JOHN BULL.

Mr. G. BERNARD SHAW,
London, S.W.

DEAR SAGE,—Time works marvels. Not so long ago the City of London thought you must be the Devil himself or one of his nearest relatives, but now it thinks so highly of you that it has awarded you its Freedom.

Excuse me for chuckling.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. A. THURSTON PAIN,
Askrigg, Yorks

DEAR VICAR,—After asking the young men of your parish to wear cotton gloves at dances, "to save the ladies sending their frocks to the cleaners so often," you are now appealing to them to dress more smartly.

And you remember wistfully, "In my day we, as young fellows, took a pride in our person." Young fellows of to-day give a pain to their parson—is that it?

JOHN BULL.

Winter sports bring winter ills. It may mean only embrocation and bandages for the players, but probably cough mixtures and gargles for the onlookers. And whether the remedy is homely and old-fashioned or more professional and up-to-date Boots are equipped to meet you . . . This winter be sure of medicines accurately dispensed from fresh stocks, and remember that, whether your prescription is from a panel doctor or a Harley Street specialist, Boots standards of accuracy and purity never vary. Which is one reason why last year over 143,000,000 purchases were made at Boots.

YOU CAN RELY ON The Boots Chemists

Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd., Nottingham [illegible]

Leave it to the Ladies!

"Come and buy!" is the song, and how joyfully the woman has answered it!

by A. G. Gardiner

THE great shopping offensive of the year has begun, and Oxford Street is chock-a-block from end to end and from dawn to dark. And so with the Market Streets and Lord Streets and Briggates of every provincial city. For the Christmas revels are near, the schools are breaking up and the shops are bursting out, as it were, into song, the burden of which is "Come and buy! Come and buy!"

The children love the song because they get the presents, the women like the song because they enjoy shopping, the men fear the song because they hate shopping and because their principal interest in the presents is to pay for them.

It is at this period of the year that we elders deplore the fact that we ever grew out of the knickerbocker age. Life then was a joyous pilgrimage from one Christmas to another. The tedium of the pilgrimage was lightened by birthdays, holidays and odd festivals.

* * *

But it was Christmas that was the glorious goal of the journey. You began reckoning the weeks to it when you returned from the summer holidays and noticed that the evenings were drawing in, and your pulse beat faster as the days raced by on a magic carpet bound for Elysium. Yes, those were the days!

If women are privileged to preserve more of the romance of Christmas it is not only because they are in the confidence of the children, but because they love looking in shop windows and buying presents. There is no more striking contrast between men and women than that furnished by respective attitudes to shops and shopping.

The average man will not look in a shop window or go into a shop except, as it were, at the point of the bayonet. If he wants anything from a collar or a tie to a pair of socks he will invent some shabby excuse for getting his wife or his sister, his daughter or his aunt to buy it for him.

I know men who, apart from a rare visit to a tailor or shoemaker, do not go into a shop from year's end to year's end except to buy tobacco or a paper. Buying tobacco or a paper require no intelligence and no courage whatever.

Yes, "no courage." For let the brutal truth be faced. Man in front of a shop counter is a defeatist. Entrust a serious bit of shopping to him and the result is calamitous. He buys the wrong thing and he pays through the nose for it. He is beaten before he begins.

If he is tempted inside by the bait of, say, a smart-looking hat at 15s. in the window, the shopman, observing his craven bearing, promptly produces a hat at 30s.

What does the fellow do? Does he say firmly and even defiantly "I want to look at that 15s. hat in the window"? He does not. He has not the courage to announce the fact that he contemplates buying a 15s. hat when the shopman does him the honour of thinking he is the sort of man to whom money is no object. And if the shopman happens to be a shopwoman, the case is even worse. He is as helpless as a sheep before its shearer.

* * *

In short, shopping reveals the vanity and sentimentalism of men in their crudest characters. If he does not go into a shop or look in shop windows from one Christmas to another it is because, poor dear, he knows his weakness.

How different is the attitude of the woman. She is a realist and the shop is her battlefield. She advances to the encounter with a firm mind and a resolute bearing. If there are bargains to be had she will fight her way to the front with the heroism of a Balaclava charge Try to imagine a man fighting for victory at a bargain counter. It cannot be done.

Does she take the first thing that is offered at any price that is asked? She does not. She has schooled her face to a cold and critical air of disapproval and dissatisfaction. She handles the article very much as she might handle a fish of doubtful credentials. She demands more samples. She has the counter strewn with samples. And then she has the magnificent courage to say that there is nothing that suits her!

Can we wonder that in these days she is flocking with the light of battle in her eye into Oxford Street and the Briggate while the inferior sex is stealing home by tube or 'bus?

Moreover, in the great matter of the moment—that of choosing presents—the woman has the man "beaten to a frazzle," in Theodore Roosevelt's great phrase. Not even the best of men can be trusted to buy a present. He is certain to buy the wrong thing at the wrong place and at the wrong price. The Pope himself—who I suppose is in the running for "the best of men"—illustrated this not long ago when he presented his niece on her marriage with a gift of four bookcases, each containing twenty-five books—all on one subject, all dealing in one way or another with the duty of the perfect wife!

If it is permissible to be angry with a Pope, here was provocation indeed. Few of us take kindly to advice. It is pleasant to give, but unpleasant to receive

It implies that we are not perfect already, and that is an idea none of us likes to have stressed. But to have it stressed in a hundred portly volumes, to have it lining the walls in your best parlour year in and year out is enough to make the best of women turn to drugs and cosmetics. If the niece had sent her uncle a "Newgate Calendar" or "Ruff's Guide to the Turf" it would have been no more than he deserved.

* * *

The first consideration in giving presents is that they should be acceptable and pleasurable, and a hundred volumes of advice on how to be good are neither.

I mention this incident only to show what happens when men meddle with matters they do not understand. No woman would be guilty of a *gaffe* of this kind. No woman will send her niece this Christmas something she thinks she ought to want, but which she knows she doesn't want. She will send her niece something she knows she will like.

That is why I am wholeheartedly in favour of leaving the great shopping offensive of the next fortnight to the sex that is competent to conduct it. May the women have a triumphant campaign in Oxford Street and the Briggate and wherever else the Christmas battle of the counter is fought.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

A BISHOP on BORES

WHENE'ER a Bishop's billed to
speak
Mere mortals gravely wait
For any soul-inspiring truths
His Grace may have to state;
Each word that issues from his lips
Is treasured as a pearl,
Whether he cracks an ancient jest,
Condemns mixed bathers underdressed,
Or slams the Modern Girl.

So when good Dr. Wilson came
To Southend-on-the-Sea,
"What will," each of the other asked,
"The Bishop's message be?"
Then in due course the Bishop spoke,
And of his learning's store
The nation was vouchsafed but his
Opinion that a golfer is
A really awful bore!

Being a Bishop is not all gaiters and gaiety. If you or I disgorged the opinion that golfers were "awful bores" our words would be treated as of no more importance than the megrims of a panel patient accused of shoplifting.

But the remarks of Bishops constitute "news."

So when the Bishop of Chelmsford remarked that "No man who plays nothing else but golf can call himself a sportsman," and added that a golfer is "an awful bore," people sat up and took notice.

The snorts, grunts, gargles, "Damme's" and "By gad's" of Col. Bogey, Major Fogey and their kith were heard on putting greens all the way from St. Andrews to Colney Hatch.

* * *

And who shall blame them for having snorted and grunted? For although golf may not call for the political subtlety demanded by Test cricket, the warlike instincts that go with international soccer, or the finer qualities brought out by halma and shove-ha'penny, it has, at any rate, made our Colonels what they are to-day.

It may, however, be doubted whether it has made them into the crashing bores they are alleged to be.

For high authorities contend that it is not golf that makes bores of those who play it, but those who play it who make a bore of golf.

Also the episcopal pronouncement that golfers are not sportsmen seems rather sweeping. If a man who, without hope of reward, will slave like a day labourer to excavate a ball from a sand-pit is not a sportsman, I should like to know who is!

As the Colonel himself put it, after sinking his third quick one at the "nineteenth hole":—

To struggle against Colonel Bogey
When putts are refusing to sink
Is scarcely a task for a fogey,
Whatever the Bishop may think!
The sternest-jawed junker,
When trapped in a bunker,
Before now has taken to drink!

Don't prattle to me about cricket
Or soccer attempt to extol;
While flannelled fools bowl at a wicket
And muddied oafs shoot at a goal,
The Major and I, sir,
Courageously try, sir,
To tap a small ball in a hole!

If told they were mere second-raters
As sportsmen, some Colonels would lose
Their tempers, and scoff about gaiters,
But I to behave thus refuse!
I'll merely remark that *all* bores, sir,
Do not go about in plus-fours, sir—
And the Major endorses my views!

JOHN BULL.

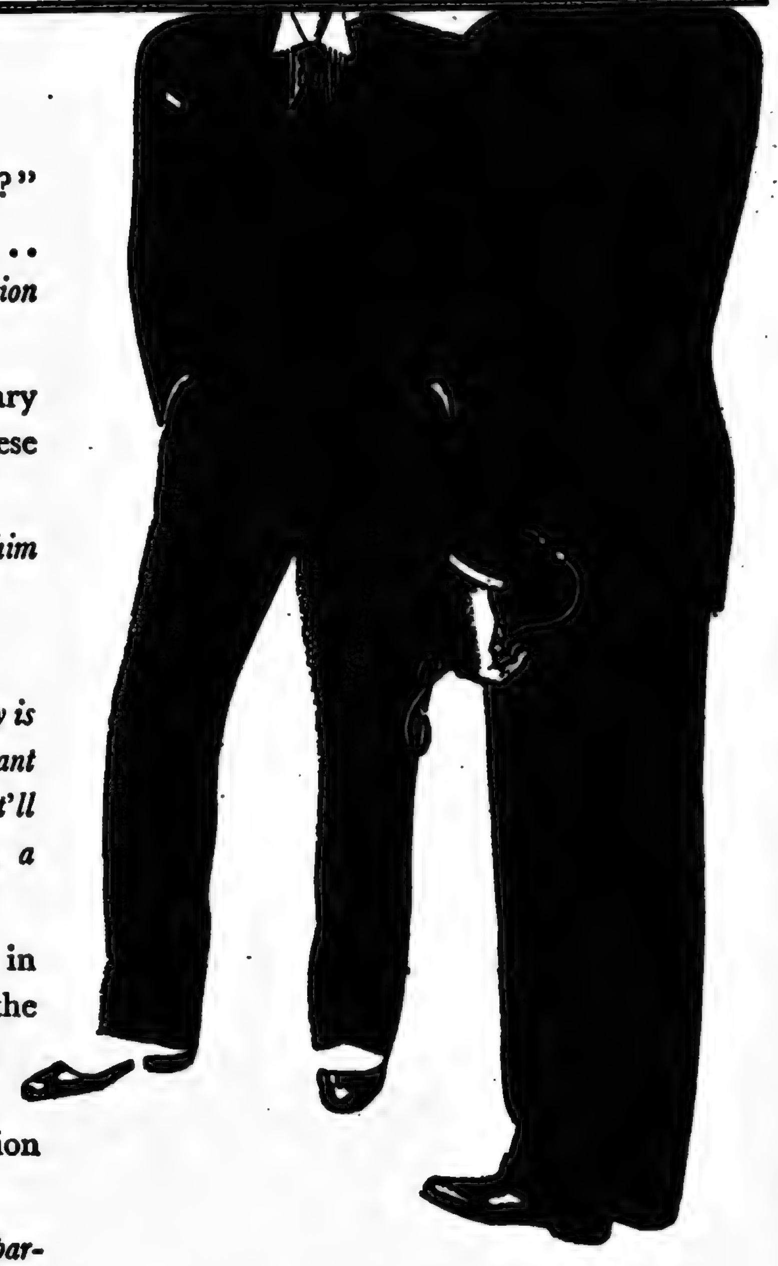
A GRAND CLIMAX

Men watching with fear in their hearts the approach of two stars doomed to collide and destroy the earth!

This vast theme handled so brilliantly in the serial novel "When Worlds Collide" reaches a grand climax in *The Passing Show* on sale Friday, December 14.

OVERHEARD between DOCTORS

THE PATIENT WHOSE HEALTH NEEDED A FRESH START



"THEN what's his story?"

"*Headaches . . . spots in front of the eyes . . . easily tired . . . and gets a sinking sensation before meals.*"

"Not very original. Half the sedentary workers in the country complain of these things—when they complain at all."

"*I'm getting him fresh glasses and telling him not to worry so much.*"

"But he will. What else?"

"*That's why I'm bothering you. A holiday is out of the question. Tonics he's had. I want to propose something rather striking that'll make him feel that his health is having a fresh start.*"

"Just so. The only catch is that in medicine it's the simple remedies—the washing in Jordan, so to speak—that really work the miracles. I fancy it's peaceful sleep and a peaceful digestion that matter most in the long run."

"*The problem is how to secure them. I particularly don't want to begin this man on drugs of any kind.*"

"I agree. But don't you find that often a simple food-drink is just as effective as a sleeping draught?"

"*Something like Cadbury's Bourn-vita?*"

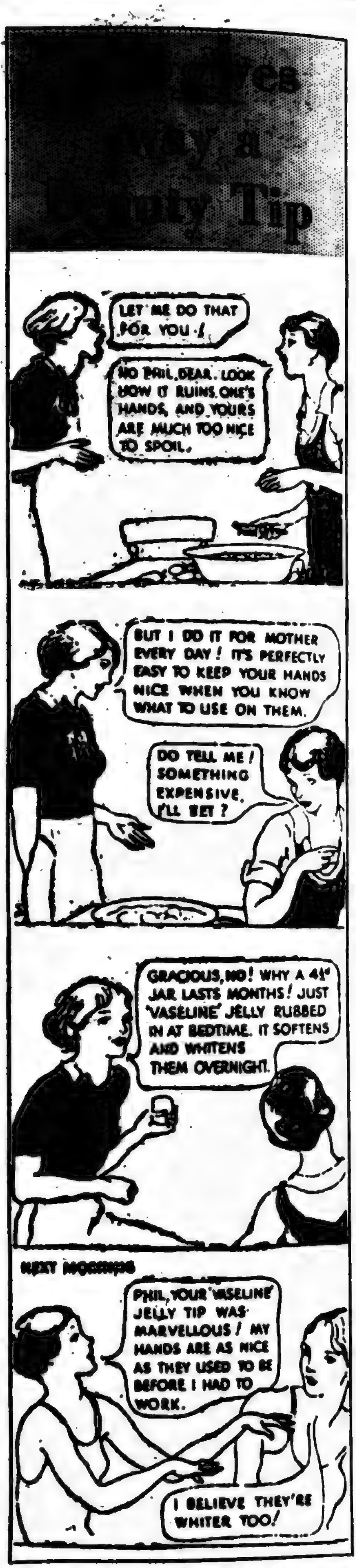
"Exactly. Short of providing spectacles, Bourn-vita does everything you're asking: it brings on sleep, assists digestion, and provides reserves of strength against to-morrow. And that's quite enough to give your patient the fresh start you spoke of."

¼ lb. 9D. ½ lb. 1/5 1 lb. 2/9 WEIGHT GUARANTEED.

Cadbury's

BOURN-VITA

For Digestion, Sleep, and Energy


LET ME DO THAT FOR YOU!
NO PHIL, DEAR. LOOK HOW IT RUINS ONE'S HANDS, AND YOURS ARE MUCH TOO NICE TO SPOIL.
BUT I DO IT FOR MOTHER EVERY DAY! IT'S PERFECTLY EASY TO KEEP YOUR HANDS NICE WHEN YOU KNOW WHAT TO USE ON THEM.
DO TELL ME! SOMETHING EXPENSIVE, I'LL BET?
GRACIOUS, NO! WHY A 4½d JAR LASTS MONTHS! JUST 'VASELINE' JELLY RUBBED IN AT BEDTIME. IT SOFTENS AND WHITENS THEM OVERNIGHT.
NEXT MORNING
PHIL, YOUR 'VASELINE' JELLY TIP WAS MARVELLOUS! MY HANDS ARE AS NICE AS THEY USED TO BE BEFORE I HAD TO WORK.
I BELIEVE THEY'RE WHITER TOO!

"Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly shuts out infection from cuts, burns, abrasions. Doctors say it is a perfect protection. Apply after cleansing the injury. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, Willesden, London, N.W.10.

Trade **Vaseline** Mark
Petroleum Jelly

ROGUE who plays Aladdin

—HIS LAMP LEADS TO RUIN

From Gainsborough's "Chu Chin Chow"

When the Colonel rubbed his lamp this is what they all expected to see. But there was something wrong with the Colonel's "Sesame"

ONE of the most remarkable schemers, with a truly amazing variety of interests, and with dupes in different parts of the country who have parted in the aggregate with tens of thousands of pounds, is Colonel F. J. Roberts, whose headquarters at the moment are to be found in a fashionable district of the West End of London.

For some time the Colonel has been the leading light of a syndicate which he had apparently formed for the purpose of operating diamond mines in whatever part of the world happens to take his fancy at any particular time.

The Colonel is an excellent conversationalist, and can certainly talk convincingly of different parts of the world which, at times, he has visited on moneys supplied to him by his various victims.

Among those who have lately fallen under his spell is a man who to-day is full of regrets that he placed so much faith in the Colonel's stories. He had a few thousands of pounds to represent the reward of all his laborious years, a fact which the Colonel very rapidly discovered.

The "key" line

He told the other that he held the key to a modern Aladdin's Cave, and talked of all the numerous undertakings with which he was supposedly associated.

A more dazzling story has rarely been told to any would-be investor who, betrayed by his own natural desire to participate in some of the projected profits which the Colonel intimated would definitely ensue, believed all he heard during the subsequent interviews which took place.

Colonel Roberts revealed that he held valuable concessions in South America, British Guiana and South Africa, mostly relating to diamonds and other precious stones, and that the purpose of his syndicate was to finance the mining operations which had been commenced in all these places with the minimum of expense and labour—at least until things got really going.

He would be glad!

He did not want too many people in his syndicate, either. "The more in it the less the profits to be shared among a select few!" he said.

But he could do with one more for certain reasons which he pretended to explain, and he was glad he had made the acquaintance of the other man, because he might just as well come into a real good thing as anyone else.

The Colonel, at all times, appeared to be the picture of benevolence. An excellent actor, he waxed most eloquent in visualising the days, not far off, when his syndicate would be in a position to sell the overseas properties to a public company which he proposed, at the appropriate time, to form specially for the purpose.

If everything went according to plan, and under his unfaltering guidance he did not see how it could possibly do otherwise, those who put their faith in him, and backed him with their money, would one day find the modern Aladdin's Cave yield wondrous returns.

Besides, how could they possibly lose? The Colonel showed how benevolent he was to his investing friends by personally guaranteeing their money. Although it went into the syndicate to be used in the manner described, it was not really invested at all under the terms of the scheme he had formulated!

For the Colonel pointed out that as he guaranteed the money, and undertook to repay it on certain conditions if anything went wrong—an incredible possibility—he was really only borrowing it on what would turn out to be a handsome commission.

Well, the other was so impressed at Colonel Roberts' magnificent prophecies, and by the documents and prospectuses and correspondence shown him from time to time, that he parted in due course with various sums of money.

As time passed, and he found that the "Aladdin's Cave" was not even yielding a single gem, he asked for some of his money back under the terms of the arrangement made with the still-optimistic Colonel.

Dramatic occurrences followed swiftly now. The Colonel began to make excuses of all kinds. The investor, with the growing prospect that all his money would be lost, at last saw through his humbug debtor.

To his dismay, he has found that several other people have parted with large sums of money in the same way, after being regaled with the most fantastic but well-spun yarns in which this military adventurer so richly excels.

Crash after crash

Complaints, indeed, about his syndicate, and concerning other enterprises with which he has been actively associated to the financial loss of many people, have been made again and again.

For years he has been living by his wits, while scheme after scheme, launched in his indefatigable and inimitable fashion, has crashed to disaster.

The only man who has really benefited at all in any of his transactions is Colonel Roberts himself.

Quite a number of his victims are people upon whom he has played his "investment-borrowing" trick, while his engaging stories are never-ending and always rich in colour.

For years he has spent a good deal of what spare time he gets away from the anxieties of his varied interests in dodging creditors, who, from time to time, have included bookmakers, tailors, hotel-owners, wine merchants, cigar dealers, and provision merchants.

On one occasion, to cite one more example of his amazing bluff, he stayed at one of the most palatial hotels in London at the expense of a man who believed that he was pulling off a colossal deal of international importance.

Gifted adventurer

On another, without a penny to bless himself with, he offered to "take over" the estate of a well-known peer some few miles away from London for the purpose of converting it into a model country club and golf course.

Although he deceived everybody, the tangled position of his affairs at the time can be gauged from the fact that his place of residence was being besieged by debt collectors and others seeking to secure their dues in vain.

He has bilked bookmakers and even caught moneylenders. The amazing impudence of the man was once aptly manifested when, bluffing creditors that he was pulling off a costly estate deal in the provinces, he actually had to go to a near-by pawnshop to raise the price of a meal! He was also then an undischarged bankrupt, but obtained his discharge in October, 1931, subject to a three years' suspension!

He numbers among his victims an ex-officer, from whom, over a protracted period, he obtained nearly £60,000, most of which was irretrievably lost.

He is obviously a gifted adventurer of a most plausible and polished type.

Homely Wisdom—by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Wearing a Mask

A THOUGHTFUL middle-aged man sends me an account of his life which suggests a good many questions. He is a farmer with a hard battle to fight to make ends meet in these lean times. This is nothing new with him, however; from his earliest years he has always had to struggle against adverse conditions.

His moral problem just now is this: Can a man be utterly sincere and true in his intercourse with others?

He says. "I find myself now and then saying or agreeing with things of which I am in my heart ashamed. I make up my mind that I will not fail in this way again, but in an unguarded moment I succumb and betray my better self. This is a weakness which has troubled me ever since I was a youth."

Being a conscientious man, the writer of this confession sometimes wonders whether he is a hypocrite or not. He does not want to be false, but he does want to please and to shield himself from hostility or ridicule, and there seem to be occasions when he accommodates himself to his company by concealing his true sentiments or pretending to agree with what he secretly disapproves.

One can tell him in a sentence where he errs when he errs at all.

It might be stated thus: We do no wrong in keeping our own counsel in most matters: but if for mean and selfish reasons we deceive others into believing we share their opinions when we don't, we stand self-condemned. We do worse when, through cowardice, we ally ourselves by speech or silence with what we know to be evil.

Many people are guilty of this kind of conduct in some degree; it is what is called the way of the world. There is always a tendency for the timid and time-serving to take the side of the big battalions.

But I can see clearly enough how it is that this high-principled sensitive man has come to be so chary of expressing his real feelings on subjects among people of strong convictions differing from his own.

When young he had to earn his living in subordination to a coarse snobbish family that took a delight in snubbing him and making him a laughing-stock before visitors.

This hateful treatment taught him to keep his mouth shut when he was burning to speak and to smile at jests and ill-natured remarks that he inwardly despised.

The long result of such a training usually is that the person subjected to it either grows up to be aggressive, bad-tempered and overbearing; or shrinking, deficient in moral courage, self-conscious and occasionally insincere.

In either case such persons are wont to act on the impulse to seek protection in one way or another from being hurt. They do it either by being combative or taking cover behind a pleasant exterior that is unreal.

Is it possible to remain soft-hearted without ceasing to be strong; and to learn to disregard slights and opposition without becoming hard and unsympathetic in the process?

Yes, it is; and one might almost say that the whole art of right living consists in this very thing. Be true—and tender. Be brave—and merciful. Be honest—but discreet

Your last chance before Xmas

JOHN BULL'S
Xmas Gift
for you

THIS is your last chance to accept "John Bull's" Record Gift Offer of magnificent all-British Writing Sets in good time for delivery before Christmas. Hurry! A Free 2/9 Gift Voucher and a Free 7/6 Gift Voucher appear below. One or both—which will you accept? Don't be too late. Apply now!

FREE 2/9 GIFT VOUCHER

5/6 WRITING SET FOR 2/9. This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/6 Writing Set. The handsome chasing of the Pen, black vulcanite, latest lever self-filling device and 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, all indicate the outstanding quality of this set. Written two-year guarantee with each pen. The "Everpointed" Pencil fitted with propel, repel, and expel movement, pocket clip, and extra leads, matches the pen to perfection. A handsome Presentation Case gives the finishing touch.

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XMAS GIFT VOUCHER

VALUE 2/9

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set
Valid until December 31, 1934.

No. A/80,671

5/6 for 2/9

Take
YOUR CHOICE

FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER

12/6 WRITING SET FOR 5/-. This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 12/6 Writing Set de Luxe. Beautifully streamlined and handsomely finished in mottled art shades, delicately toned, this Set is indeed a luxurious gift. An inlaid, rolled-gold band encircles the pen and a sunk lever self-filling device and pocket clip to match accentuate the lustrous finish. The 14-carat solid gold nib has a costly iridium tip of velvety smoothness. Written five-year guarantee with each pen. The handsome "Everpointed" Pencil to match has pocket clip and extra leads, and is fitted with non-overturnable propel, repel, expel movement. Both Pen and Pencil are made of entirely new material, guaranteed unbreakable. Contained in a handsome satin-lined Presentation Case, artistically covered in gold and black.

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XMAS GIFT VOUCHER

VALUE 7/6

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set de Luxe Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set
Valid until December 31, 1934.

No. B/80,671

12/6 for 5/-

★ **EXTRA SURPRISE GIFT**

An extra Surprise Gift for every recipient—look out for it!

CASH YOUR GIFT VOUCHER TO-DAY

"John Bull's" Xmas Gift Coupon

To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/9, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 3/- in all.

or

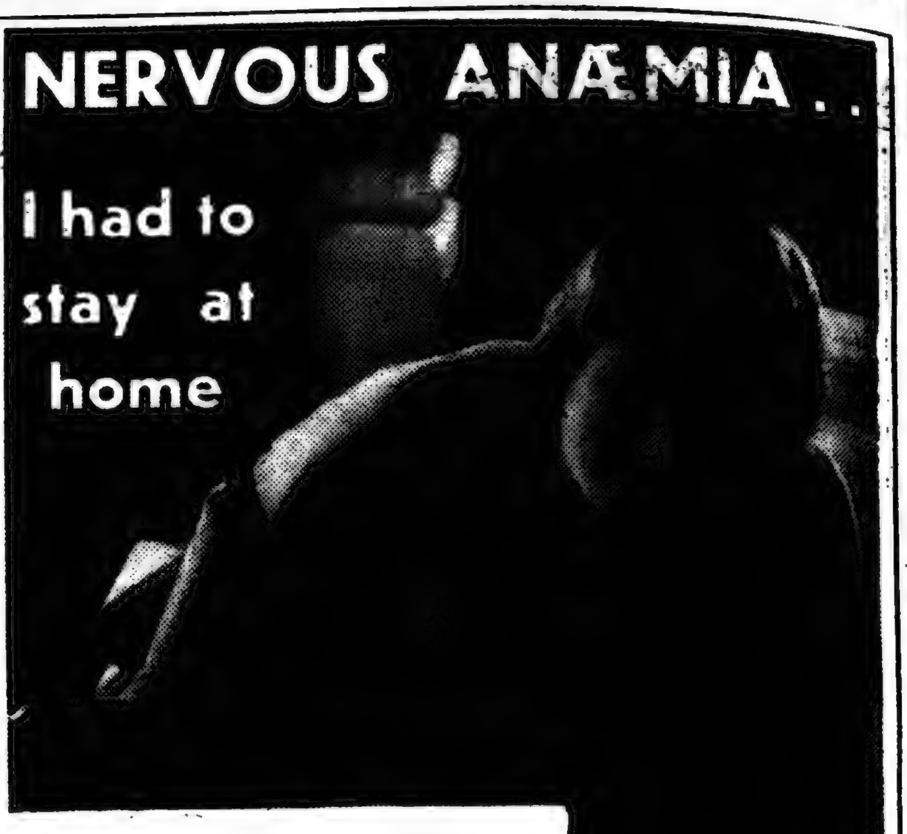
(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 7/6, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 5/-, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 5/3 in all.

Fine, Medium, Broad. } ☞ Cross out grades of nib NOT required. ☜ { Fine, Medium, Broad.

If you desire BOTH SETS send the two Vouchers and a Postal Order for 8/- only.

NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
.... } Write clearly in Block Letters.

Cross Cheque/Postal Order /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull." Dec. 15/1934.



NOW . . . "I can assure you I feel a different woman since I began to take Phosferine tablets. I had a very bad nervous breakdown, and felt as though life were not worth living. I used to sit down and cry, I had nervous anaemia and had no energy to do a stroke of work, I could not eat or sleep. But, now I have new life with the help of Phosferine tablets, and my friends ask me what I was taking to do so much good. I would like others to know their value as I do. I can honestly say I feel very much better, and full of vigour and energy, and now always in splendid health." *Mrs. N. Wilson, 8, Wordsworth Rd., Swilly, Devonport, Devon.*

PHOSFERINE
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THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

Influenza
Lassitude
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From Chemists, TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

The 3/- is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-

☞ **PHOSFERINE TONIC WINE** invigorates exhausted systems with the warming glow of renewed vitality. **3/9** large bottle.

STOPS 'FLU

COLDS, CHILLS, FEVERISHNESS, HEADACHES, RHEUMATISM.

There is no need to suffer when, for only 2d., you can gain the swift relief you need. Try to-day the magic effect of Beechams Brand Powders! They cost 2d. each but the relief they bring is worth more than gold.

Beechams Brand Powders are pleasant to take, quicker-acting, easily assimilable owing to their special powder form. Not Laxative. Sold everywhere. Cartons of 8 powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d. each. A Beecham Product.

Beechams Powders

Thermogene
MEDICATED WADDING
1/3
for Rheumatism

Mr. W. H. Mainwaring, M.P.

TWELVE MONTHS FOR *Another's Crime*

HERE is a story of an incredible error of justice in which an innocent man has been flung into jail and branded for another's crime.

The victim is a miner called Trevor Jones, who lives with his wife and four children in one of a tier of small houses backed against the mountain side in the village of Trealaw, the Rhondda Valley, where ten thousand miners have been unemployed for the greater part of the past ten years.

Trevor Jones and his family are badly housed and poorly clad. Poverty is an accepted state of affairs. Money is an unknown quantity. Like thousands of other miners and other families, they suffer silently.

Outcast family

On the flimsiest evidence imaginable, Trevor Jones was charged and convicted of a crime of a most shocking character. He has served a term of imprisonment in Cardiff Jail for an offence of which he is innocent.

But for the dire poverty in which he lives, in common with other miners, he might have been able to clear his name at the outset.

The offence for which he was imprisoned was of such a nature that local newspapers suppressed the reports. But the conviction stands, and Jones and his family are branded with a stigma of disgrace sufficient to damn them in the eyes of their self-respecting neighbours.

Yet nothing is more certain than that the jury before whom he appeared at Swansea Assizes would have returned a verdict of "Not guilty" had certain facts been brought to light at the time.

Although nothing can now recompense Jones for his jail ordeal, it is not too late to lay the true facts before the public, so that the stigma may be removed.

Trevor Jones is a miner who was employed by the same colliery company for more than twenty-two years, but since he became afflicted with deafness some years ago he has been unable to work down the mine.

The scandal which has now overshadowed his whole life began one Sunday evening when he was stopped by two police officers in the streets of Penygraig.

He was challenged as to his movements on the evening of a day early in the previous week, and escorted to the police-station for interrogation. Before he was allowed to go home, imprints were taken of the boots he was wearing.

Only five days had then elapsed since the night of the alleged offence, and it was not at all difficult for him to explain his movements.

Mrs. Jones herself had gone to visit friends across the valley, and she had left the key of the house with a neighbour next door. The neighbour remembers very well that Trevor Jones had called for the key at about five o'clock. Two other neighbours also know that he was at home as usual that night.

Conclusive proof

A young woman, daughter of a middle-aged couple next door, was able to state very definitely that he had called in order to borrow a newspaper from her shortly after six o'clock.

The cottages in which these miners live are close together, so that conversations may be overheard through the walls. One neighbour states that he heard Jones moving about the house getting a meal for the children.

Trevor Jones, his wife and their four children

The evidence proving conclusively that Trevor Jones was not in Penygraig on the Tuesday evening when an offence was committed is further clinched by the fact that the young woman who loaned him a newspaper shortly after six o'clock could not have been at home *on any other night.*

Mr. W. H. Mainwaring, M.P., who has interested himself in this case, states quite definitely: "I have personally talked to these neighbours and there is no shifting them from their statements, and it leaves me with the positive conviction that Trevor Jones has suffered an injustice of a very grave kind."

Nevertheless, a week after this interrogation Jones was arrested and detained at the police-station in Penygraig.

He was at this time completely in the dark as to what was happening. He was in his ordinary working clothing, but no facilities were provided him for a change. Permission to shave himself was withheld.

He was marched out to an identification parade, and a woman, after some hesitation, picked him out.

Trevor Jones was charged with having committed an assault on this woman in a back alley off the main street of Penygraig; and upon this charge he appeared before a magistrate at Porth.

After a formal hearing he was remanded to the Bench at Ystrad, where he appeared before the local magistrates on two occasions, finally to be committed for trial at the Assizes.

In the darkness . . .

The independent witnesses against him were two women who had seen a man running away. They had seen an incident, and they had informed the police. Another witness was a man who had given pursuit without overtaking the runaway.

The only evidence of identification was afforded by the woman who was assaulted in the darkness of an alley off the main street.

Trevor Jones was remanded in custody, and he was granted the usual facilities for legal aid. But he was handicapped by the fact that both he and his neighbours are penniless.

Those who gave evidence for the police were bound over to appear in Swansea on the appointed day; but among the friends of Trevor Jones *only one scraped together enough money to pay the fare from Rhondda Valley.*

The miner who lives in the house next door was not present in court, nor was the young woman who loaned him the newspaper.

Two other witnesses were ready and anxious to state what they knew to be the truth, but they had not the opportunity.

Suffered silently

There is another feature of this lamentable case which must receive the consideration of responsible authorities and which concerns Trevor Jones himself.

It is the fact that he was unable to hear a single word of the evidence against him. He was unable to understand the nature of the questions he was asked by the police. Throughout his trial he was bewildered and dumbfounded.

He is completely deaf.

He lost his hearing when working underground some years ago, since which time he has been mostly unemployed. There is no other form of occupation open to him in the valleys of South Wales.

Yet another point may well be mentioned. It was stated in evidence that the woman's assailant had "run swiftly away." Medical evidence shows conclusively that Jones is unable to run, being afflicted by acute rheumatism.

Yet he was tried, and, as we have related, *he was sentenced—to twelve months.*

That sentence he has served in silence. He is disgraced in the eyes of the world, branded before all his friends and neighbours; but he was not guilty of the offence with which he was charged.

His name should be cleared. He has suffered for another's crime. The Home Secretary must reconsider the case and examine the evidence upon which he was convicted, so that this innocent victim of injustice may be vindicated.

"THE PUBLIC LIFEBOAT"

MANCHESTER, that inland city in the pulsing heart of "Cottonopolis," where bleaching, dyeing and the manufacture of all kinds of goods are carried on throughout the seasons of the year, is endowed with all the romance of the sea.

Continuous with Salford, it is reached by a deep-water canal more than thirty miles long. Ocean-going freighters in from Valparaiso and Hong Kong lay snug alongside the deep-waisted tramps coming in from Canada and Australia.

Above the towering warehouses there are the salt-sprayed funnels of ships that carry the produce of Lancashire to South Africa, Burmah and the Malay States.

Vessels from every port in the world visit the inland port of Manchester, while in every market of any size and importance, from Liverpool to San Francisco to Vladivostok, men from Manchester are to be found. Hard-headed and shrewd they are, too, and justly proud of their city.

And proud, too, of the Ship Canal. They are proud of the canal from Bolton and Bury, constructed more than fifty years ago, which has no fewer than eighteen locks. Drinking water is brought from Lake Thirlmere in Cumberland by means of a giant aqueduct.

But one can have too much of a good thing—what with heavy rains, and one thing and the other. One of our readers in Worsley, near Manchester, had his home flooded out the other day, with the result that a considerable quantity of his household effects were ruined.

He was a registered reader of JOHN BULL, and in response to his application for Benefit a cheque was soon speeded on its way to cover his loss. Characteristically, he referred in his acknowledgment to JOHN BULL as the "public lifeboat."

* * *

Could *you* depend on being rescued from a similar plight? You will find the coupon on page 39. Turn to and register under our Free Insurance Scheme without delay. Be hard-headed and shrewd like the Manchester man.

The Weary Sufferer of Walthamstow

READ THIS LETTER

Dear Sirs,—I have had the good fortune to come into possession of a 1/3 Bottle of your "Yeast-Vite" Tablets, and I can honestly say that with this first bottle I have obtained more relief than with any other so-called remedies.

I am a Book-keeping and Shorthand Teacher and have been suffering from severe nervous breakdown, painful flatulence and dyspepsia accompanied by vomiting after meals. Since my illness I have spent all my savings on remedies that have absolutely failed to give me relief.

Whilst in Stoke Newington last Friday night I chanced to see your "Yeast-Vite" prominently displayed in a chemist's shop, and at the time feeling rather depressed with the continual pain in my stomach and around the heart, I decided to give 1/3 out of the 1/6 I had to purchase a bottle. I am very pleased indeed that I did so, for I got relief within a quarter of an hour after taking 2 tablets.

R. K., Walthamstow.

SPENT ALL HIS SAVINGS

IN SEARCH OF HEALTH—& THEN

1/3 BROUGHT RELIEF

Yeast-Vite
Brand Tonic

Scores AGAIN

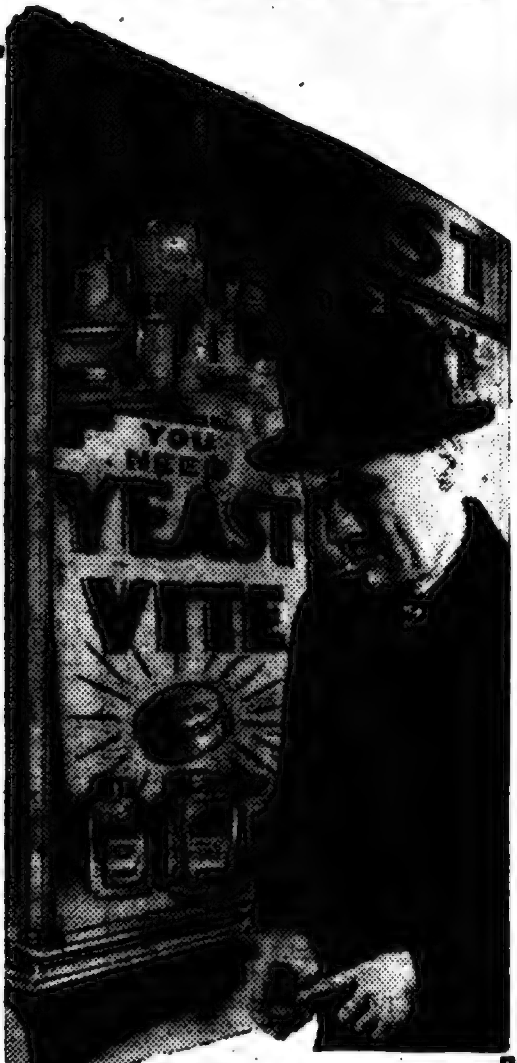
Picture this sufferer . . . dejected, despondent—all his savings gone in search of health he could not find. In his pocket . . . one shilling and sixpence . . .

He sees "Yeast-Vite" displayed in a chemist's window. He stops . . . he reads . . . is it possible that "Yeast-Vite" will bring *him* relief after all else has failed . . . ?

And—"Feeling depressed with the continual pain in his stomach and around the heart"—he decided to give 1s. 3d. out of his 1s. 6d. for a bottle of "Yeast-Vite" Tablets.

15 MINUTES LATER YEAST-VITE HAD BROUGHT HIM RELIEF

To all weary sufferers who are searching for health we make this record offer. Go now to your chemist . . . TO-DAY . . . and secure a bottle of "Yeast-Vite" under our offer of "No Cure—No Pay." Then you, too, will join the happy throng who joyously proclaim "Yeast-Vite" is LIFE!



Would Yeast-Vite Really Bring Him Relief From Severe

NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

PAINFUL FLATULENCE DYSPEPSIA STOMACH PAIN?

YES

He says:

'I Got Relief In A Quarter Of An Hour'

NO CURE NO PAY!

This is unquestionably the most HONEST, STRAIGHT - FORWARD, and Fair-Dealing Offer ever made to the British Public. Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of YEAST-VITE Brand Tablets from any Chemist. Try the treatment at our risk, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of YEAST-VITE, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of the purchase, and your money will be refunded in full without quibble or question.

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Big Turkey Swindler

Weekly Informations

from

MAJOR-GENERAL

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

For years the fat Christmas turkey has attracted the attention of the trickster here exposed

EVERY year, about this time, I receive the inevitable crop of complaints concerning the fraudulent activities of certain rogues who make special efforts to rob the public on a big scale during the festive season.

Nothing, I think, is more cruel than this Yuletide form of fraud which, I am sorry to say, flourishes annually.

But I sincerely hope that this exposure of one of the most persistent Christmas fraudsmen I have ever encountered will put everyone on their guard and move the authorities to take steps to end his operations.

In Castle Street, Covent Garden, London, there is a concern called E. Bailey and Company.

* * *

Its impressive printed matter describes its business as being that of "Merchants," and from what I can gather from the reports of my investigators its leading light is a very astute and busy man indeed these days.

E. Bailey and Company covers a wide field in its commercial ramifications, for it deals in merchandise of a most varied kind. In its Christmas warehouse are large quantities of potatoes, carrots, greenstuffs of all kinds, apples, oranges, tinned fruits, celery, eggs, poultry and provisions of every conceivable type.

Circulars have been distributed on a widespread scale to farmers and poultry-breeders in different parts of the country.

Though in most cases these circulars have been quite unsolicited, they are most carefully worded, and have been got up to suggest that E. Bailey and Company is a well-established concern of the highest repute, whereas the truth is that it has only been in existence a month or two.

The very best prices, I observe, will be paid for farm produce of every kind, including turkeys, and the right class of poultry. Any number of birds will be taken provided they are of the finest rearing, and terms will be immediately arranged upon inspection by one or another of the experts attached to the Castle Street company.

Nor is that all. E. Bailey and Company is also interested in game, and its promotors are willing to buy at the best market rates, rabbits, hares, etc.

No proposition could look better—on paper—and I can easily imagine how small farmers and agricultural producers, who for months have been working hard to make well-earned profits from their Christmas markets, would jump quickly at the chance of dealing with E. Bailey and Company, in the dazzling circumstances I have set forth.

Unfortunately the "on paper" part of this firm's alluring commercial programme is the only rosy thing about it. Already the authorities have received a number of enquiries from people who have found that the firm of E. Bailey and Company is one which shows no anxiety to pay its debts.

A woman with a small farm in the Eastern Counties received one of the company's alluring circulars some weeks back. She took no notice of it at first, and, about a fortnight later, received another.

* * *

She was greatly attracted by the prices quoted and sent some hundreds of eggs and various supplies of agricultural produce in response to the firm's request.

I should add, perhaps, that she was greatly impressed, too, by the fact that the company voluntarily offered the best bankers' references which she was foolish not to take up.

After her first transaction with E. Bailey and Company the woman received a cheque in payment. This naturally urged her to participate in further postal transactions. But, finally, when she had a large sum to draw in settlement, she found that all the original elements of business acumen which had marked the earlier deal had vanished. She has written several times to demand payment, and latterly has not even been granted the courtesy of a reply.

I can reveal, from the mass of evidence before me, that she is only one of many victims. It is unlikely that she will ever receive a penny from E. Bailey and Company, which is being run by a scoundrel who, almost from youth, has made it his habit to live in comfort and ease at the expense of a cruelly exploited public.

* * *

As with eggs and butter and carrots and greenstuffs, so is it with poultry, and I hope that I may yet be in time to save farmers from sending any class of produce to this concern which, as I say, is really only a cloak for the man who is running it from behind the scenes.

A more deplorable commercial record I have rarely seen than that which has been piled up against this man, who has been plundering the public for more than a quarter of a century.

He changes his names at will and has been known variously as Wallace, Bailey, Sansbury, Webster, Roach, Collet, Thomas, Jackson, Pittman and Johnson.

Although he has long been "blacklisted" in trade circles, and the subject of numerous warnings by trade protection societies, he carries on year after year with outward unconcern.

Last year he ran a concern in the heart of Covent Garden under the guise of Webster and Company, Ltd., and, through similar means to those which he has constantly practised before, fleeced farmers in all quarters. His victims even extended to the Continent.

In this ramp he was ably assisted by at least one unscrupulous jail-bird.

Since then he has opened up businesses in various parts of the Metropolis, including Croydon, Bromley (Kent), and at Sidcup.

Persistently, for years, he has obtained goods by his usual inimitable and audacious methods, and honest traders have been left unpaid.

The goods he obtains in the way I have described are sold through agencies with which he is associated, or direct to buyers, at cut prices.

Often he gives discount, if it suits his purposes to do so and enables him to make a profitable and quick sale.

He can, of course, afford to be generous in this respect when he does not pay for the bulk of the produce he obtains on such an extensive scale.

Following his "Webster" guise last year, it was believed in many quarters that he would be prosecuted for fraud.

Somehow he managed to escape the full punishment he so richly merits, but I am glad to see that the police managed to secure a conviction against him under the new Companies Act which resulted in his going to prison.

This, by the way, was not his first jail experience.

* * *

There is no point in my setting forth all the details of his long career of fraud and chicanery, or to enumerate one after the other all the numerous bogus companies with which he has been associated.

Suffice it to say that his notoriety began as far back as 1904, and he has with an almost unbelievable audacity, kept it up—or, rather, I should say, steadily increased it!—ever since.

With victims who are legion, and methods which never alter, the time has surely come when some drastic action should be taken to bring his persistent swindling of the public to an end.

A VERY BLACK BOOK

NEARLY two years ago I published a warning that subscriptions were being invited towards the publication of a "private edition" of a book entitled "Guido and the Girls"—"the story of a youth and a girls' school."

I expressed the view that the synopsis of the chapters of the book suggested that it would be grossly indecent, and I asked those of our readers who might receive circulars to send them on to me, and to this request there was some considerable response.

The author impudently demanded apologies, a withdrawal and damages in respect of my article, but his threats were naturally ignored. He then proceeded to issue further circulars announcing a "new and specially illustrated edition," and declaring that "in spite of Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs' attack this book is now available."

In my article I had said: "I do not propose to give the publishers a gratuitous advertisement by stating their names, but it will interest them to know that I have sent a copy of their circular to the Chief Constable concerned, who will be able to decide (if the book is ever published) whether the circular is misleading or the book indecent."

I had previously mentioned that it was an old trick to advertise a publication in such a way as to cause it to be believed that it was indecent, when, as a matter of fact, indecency did not arise.

I offer my congratulations to the Chief Constable on the result of the prosecution that has now followed. The author, having pleaded guilty to uttering and publishing an obscene libel in the form of a book entitled "Guido and the Girls," was sentenced at Leeds Assizes as follows:

"To be fined £500 to be paid within seven days or in default go to prison for eight months. To pay the taxed costs and to enter into surety, himself of £100 and another surety of £100, to be of good behaviour for twelve months.

"To hand over to the police all copies of the book in his possession and to give instructions to the printers to destroy all unbound copies or manuscripts in their possession and to break up the type."

In conclusion, the judge observed: "I do not propose to give an advertisement to your book, which, to my misfortune, I have been obliged to read. Suffice it to say that I think this is a bad case of the broadcast dissemination of filth," and, when passing sentence, added: "I very much doubt whether I am right in giving you the opportunity to pay a fine."

I hope we shall hear no more of this most objectionable person. I am not going to give his name, as once more I also do not propose to present him with a gratuitous advertisement.

Now that he has been convicted, however, I will disclose his past record, to which hitherto I have refrained from referring

In January, 1932, he was fined £5 and bound over to be of good behaviour for twelve months for assaulting the caretaker of a girls' school. He was found on the top of a ladder peering through the window of the assembly hall where a social gathering was taking place.

The following day it was found that he had entered the school during the night. A few days later he was again seen in the school grounds and taken to the police-station.

He gave an undertaking not to visit the school again, and he wrote a letter to the headmistress humbly apologising for his actions and regretting his conduct.

In spite of this he continued to visit the school, and subsequently was again caught by the caretaker on the school property. He knocked the caretaker down and struck him on the head with a stick.

In conclusion, I can now state that in order to advertise his filthy wares he caused a circular to be printed with a suggestive illustration which bore the following words: "The author of this book was described by counsel as 'a menace' to the girls of ——" (there follows the name of the school).

I agree with the learned judge when he expressed doubts whether he was right in giving this individual the opportunity of paying a fine!

The Greatest Chr

—with

"MEN are slayers by nature. Mankind is refined by war. During protracted peace, human virility deteriorates. In mind and attitude, therefore, the peoples of the world must and ever will be combative."

What would be the mental reaction of any sane man or woman to a message of this kind if it came to him or her upon a Christmas card or if it was heard delivered, say, from the pulpit or on the wireless on Christmas Eve? It would be one of horror.

Yet, only a few days before Christmas, this sentiment has just been spoken by a great European statesman, and the fact has to be recorded that his words appear to have been received by the nations without protest or even surprise.

It cannot be that such declarations are regarded as of no importance and without significance. It must be that they now pass unchallenged simply because the public conscience has been stilled or blinded by the hurricane of war talk and propaganda which has lately been released upon the world.

The forces that profit by war have been speaking so loudly and so well in concert that people now accept a shriller and still more provocative voice as only a natural part of the silly symphony about war to which their minds have been so adroitly attuned. In every land they are being drugged into a condition in which they are being made to believe that international enmity and violence is less a crime than a necessity.

Is it true?

In such circumstances the world faces the dawn of Christmas, 1934. The nations are standing to, the manufacturers of death in its most hideous forms are working a 24-hours day, the Great Powers are investigating the relationships and ramifications of the merchants who trade privately in armaments, every effort to achieve international co-operation is being decried and derided by the publicists of those interests who see in war and the threat of war only new chances to win wealth.

And the excuse seriously advanced—and being accepted by many—for these things is that "in mind and attitude the peoples of the world must and ever will be combative."

Is this true? Can men be really made to feel so embittered against each other at the behest of nationalist propagandists that they can be brought to regard killing and maiming as a duty to their conscience?

Or, is their true and superior instinct towards the realisation of the Christmas promise of good will?

The best possible answers to these questions must be those of men who know war and who gave the answers not in the reflective moods of peace time but on the battlefield in the presence of the enemy. More definite and impressive still are these answers by the fact that they were not given by a few, but by thousands acting together under a single and a common impulse.

The assertion that the ordinary citizens of the world are slayers by nature was disproved once and for all time on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day twenty years ago.

Fifteen thousand men—one half of them British, the other half German—then tried to proclaim to the world the truth and the meaning of the Christmas message of peace and good will. They failed. Their gesture was not seen.

Most people do know, of course, that a truce of some kind was observed in some part of the trenches on the Western battlefront at Christmas, 1914. Suggestions that there had been fraternisation between sections of the opposing armies crept into the heavily-censored letters from soldiers in the war area. Some paragraphs to that effect were published in the newspapers.

Story never told

But the story in all its real magnitude and significance has never been told. At the time, the whole of the facts were suppressed for "military reasons."

It was falsely given out by the authorities in Britain, France, Germany and Russia that the incident was purely local. Only a few small parties of men, it was officially said, had gone out from their lines and made contact for some minutes merely for the purpose of taking in their dead.

The truth has been well concealed ever since. Nine out of ten of the soldiers who participated in the strangest but greatest drama of any Christmas anniversary died in the next four years of the Great War.

Until now the facts have lain with them in the cemeteries of Flanders and Northern France.

Even the official histories of the war are silent about what happened. It would never do to let it be known that, when three-fifths of the world was supposed to be joined in a death grapple, a multitude of the combatants could so outrage the canons of war as to swarm out from their trenches to prove that, as ordinary people, they entertained no bitterness and no enmity towards each other.

Twenty years afterwards, because the war-mongers are again boldly and artificially inflaming hatreds across the earth at Christmastide, it is well that an accurate version of the occurrences of December 24-25 should now be given.

Comic army

The British Expeditionary Force in France had been at grips with the Germans for nineteen weeks. The army in the field was then composed entirely of the survivors of Mons, the Marne and Ypres, reinforced by wastage drafts from the militia battalions at home and six or seven Territorial units.

The casualties among officers had been disproportionately heavy and many new subalterns had been found quickly from the ranks of such Territorial regiments as the London Scottish, the Artists' Rifles and the Honourable Artillery Company.

It was one of these young officers promoted from the citizen army who took the initiative in the most wonderful and most convincing peace demonstration ever held.

"The German trenches had become softly and queerly illuminated. There were green, yellow, blue and white lights; thousands of them . . ."

The rigours of the winter, with the British Army unequipped to face freezing weather in shallow trenches which had become water-gulleys, were already so intense that a system of three-days' relief for the men in the front line had been introduced. It happened that a general relief along the greater part of the front fell due on Christmas Eve.

The troops who moved up the communication trenches that night from the reserve points to take over the forward positions must have appeared to an observer to be the most comic looking army that ever went into action. They were laden with the usual paraphernalia of barbed wire and "knife rests" for the entanglements, boxes of rations, water-jars and hundredweights of sandbags, in addition to their ordinary infantry accoutrement.

But, on top of all this, they were festooned with brown-paper parcels—their Christmas gifts from home.

A strange and seemingly sinister thing began to be observed. The Germans had revealed hitherto an uncanny knowledge of the day and exact hour at which reliefs took place on the British front, and they duly marked the occasions by sweeping the areas behind with machine-gun and shrapnel fire.

On this night, for the first time in the war, not a shot was to be heard. Equally mysterious was the fact that nowhere for hours on end did a flare rise from the German trenches.

A silent night attack must be imminent, said the seasoned soldiers. Infantry patrols went out in relays across No Man's Land. One by one they returned to report that the enemy was wholly inactive, and, stranger still, that the sounds of soft singing appeared to be coming from his dug-outs.

At 10 p.m. the night had become crisp and very clear. Sentries had been warned, lest a trap was being laid, to keep the German wire under constant observation, and they found the task an easy one.

Suddenly a ripple of commotion passed through the British trenches for eight miles from Fleurbaix, just south of Armentieres, to Neuve Chapelle.

"Stand-to!" cried the sentries. Digging parties abandoned their work, sleeping men came to life. They leaped to the parapets with rifles and bayonets in readiness and machine-guns were trained for the defensive.

"What possible new form of devilry can Jerry be up to now?" Every man asked the question of his neighbour. No one could answer. Soldiers who knew war in all its aspects were baffled by what they saw.

At intervals of about one hundred yards the German trenches had almost in an instant become softly and queerly illuminated. There were green, yellow, blue and white lights; thousands of them as far as the eye could see. Curiously

ristmas Secret

vith a MIGHTY MORAL for TO-DAY

they gave the effect of being arranged in triangular clusters.

"S O S! S O S!" From every point of the British front the telegraph buzzers chattered out to the artillery the signal for help against attack. Telephone operators repeated the appeal verbally. Lest the wires might have been cut on any sector, myriads of rockets also fired the message to the guns. Trench-gongs pealed the Alarm.

Direct hit . .

In a moment the guns were speaking back. Shells screamed their way into the German trenches. Here and there some of them made direct hits on and extinguished the peculiar clusters of coloured lights.

Innocently and quite unknown to them the British gunners were crucifying the symbol of Christmas itself.

Their targets were Christmas trees, adorned with candles in coloured globes, which, the German soldiers said afterwards, had been prepared with great patience and much work as a surprise Christmas Eve treat for the British Army.

One by one the Christmas trees, under the shower of shells, were taken from the trench-tops. But the illuminations did not disappear. Until midnight and the advent of Christmas Day the reflection of them rose everywhere over the enemy lines.

In the minutes before midnight a great volume of sound suddenly came from the German trenches. It was produced by thousands of men spread over miles of countryside singing powerfully in unison.

The astonished British troops could not recognise the words but they easily identified the tunes. They were "Good King Wenceslas" and "Come, All Ye Faithful."

The German carols ended, the British soldiers accepted the silence that followed as an invitation to respond. A mouth-organ somewhere blared the air of "Fred Karno's Army." Spontaneously, and like a flash, the words of the derisive marching chorus poured out:

We are Fred Karno's Army,
The ragtime infantry.
We cannot fight, we cannot shoot,
What —— use are we?
And when we get to Berlin,
The Kaiser, he will say,
Hoch! hoch! Mein Gott,
What a rotten lot
Are the ragtime infantry.

Whether or not the Germans accepted this strange song as a British rendering of a carol has never been known, but for an hour afterwards they filled the midnight air with their own carols.

"A Merry Christmas, Englishmen!" During a pause in the singing the greeting was shouted again and again across the space that separated the armies.

Still the suspicions and discipline of the British troops held. Already they knew enough of war to be alert for every ruse.

But the Germans were insistent. One of them was seen to mount and stand erect on his trench parapet. As he stood silhouetted on the skyline he made an easy target for a single shot, but, happily, no one fired. The man began to sing in a clear tenor voice and in good English the pre-war music-hall chorus:

Has anyone seen a German band?

. . . .

I want my Fritz
Who plays twiddley-bits
On the old trombone.

At last the British soldiers gave way. They applauded.

The German must have felt encouraged. "Let us be friends," he cried. "Won't someone come halfway and meet me?"

Five times he shouted the invitation and for as many minutes there was no response.

Then a voice called back, "I will, if you come unarmed."

"Agreed!" shouted back the German, who in a few moments was seen to jump from his trench and to begin threading a way through his barbed wire.

The Englishman who went out to meet him was Second-Lieutenant Harold de Buriatte, of the 2nd Battalion of the Bedfordshire Regiment, who was afterwards so disabled by his war service that he is still to-day a hospital patient at Papworth, Cambridge.

The two men faced and saluted in the centre of No Man's Land. The German took from his finger a gold ring which he asked the British officer to accept as a "token of sincerity."

Hand-shake

Lieutenant de Buriatte still possesses the ring. It should be preserved for all time as one of the world's treasures.

The German mentioned that he had been sent out as spokesman from his lines because, having lived in Brighton for years, he spoke perfect English. He had a message to give on behalf of his comrades.

It was that they would be happy to meet the British soldiers, both unarmed, in No Man's Land when daylight came, so that as many men as possible from the two armies might celebrate Christmas Day together on common ground.

The Englishman and the German gripped hands, saluted, and each withdrew in the darkness to his own lines.

Like wildfire the news of the enemy's invitation passed from end to end of the British line.

The dawn brought evidence that it was genuine. The morning light revealed German soldiers everywhere squatting atop of their parapet.

Cautiously the British infantry raised their heads. The Germans saw and cheered.

From both trenches men poured out in platoons. At least eight British battalions, each of a thousand men, went over unafraid either of an enemy trap or of the disciplinary consequences which might follow.

They took with them only their haversacks stuffed with eatables and their Christmas parcels from home.

The commingling of khaki and field grey was so rapid that in a few moments each was eating the other's food. It was the most honest gesture of their regard for each other the men could make. Strings of sausages were exchanged for tins of bully-beef which the Germans thought was delicious. They loaded the British soldiers with cigars and it was perhaps this generosity which inspired the story, that lasted till the end of the war that the Germans must be "paid like millionaires."

He met the German half-way — Lieut. Harold de Buriatte.

Soon the combatants were on still more intimate terms. They exhibited to each other their photographs of wives, children and sweethearts. The barrier of language was easily surmounted by signs.

Here and there the British soldiers produced footballs. The pipers of the 2nd Battalion Gordon Highlanders played reels and schottisches, and right merrily did the Germans dance with the kilted Scots.

So for hours the Christmas Day party of peace and good will went on between the trenches. If it had lasted much longer all hostilities might have ceased there and then and the sacrifice of ten million lives at the altar of war in the next four years would have been avoided.

But the news of the extraordinary events happening among the fighting troops had been flashed back to the headquarters of the two armies. Generals and Staff officers abandoned their Christmas dinners in their messes far behind the lines and rushed by motor-car in consternation to the forward areas.

Treason . .

Many German officers were afterwards degraded to the ranks for having allowed the fraternisation and every man in the British Army was lectured in the days that followed on the penalty that could be exacted for "treasonable and traitorous acts."

The British soldiers went back to their trenches only after senior officers had arrived and sounded the order to "Retire" on their whistles. The war began again, and, so that there should be less danger of a renewal of the truce, the commanders of both armies arranged hurriedly for the immediate relief of the front-line infantry by fresh troops.

Twenty years after, the echo of the whistle-blasts which recalled these soldiers to the realities of war is still heard over the world. But, however strident its summons may become, it can never subdue the truth of the concord of ordinary men at Christmas, 1914.

"... RUBY LOOKS A1 AGAIN SINCE WE CHANGED TO ROWNTREE'S"

... see letter from Mrs. GREENHAM, 150 Stanley Road, Stamshaw, Portsmouth.

COME ON— RUN, RUBY!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH RUBY? SHE HASN'T HALF THE GO SHE USED TO HAVE
LATER —AN OLD NURSE'S ADVICE
..HER DIGESTION NEEDS HELP AT THAT AGE. TRY ROWNTREE'S COCOA —IT WILL HELP HER GET MORE NOURISHMENT FROM HER FOOD
THEY'RE THE BONNIEST CHILDREN IN THIS ROAD, SINCE CHANGING TO ROWNTREE'S!

"Ruby looks A1 again"

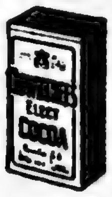
... says Mrs. R. M. GREENHAM.

"I always buy the best food for my children. When I noticed they were not looking well, especially Ruby, I was worried. At last a nurse said 'Give them Rowntree's Cocoa, as it helps the digestion, and you get more nourishment out of food.' We tried it and the children look heaps better, and Ruby looks A1 again, since we changed to Rowntree's!"

EXTRA NOURISHING; HELPS DIGESTION!

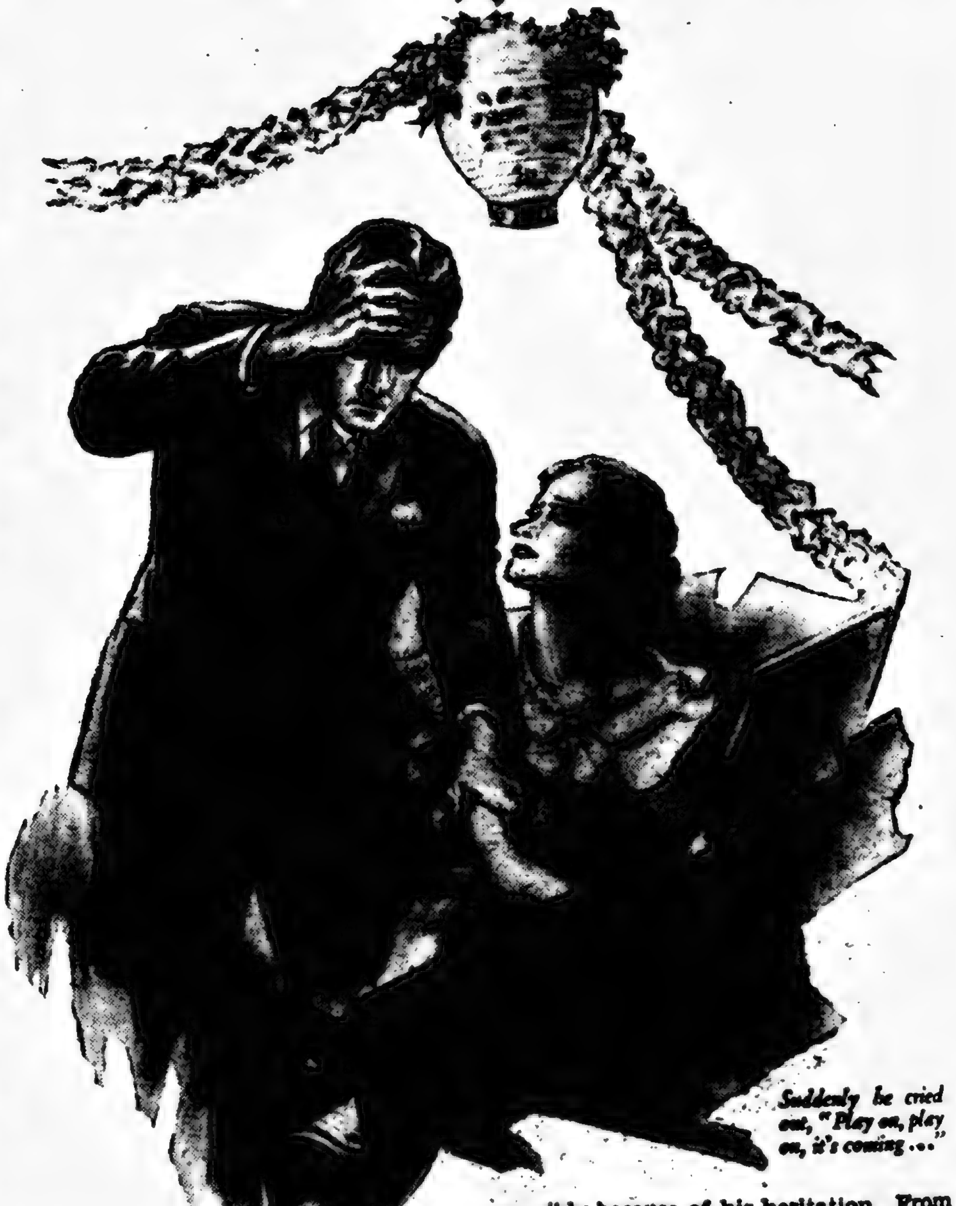
Food goes further and does more good, when you drink this cocoa with it. Remember Rowntree's is extra-economical, too, for these 3 reasons—(1) Free gift coupons; (2) You use less ... only half a teaspoonful; (3) Does *more* good by helping the digestion of other foods. Change to Rowntree's ... today!

NOW 5½d. per ¼-lb. tin, ½-lb. tin 10d. FREE gift coupons in every tin. Write to Dept. UB18, Rowntree & Co. Ltd. York, for Free Gift Booklet (which includes many children's gifts).



ROWNTREE'S COCOA ACTUALLY HELPS DIGESTION

MYSTERY books a ROOM



Suddenly he cried out, "Play on, play on, it's coming ..."

JOHN BULL Readers' Stories—108

THE man who was destined to change my whole existence in the most astounding fashion walked into my peaceful life in a dream. Not in my dream—but in his own.

That sounds remarkable. Well, it is, and it takes me back to that Christmastide six years ago, to a small hotel on the Cornish Riviera, where, at the age of twenty-two, I was acting as hostess.

I am very musical; that accomplishment helped me to get my appointment, for in addition to my duties of standing guardian over the guests' creature comforts and ensuring for them a happy stay, I arranged entertainments and musical evenings, when I played the piano, either giving solo renderings or accompanying other artists.

I was very happy once I settled down. The hotel soon became a second home to me, and the owners, an elderly couple who preferred to keep to their private suite, soon treated me almost as a daughter and left me practically to manage the entire place.

My first four years passed quickly and more or less uneventfully. And when the Man-Who-Walked-in-a-Dream, as we called him, first made his appearance, I little thought that I was standing on the threshold of an adventure which would perplex and thrill me to the core and change my whole life.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

It was a chill December evening, early in the month, when he walked into the lounge-hall from a white fog which had been looming over the countryside and the Channel for two days. He was very tall and slim and erect; he had on a long tweed coat which almost reached his ankles—an expensive-looking garment, as were all his clothes, which somehow made me think of America. Possibly because I had seen the same style of overcoats on the films.

His hands were deep in his pockets as he pushed his way through the heavy swing door and stood looking about him uncertainly.

I was at the small reception desk, sticking a stamp on an envelope, and when I looked up at him he was staring at me

As he swept off his hat there was a haunted look in his eyes and a perpetual questioning in his gaze. His hair, fair and curly, straggled over his pale brow and gave him a ridiculously boyish appearance. I put him down to be about twenty-eight at the most.

I went forward to him, diffidently, glancing quickly behind to see if Jerry, the diminutive porter, was lurking in the vicinity. Not that I was in any way afraid, or felt that I had encountered some undesirable character—but just that I inwardly shrank from a personable young man who seemed as if he had travelled a long distance, had fallen asleep in the middle of the journey, and had not yet awakened.

Suddenly, he smiled. And his whole face was transformed. His expression at that moment was extremely attractive, and he reminded me of a big boy, very forlorn, and badly needing mothering after a tiring day.

"Good evening," I said, tremulously.

He smiled again, and in a deep, rich voice, with a tinge of surprise in it, said: "Oh—good evening! I—well," and he gave a short, nervous laugh, "I'd like a room."

"Will you be staying for long?" I asked, turning round to examine the register.

"Yes—I—I think so. You see, I'm not quite sure. It all depends, really. Supposing I stayed over Christmas? Would you have the room for me—or are you booked up for then?"

I hastened to assure him that we could take him, and he seemed intensely relieved.

I allotted him a room overlooking the seafront, rang for Jerry to carry his case upstairs, and asked him to sign the register. He indicated to Jerry that his case was on the step outside, and when it appeared it was a small suitcase which seemed to be ridiculously light.

He lifted up the pen, put it to the line on the page, and then paused. A second later he was writing in neat letters the name "John Brown," with an address in Chelsea.

I didn't like it. I was suspicious. Of course, he might be one of the thousands of John Browns, but I felt he wasn't, possibly because of his hesitation. From that moment he was always on my mind—accusing him of duplicity, some crime, justifying him, making excuses for him, and liking him despite my unnamed fears.

The staff raved about him; Jerry worshipped the ground he walked on. He seemed to avoid me at first, and when he did speak it was with a shy reserve. He never volunteered to talk much about himself, beyond the fact that he had been ill and had come down to Cornwall to convalesce.

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He would go out immediately after breakfast and walk for miles along the coast; sometimes he sat and read in the lounge; other times he would just sit looking straight ahead of him as if trying to see something that did not exist.

I began examining the newspapers daily for some suggestion in the news, some clue in the pictures, to the identity—for I was now certain that he had figured in some incident that was causing a mystery elsewhere. He became to me a walking question mark.

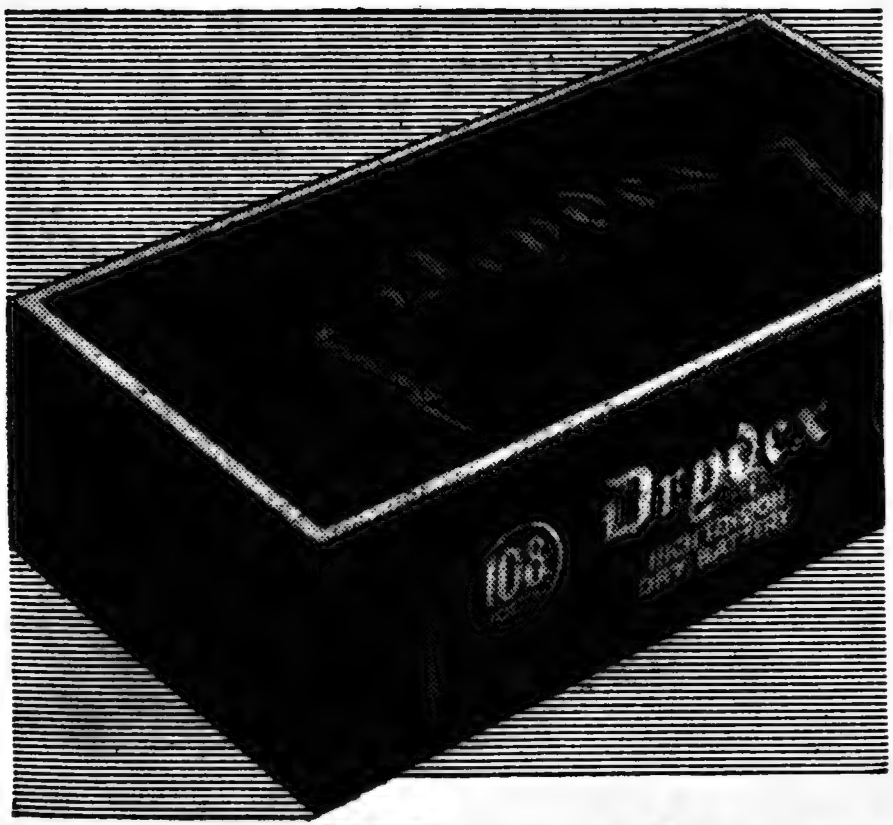
I found out one thing about him. He was intensely fond of music. In the drawing-room, whenever I played and he

(Continued on page 26)

"When was Aunt Martha here?"

"Wasn't it the day you got that Drydex?"

"So it was— that's a long time ago"


108
Drydex
HIGH TENSION DRY BATTERY

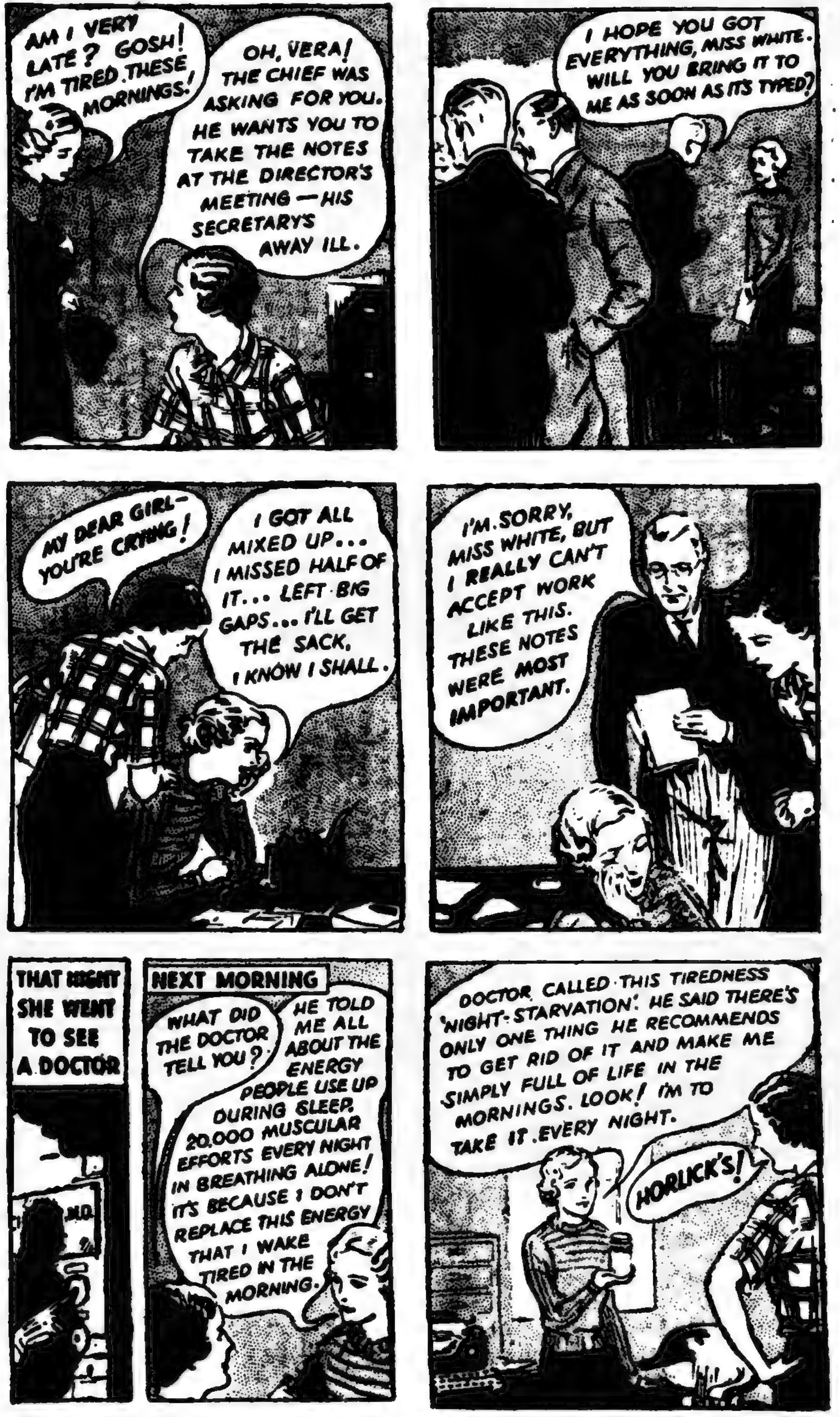
Drydex

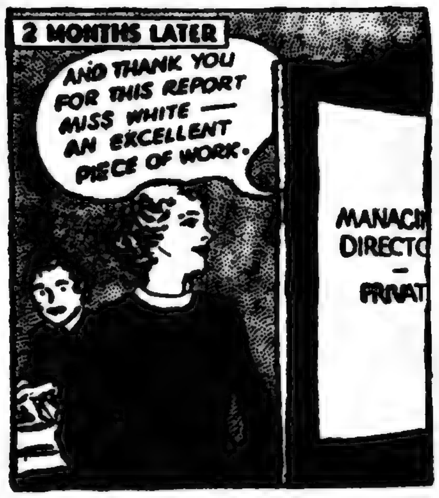
THE LONG LIFE H.T. BATTERY

"Still keeps going when the rest have stopped"

From Exide Service Stations and all good dealers. Exide Batteries, Exide Works, Clifton Junction, near Manchester.
Branches: London, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Glasgow, Dublin and Belfast.

"NIGHT-STARVATION" NEARLY COST ME MY JOB


AM I VERY LATE? GOSH! I'M TIRED THESE MORNINGS!
OH, VERA! THE CHIEF WAS ASKING FOR YOU. HE WANTS YOU TO TAKE THE NOTES AT THE DIRECTOR'S MEETING — HIS SECRETARY'S AWAY ILL.
I HOPE YOU GOT EVERYTHING, MISS WHITE. WILL YOU BRING IT TO ME AS SOON AS ITS TYPED?
MY DEAR GIRL— YOU'RE CRYING!
I GOT ALL MIXED UP... I MISSED HALF OF IT... LEFT BIG GAPS... I'LL GET THE SACK, I KNOW I SHALL.
I'M SORRY, MISS WHITE, BUT I REALLY CAN'T ACCEPT WORK LIKE THIS. THESE NOTES WERE MOST IMPORTANT.
THAT NIGHT SHE WENT TO SEE A DOCTOR
M.D.
NEXT MORNING
WHAT DID THE DOCTOR TELL YOU?
HE TOLD ME ALL ABOUT THE ENERGY PEOPLE USE UP DURING SLEEP. 20,000 MUSCULAR EFFORTS EVERY NIGHT IN BREATHING ALONE! IT'S BECAUSE I DON'T REPLACE THIS ENERGY THAT I WAKE TIRED IN THE MORNING.
DOCTOR CALLED THIS TIREDNESS 'NIGHT-STARVATION'. HE SAID THERE'S ONLY ONE THING HE RECOMMENDS TO GET RID OF IT AND MAKE ME SIMPLY FULL OF LIFE IN THE MORNINGS. LOOK! I'M TO TAKE IT EVERY NIGHT.
HORLICK'S!


2 MONTHS LATER
AND THANK YOU FOR THIS REPORT MISS WHITE — AN EXCELLENT PIECE OF WORK.
MANAGI
DIRECTO
—
PRIVAT

Miss White was only *one* of hundreds of business girls who feel just too fagged to cope with the day's work. Almost invariably the trouble is the same — "Night-Starvation." If the energy you use up during sleep, for breathing purposes and other automatic actions, is not replaced, of course you will wake feeling tired out — "Night-Starved."

Horlick's taken *regularly* every night prevents "Night-Starvation"—replaces your energy while you sleep. The milk is already in Horlick's, so you need only add water. The flavour is intriguing, too. Prices from 2/-. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

THIS MEANS YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY, WAKE REFRESHED, AND HAVE EXTRA ENERGY ALL DAY

MARY DEAR YOU LOOK WORRIED. WHAT'S THE MATTER?
OH—I'VE PROMISED THE CHILDREN A PARTY, AND I'M DREADING IT. MY PARTIES ARE ALWAYS A FAILURE
DON'T WORRY. I KNOW A MARVELLOUS WAY OF MAKING A PARTY SUCCESSFUL. I'LL TELL YOU . . .
AND A PACKET OF ROWNTREE'S JELLY PLEASE . .
THAT'S A POPULAR JELLY! THERE'S REAL FRUIT JUICE IN ROWNTREE'S, YOU KNOW
ISN'T THIS A LOVELY PARTY?
RATHER! HAVE YOU HAD SOME OF THIS SCRUMPTIOUS JELLY. OOH—YOU CAN TASTE THE FRUIT IN IT!
THANK GOODNESS I HEARD ABOUT ROWNTREE'S

Make YOUR *PARTY*

a success

Your guests can't resist second helpings of Rowntree's Jelly. The flavour is so marvellous—just like eating sun-ripened fruit. Real fruit juices in Rowntree's—that's why they're so fascinating. Ideal for children, too—these jellies digest so easily. Be sure you get Rowntree's.

12 flavours, including **Raspberry, Lemon, Strawberry, Orange** *and all the favourites. A Free Gift Coupon in every packet. (You can use it with Rowntree's Cocoa coupons.) Only 4½d. a packet.*

Real fruit juices in

ROWNTREE'S

Table Jellies

JACK SPRATT could eat NO FAT
But he could EAT
NUTTALL'S MINTOES

MYSTERY *Books a* ROOM

—continued from page 24

was about the house, he would come in and sit in a corner and just keep staring at me all the time until I felt he was looking right through me.

Or, when there was some good music on the wireless, he would lean back with a contented sigh and a look of rapture would steal over his features.

And then the disturbing thing happened. At the end of his fortnight, when I went to him with his second week's bill, he ran his eye over the items, brushed his hair back nervously, and smiled.

"I—I—well, I really would like to stay over Christmas—but my money hasn't come. I'm down to five shillings. D'you mind, Miss Weston, waiting a little. I—I—you know, it's a terrible predicament to be in."

He wasn't a crook. Of that I was certain. I could not do anything but agree to wait, and when I told him so he gave a sigh of relief.

"Thanks," he exclaimed; "I'm very happy here. I just wish it would last for ever—but it won't do that!"

That gave me something else to think about and to worry over. I would lie awake at nights picturing him in my mind, trying to fathom the mystery undoubtedly enshrouding him. I lost sleep many times, and I did not know until later just what my new emotions were.

The days passed and the long-looked-for money did not arrive. Indeed, not one piece of correspondence came for John Brown.

At last I took a desperate step. I sent a pre-paid wire to the Chelsea address he had given, asking if John Brown had returned from his holidays. Perhaps it was a foolish thing to do; I had no answer if challenged and if he proved to *be* John Brown. But my subterfuge brought me fresh anxiety—the name and the address could not be traced!

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I lived in dread after that—for *his* safety. And there was no one to whom I could go with my problem.

Christmas Eve came, and the hotel was filled for the festive season. The decorated drawing-room was bright with fires burning in the fireplaces at either end, and the company was gay. Outside, after a day of rain and increasing cold, snow was falling and a gale had sprung up and was tearing out of the north.

We had had some dancing, several of the guests had sung or contributed their share to the gaiety of the evening; games had been played, and I was at the piano alone playing over some music chosen at random, when I wandered from Chopin to Bax and ran on without a break to the haunting notes of a Hebridean air which I had always loved.

A sudden commotion behind me made me turn round, still playing, to see what had happened. I saw John Brown, standing up, staring at me with his face strained and white and his eyes bulging as if he had seen a ghost!

I missed some notes, agitation froze my fingers, and then he suddenly wheeled round and strode briskly out of the room.

An hour later, as I was going upstairs to my bedroom, there was a clamour at the front door. Jerry, the porter, went from the side office and opened up, and John Brown entered with such a vigorous rush that he almost swept the diminutive Jerry off his feet.

He was soaked through, without a coat, his hair dank on his brow, his face blue with cold—but with his eyes alight with a brightness I had not seen there before.

I crept half-way down the stairs; and then he saw me He came running towards me with his hands out. I put mine out, instinctively, in self-defence. He caught them savagely.

"Miss Weston," he cried hoarsely, "come—you must play to me—you must!"

He pulled me, protesting, down the hall and into the drawing-room. He practically pushed me on to the piano-stool and opened up the lid. Behind us stood a perplexed Jerry, searching for words and not knowing what to do in the emergency.

"Play," he commanded. "Please!" And then, with a surge of fresh excitement: "My God, you must—that—that piece you were playing before I went out—to try to remember."

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Mechanically, in a daze, I ran my fingers over the notes and broke into the Hebridean air. John Brown was standing behind me so close to me that I could hear his harsh breathing and feel it on my neck as he bent over me. His whole being seemed caught up in a storm of emotion.

Suddenly he gripped me by the shoulders and he cried out:

"Play on—play on—it's coming. . . ."

It was Jerry who caught him as he fell. I jumped up, terror-stricken, and helped to carry his limp form to a settee. Jerry then ran for some spirits which we forced between his clenched teeth.

He recovered slowly, like someone coming out of a restful sleep. He blinked, looked at me, seemed to think, then recognised me and raised himself up.

Before I could do anything he caught my hands, pulled me towards him and kissed me.

"Thanks—you've done it!" and he laughed boyishly. "I know now. I can remember everything. Quick, can I 'phone, please—to my father. He's in Bath. . . ."

He jumped to his feet then, caught me by a hand again, and pulled me after him as he ran to the reception office and picked up the telephone receiver.

Then, while he waited to get through, he told me what had happened. His name was—well, it is fairly well known now, and he broadcasts fairly frequently in song recitals. He had been on a tour in America, cancelled his last engagements in order to spend Christmas with his people, and had caught a boat much earlier than he had originally intended.

He had arrived at Plymouth a day or two before he had walked into my life so dramatically. It had been his intention to hire a car at Plymouth to motor to his people's place; the rest of his luggage had gone on to London with the ship, and was to be delivered at his flat in Kensington.

All he could remember was going down the gangway and slipping on the wet boards of the tender's deck. He struck his head as he fell, but a seaman and a fellow-passenger helped him up, a little dazed but not injured.

Shaken a little with his fall, and suffering from a headache, he had gone into a café for a cup of coffee . . . and then the blankness had come over him.

Until this day he doesn't know how he got to the hotel in Cornwall. He thinks possibly by easy stages in buses. He could remember nothing but the fact that he had forgotten something, and that his whole past life was dead in his mind.

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The name he gave when he found what he felt was a haven was the first one that struck him at the moment; he had forgotten even that he had had a name.

He walked in a dream, trying to remember, until that moment of revelation when I played one of the first songs he had ever learned, and which had been taught him by his mother, the daughter of a Highland doctor.

He walked into my life for always that night. Within a year we were married. This Christmas, as we have always done, we intend going down for a few days to the hotel, because it was there that a dream ended and another began.

"The Greatest of These—"

Blaze Our Yule-Log

YULE, which is an old name for Christmas, is chiefly associated in our minds with Yule-tide and Yule-log. And as Yule-tide is "the season for kindling the fire of hospitality in the hall, the genial fire of charity in the heart," we will invite our readers this Christmas to help us to light up a magnificent Yule-log to bring comfort to the families of our poor, unemployed ex-Service men, and set their kiddies' hearts dancing with delight, just as the flames of a Yule-log dance up the chimney.

There is a Scottish rhyme which says: "When Yule comes, dule comes—cauld feet and legs." This is horribly true when children have no decent footwear—which brings in its train colds, bronchitis, pneumonia, and a lot of ills which would be prevented if kiddies' legs and bodies could be kept warm and dry.

Then, a red-hot Yule-log can cook a Christmas dinner to a turn, provided the dinner is there. And, again, in spite of much that is done, there are, judging from the facts before us, many families who are too poor to sit down to a dinner with anything like a festive touch about it.

So, if our readers will subscribe to our Yule-log, they will know, as they sit down to their own Christmas dinner, that they have helped to set the table of some poor family with a little extra Christmas fare.

And a Yule-log needs a hearth to burn on. But, in these hard times, we know there are many parents who, because the rent money has been swallowed up through a child's illness, or to meet some unforeseen catastrophe, spend anxious nights dreading the thought that soon there will be no hearthside they can call their own. Subscriptions to our Yule-log can help to save such homes.

Curiously enough, two cases are now before us where the ex-Service dad asks for help to get a little start with fire-logs to sell. The one has four little boys, and a wife far gone in T.B., to house and feed and clothe out of his transitional benefit of 28s. a week.

The other has two children of school age. His wife, who has been the mainstay of the home, is in the doctor's hands with severe heart trouble. A boy, aged fifteen, earns 10s. a week, and that is all they have coming in.

The father of this family pleads: "If I could obtain a little help to purchase some wood, I could start selling wood which would at least bring in a little to help us through the winter." Their rent is in arrears, and they are threatened with eviction.

And, at Yule-tide was born the Babe whose Heart was all aflame with love, so we ask those in whose heart a spark of such love glows to send all they can spare to make our Yule-log blaze for the comfort of those who in one way or another are out in the cold:

"Heap on more wood! The wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still."

All donations should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

A soft collar hint . .

Soft collars have a way of losing their dignity round about five o'clock. They no longer sit or fit well, they look wearier than their wearers. But a light starching with Robin will prevent this collar collapse. Robin is the easy starch that gives the expert finish. The gloss is in Robin . . . there is nothing to add. It is mixed in a moment and your iron glides as if on glass.

ROBIN STARCH

RECKITT & SONS LTD., HULL AND LONDON

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.
The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on p. 12.

HAYWARD'S
MILITARY
PICKLE

HAYWARD BROS
Hayward's
MILITARY
PICKLE

Appeals to all palates. It is crisp without being hard, small without being too "mashy," neither too sweet nor too sharp.

Of all Grocers

HAYWARD BROS., LTD.
KENNINGTON, S.E.11

Miss Enid Stamp Taylor (Mrs. Sydney Colton) knew that only the best food in the world could be good enough for her little daughter. Your child too deserves the very best. Get Cow & Gate to-day!

Babies Love it!

Enid Stamp Taylor

23, Clifton Hill,
St. John's Wood,
London, N.W.8.
Aug. 16th, 1934.

Dear Sirs,

You will no doubt be interested to know that I am using Cow & Gate Milk Food for my little daughter with excellent results.

Robin is a happy contented baby and is sleeping well and steadily gaining weight. I am thoroughly satisfied with her progress.

I have no hesitation in saying that I attribute Robin's splendid health very largely to Cow & Gate Milk Food, and in fact I can endorse your slogan "Babies Love it."

Yours truly,
(Signed) Enid Stamp Taylor.

COW & GATE MILK FOOD

"The Best Milk for Babies when Natural Feeding Fails."

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I'm Mother's Help

—Like

OXO

for Cup or Cooking

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Father and Son find Hobbies fun!

Doing something. Making something in wood . . . a tray . . . a toy fort . . . a novelty cigarette box . . . a radio or a gramophone cabinet. A Hobbies Fretwork Outfit provides tools for keeping any fellow busy and happy in his spare time. A fascinating and inexpensive hobby

Complete sets from 1/6 with sound British Tools, See them at any ironmongers, Xmas Bazaar, Toyshop, or Hobbies own Branches. Or by post from Dept. 45, Hobbies Ltd., Dereham, Norfolk.

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SHAKE OFF THAT COUGH WITH Beechams Lung Syrup

There's Nothing To Touch It For COUGHS, WHOOPING COUGH BRONCHITIS, CROUPY COUGH SORE THROAT CATARRH AND LUNG TROUBLES

1/3 & 2/6 per bottle from chemists everywhere. 2/6 size contains 3 times the quantity for only twice the price.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS probed by PHILIP INMAN

The Deceived Wife—

Should she FORGIVE?

THE other day I came across an old magazine. It contained the result of what must have been one of the first competitions held by any publication. A prize had been offered for placing in order of popularity a number of well-known songs. And the one that had secured the most votes was "Home, Sweet Home."

I wonder where that old favourite would come if a similar contest were held to-day!

There are a number of my readers who, alas, could not vote for it. Here, for instance, are three letters—all of them from women, all of them married, and all in great trouble. Not one of them could call her home life "sweet."

In the first case my correspondent tells me she has been married twenty years.

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"When I married," her letter goes on, "I stepped out of my class, leaving my people and my friends for the man I loved. Though we have been dogged by poverty and misfortune, I have never regretted it.

"Now, after all these years, something has happened which has completely beaten me. The other day I received an anonymous letter telling me that my husband was the father of a child born to a woman who came here as housekeeper to one of our neighbours—a bachelor. When I asked him about it he at once owned up.

"I feel somehow that I am partly to blame, for last winter and into the spring I was ailing all the time and in almost constant pain, and in consequence I was often irritable and careless of everything.

"And yet this is the cruel part of it all. When this young woman arrived next door she was almost destitute, had a baby a year old, and received only five shillings a week from her employer. She told us she had had to leave her husband as he was a terrible drunkard, and I was sorry for her and made her welcome in the home She used to come for many a meal, and, as far as our circumstances permitted (we are only poor ourselves and have four children), I used to help her out with clothes for her and her baby.

"Now I don't know what to do. Shall I go right away, or do you advise me to see it through? You see, I have nothing and no one except my husband and my children. If I leave him he can't marry this other woman, for, as I say, she is already married He talks of a moment's folly, and I think he would go downhill fast if I did go away. In spite of all, I love him still, and, up till this, I know he has been faithful to me."

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There is nothing worse in life than to be "let down" by someone you have trusted. It seems to knock all the bottom out of your world. I can understand just what this woman feels. Her husband is not the only one involved—there is also the one whom she had helped and befriended. And yet, in spite of everything, I am going to give my correspondent four reasons why she should remain at home.

She tells me that she still loves her husband. Would she be happy therefore if she went away and left him? I am sure she would not.

Then I am told that, except for this one lapse, he has been a good husband and father. In spite of "poverty and misfortune" my correspondent has never regretted marrying him, and that has lasted for twenty years.

Then, again, this woman admits that her illness made her irritable. That ought not to be any excuse for a man going astray. If it were, the marriage vow would be a mockery—"In sickness and in health." But in this case the man was not strong enough to resist the temptation.

Lastly, my correspondent says that if she leaves her husband he will go downhill fast. That suggests the opposite is equally true. If she stays by his side it will give him fresh courage to face the future. He is not likely to succumb again to what he describes as "a moment's folly."

There are also those four children to consider. She, must seek to safeguard their future in every possible way. Breaking up the home will scarcely do that. And there is her own health. After a prolonged illness she is not in a fit condition to face the struggle of a new start alone.

So my advice to her is—see it through, and may better fortune attend her ways.

Another of life's tragedies is when the husband forges ahead, leaving his wife behind. That is what has happened in my next problem.

"I have been married for sixteen years," writes this woman, "and have been most happy in spite of having an uphill struggle all the time. My husband has always been a hard worker, and I have considered no sacrifice too great if it helped him to reach his ambition.

"A few months ago he obtained a coveted position, and this is where I feel so hurt. I have become a 'back number.' He has many new friends and is rarely at home, and the old companionship I used to love has gone. He refers, I know, to me as 'his old lady,' and although I am only forty-one I sometimes feel it, for when I look at myself I see a pale, tired face and hair white at the temples.

"But if I have aged prematurely, it is through the hard work and struggles in helping him to the position he now occupies. I love him too much to complain, but I am feeling things very deeply just now, and our two children are beginning to notice it. It is impossible for me to keep up with his new and fashionable friends, as, although he is earning a much better salary, he expects me to carry on financially just as before. Can you tell me how I can bring him back to the old happiness again?"

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Now there is one sentence in this correspondent's letter which I think reveals the secret of the whole trouble. "I love him too much to complain," she says. That is where she is wrong. It is high time she stood up for her rights. She took her fair share of the struggle during the lean years—she is entitled to join in the rewards.

"How can I regain the old happiness?" she asks. She must have a heart-to-heart talk with her husband. This is the line I advise her to take.

She should say: "I've allowed myself to stay in the backwater, but it's not right that I should do so any longer. For the sake of our home and children we must pull together. I want to keep up with you and your position, and I'll make every effort to this end. But you must help me. When things were hard I was content to struggle along, but now you can afford to let me dress decently and improve my personal appearance. Then you will have no need to be ashamed when I meet your friends."

I can't think such an appeal as that would fail. I base this opinion on the fact that during her "sixteen years of married life she has been most happy."

And it is a straight talk that I am going to have with my next correspondent. I hope it will do her good. She tells me that she has been married four years, and she admits "since the beginning we have never pulled together." Her letter goes on:

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"My husband is five years older than me and has very old-fashioned ideas and ways. I ought to say it was a forced marriage and we have just the one child. He does not seem to care for it at all, whilst I simply adore it. And that is why we have so many rows. I have suggested leaving him and living by myself, but he says that if I do so he will keep the child, and that would break my heart."

Now, if that were the end of this letter I should be inclined to say there were probably faults on both sides, but this girl concludes by saying:

"I have found someone who makes life worth while, but I can't accept his love the ways things are."

This is what I imagine has happened. This young woman and her husband have had petty disputes which have led to open quarrels. And all through their child, which ought to bind them closer.

Then another young man appears on the scene, and she begins to compare him with her husband, to the latter's disadvantage. But she must remember this important factor. She isn't married to this other man or she might have discovered that he is not as perfect as he seems. Illicit love-making has a glamour which quickly fades away, as many a one who has experienced it can testify.

Married life has its drawbacks, but it is a relationship that has endured right through the centuries.

This girl tells me she is passionately fond of her baby. Let me warn her that if she goes away with the other man her husband could obtain a divorce and that would give him the custody of the child.

This girl has her home and the love of her little one. She might have the love of her husband, too, if she would take her part in pulling together. Before she thinks of putting an end to her married life—let her do her utmost to mend it.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

"I SLAVED
to have everything
nice,
but —

His mother looked down on me"

"No mother likes a **TIRED-OUT** *daughter-in-law. Now I've changed all that"* —

" I love having my own little home, and I'm never so happy as when I'm sweeping and scouring and shining to make it nice," writes Mrs. E. G., of Leicester. "But last winter I got terribly tired-out with overwork. I felt run-down. I was nervy, too. That made trouble for me.

I wasn't good enough ! !

" Then my mother-in-law came to live near us. I tried to make her like me. But I was tired-out. I wasn't the bright, happy sort that she had wanted her son to marry. She looked down on me . . .

" It made misunderstandings between my husband and me. Then suddenly I thought of Betty. She has three children and an invalid mother on her hands, yet *she's* always full of 'go.'

Betty's wonderful tip

" ' I used to get tired-out like you,' said Betty, ' but after my illness the nurse put me on to Hall's Wine to get back my strength. Hall's Wine is what hospital nurses take when they get run-down or overworked. I'm certain that's what you need,' Betty added. She was right.

Quick and lasting benefit

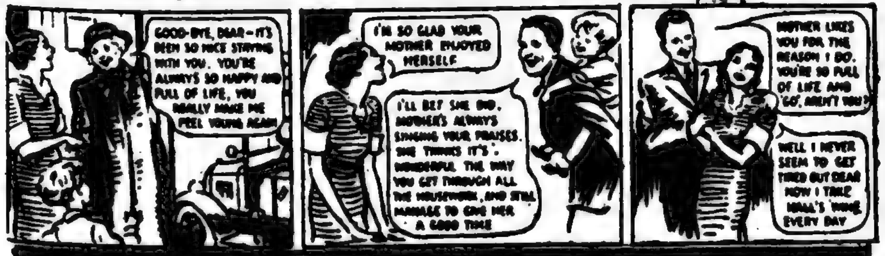
" The very first bottle of delicious Hall's Wine ended my tiredness. Very soon I was feeling stronger and brighter than I'd felt for years."

Prepared from the formula of a well-known doctor, a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Hall's Wine has a quick and lasting effect no other tonic can give you. Hundreds of letters from nurses (letters open for inspection) prove its wonderful results even more. Start today ! From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Price everywhere, 5/6. Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3

Quick, new strength after illness

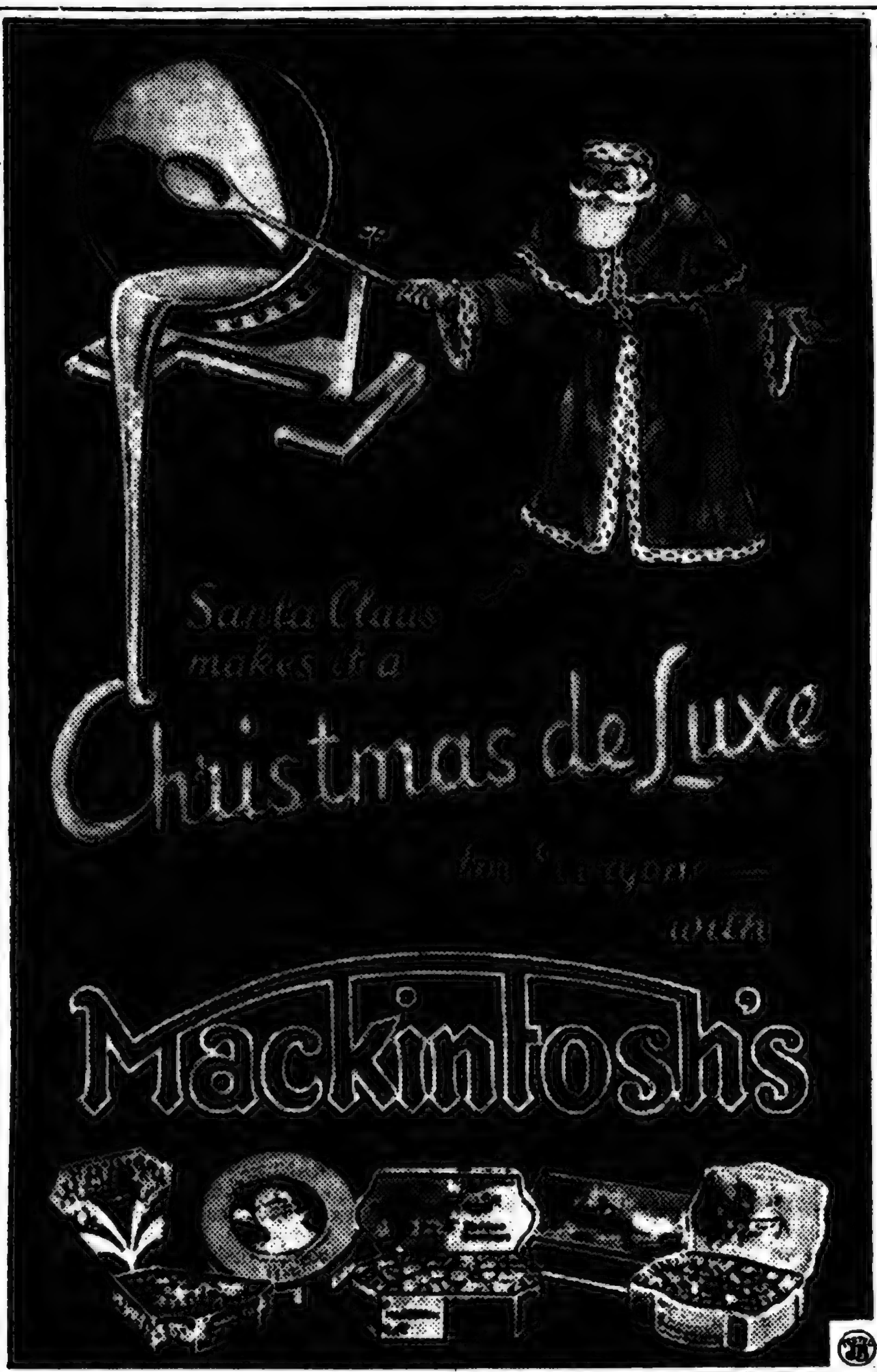
After illness — especially after Influenza, Bronchitis, Nerve Troubles, Operations or Confinements — doctors and nurses recommend Hall's Wine for quick, safe convalescence.

How much easier things are for this wife!


GOOD-BYE, DEAR — IT'S BEEN SO NICE STAYING WITH YOU. YOU'RE ALWAYS SO HAPPY AND FULL OF LIFE, YOU REALLY MAKE ME FEEL YOUNG AGAIN
I'M SO GLAD YOUR MOTHER ENJOYED HERSELF
I'LL BET SHE DID. MOTHER'S ALWAYS SINGING YOUR PRAISES. SHE THINKS IT'S WONDERFUL THE WAY YOU GET THROUGH ALL THE HOUSEWORK, AND STILL MANAGE TO GIVE HER A GOOD TIME
MOTHER LIKES YOU FOR THE REASON I DO. YOU'RE SO FULL OF LIFE AND 'GO', AREN'T YOU?
WELL I NEVER SEEM TO GET TIRED OUT DEAR NOW I TAKE HALL'S WINE EVERY DAY

HALL'S WINE

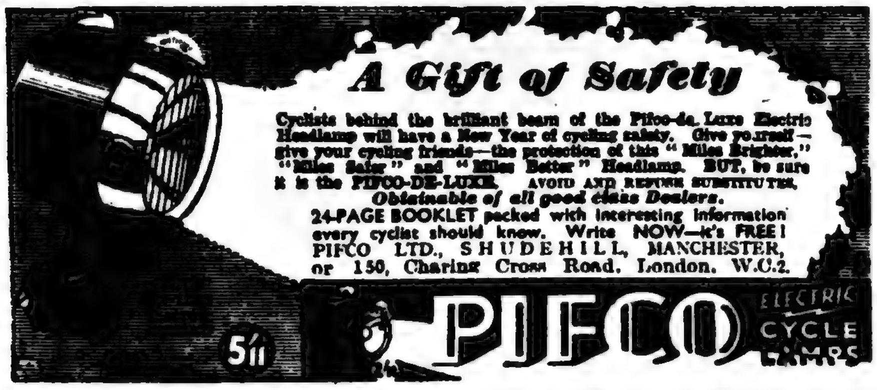
STRENGTHENS YOU IF TIRED OR RUN DOWN


Santa Claus
makes it a
Christmas de Luxe
for 'everyone —
with
Mackintosh's

JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS, LTD., TOFFEE TOWN, HALIFAX, ENGLAND

Look into JOHN BULL'S Shop Window and "The Small Ads. Worth Watching" for Xmas Bargains.

See Pages 2, 3, and 5.


5/11
PIFCO
ELECTRIC CYCLE LAMPS

A Gift of Safety

Cyclists behind the brilliant beam of the Pifco-de-Luxe Electric Headlamp will have a New Year of cycling safety. Give yourself — give your cycling friends — the protection of this "Miles Brighter," "Miles Safer" and "Miles Better" Headlamp. BUT, be sure it is the PIFCO-DE-LUXE. AVOID AND REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Obtainable of all good class Dealers.

24-PAGE BOOKLET packed with interesting information every cyclist should know. Write NOW—it's FREE! PIFCO LTD., SHUDEHILL, MANCHESTER, or 150, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

GOOD COOKS USE

Borwick's

BAKING POWDER

AND THE CHRISTMAS CAKE'S JUST RIGHT

30

HIS HARD DRY COUGH

vanished—— without trace!

Thousands of letters come to the makers of Famel Syrup, each with its news of some painful cough or obstinate catarrh banished after a few doses. This is one of them :—

" I sit down with genuine gratitude to write you a letter I think you are entitled to. Three years ago I had a very serious attack of Influenza which left me with a very irritating dry hard cough which I had to conclude was a permanent relic. Every time I got a cold it went there at once. I have tried many remedies but not one has moved the cough.

Then I saw your advertisement and gave Famel Syrup a trial, and I am writing to you to-day because to-day is the first day I have not coughed at all for three years.

I think the success is permanent this time, and the least I can do is to advise my friends, several of whom have already asked me how I got rid of the unpleasant and uncomfortable cough. Yours truly, R. L., Sunderland."

There is nothing secret about Famel Syrup's power against coughs, bronchitis and catarrh. Every one of the healing and tonic ingredients in its composition is known to the medical profession. But in Famel Syrup one of them—the most effective curative agent known—is in such a form that instead of merely being inhaled, it can be taken internally, so that it actually enters the bloodstream and goes to the very root of the trouble. *It removes the cough entirely instead of deadening the symptoms.* For Famel Syrup is not the ordinary cough mixture. It is a scientific product made to an original formula; many doctors and sanatoria all over the world prescribe and recommend it.

Never let any cough take a stranglehold. As one patient wrote "a dose in time saves nine." Far the best course is to buy a bottle of Famel Syrup *now*, so that the moment anybody in your household shows signs of a cough you can deal with it at once.

FAMEL *Brand* **SYRUP**

[1/6 & 3/- (triple quantity) *Sold by all Chemists*]

Distributors: Wilcox Jozeau & Co., Ltd., 15, Gt. St. Andrew Street, London, W.C.2, and 19, Temple Bar, Dublin.

ISLE of HAPPY GREETINGS

They call this Comfortless Cove, but it makes a splendid Christmas picnic spot. At the back is the cable house, terminus of the submarine cables

A LITTLE rocky island in the centre of the South Atlantic, cut off entirely from civilisation except for a boat which calls once a month, the nearest land another island 800 miles away—yet one of the most important telegraph nerve centres in the world, now working day and night at full capacity flashing "Happy Christmas!" messages to the people of two great continents.

Ascension Island would be a desert island were it not a cable station. Its only inhabitants are the men sent out, sometimes with their wives and children, for a two years' spell of duty with the Cable and Wireless Company.

They form one of the most interesting little communities in the world.

They use no money, because there is no need for any. Their "shopping" is done at the canteen, and in exchange for their goods they give little strips of signed paper.

Altogether there are about sixty men on the island, about fifteen women and a handful of children. In addition, there are the servants and maintenance staff, which are recruited from the island of St. Helena.

"Garrison," as the little township is known amongst the inhabitants, is built on a bay at the foot of a great mountain, which rises behind it to a height of about 3,000 ft The island is volcanic in origin, very mountainous, and scattered over it are the craters of extinct volcanoes.

☆ ☆ ☆

The houses are mostly of corrugated iron. The single men live in "barracks," and the married men and their wives and families in bungalows at the other end of the settlement—a part humorously known as Teapot Alley.

Ascension has no natural water supply, so they do not enjoy the luxury of water laid on. They depend entirely on rainwater, which is caught from the roofs of the buildings in tanks. This means that, while there is ample for necessary use, extravagance cannot be indulged in. The allowance for baths, for instance, is one bucketful. What are known as "bucket baths" take the place of either plunge or shower.

The Cable Company has made special arrangements for a boat to call at the island once a month with supplies from Cape Town. Its arrival is the signal for great excitement.

It remains only for three hours, but that is time enough for the ladies to visit the ship's barber for a "cut, shampoo and wave," to procure fresh supplies of cosmetics, silk stockings and other feminine trifles not obtainable at the canteen, and for the men to go aboard and have a chat with the ship's officers bringing news from the outside world.

The cattle, sheep, and other livestock brought from Cape Town generally arrive much the worse for sea-sickness, but after a few days' rest in "Garrison" they are driven up the winding mountain road to the farm at the top.

☆ ☆ ☆

Down in "Garrison" the ground is parched and bare, except after heavy falls of rain, when the grass springs up, though only for a short time. There is, however, good pasture land at the top of the mountain, and the herd of cows and cattle kept for milk and meat flourish. Horace, the one bull, is a personage of great importance on Ascension, and his domain is not to be trespassed upon with impunity.

Every morning at four o'clock the old mountain cart sets off from the farm with its load of fresh milk for the little township, and meat is killed every day.

At the top of the mountain there are several "cottages" close to the farm. Every six months the men are allowed one week for a "mountain holiday," which they spend in the cottages. Here those who wish to can enjoy very good shooting—rabbits, game and wild mountain goat.

Their other sports are taken in "Garrison." Soccer matches are played on the wide "long beach" almost every week. The football ground is marked out on the sands above the high-tide mark, but the occasional extra high tides which reach it soak the sand and make it firm.

There are hard tennis courts, a cricket pitch—and a golf course, perhaps the strangest in the world, without a blade of grass on it, the fairways and greens being artificially made.

Attached to the "mess," a long, low building made to accommodate about sixty people, are billiards, library, smoking and writing rooms.

☆ ☆ ☆

A little way from this is a sort of hall where the regular "picture shows," which play an important part in the life of the island, are given. Every boat that comes to Ascension brings with it four films.

When the next boat comes these are returned and four new ones are left behind. This is the one bit of entertainment the community gets from the outside world.

Although Christmas is their busiest time of year they keep it true to English style. Ascension is south of the Equator, and so, of course, their Christmas comes at Midsummer. But they still have the turkey and plum pudding just the same.

For three or four days before Christmas the cable station is humming with activity. Messages are flashing to Buenos Aires, Cape Town, Rio de Janeiro and Sierra Leone, on the west coast of Africa.

The company endeavours to deliver all the messages on Christmas morning, so, however heavy the traffic, there must be no congestion—no delay in relaying them to their destinations. This means that men often have to work overtime and work hard. Nevertheless, their own Christmas celebrations are not allowed to suffer.

The festivities begin with a children's party and Christmas tree on Christmas Eve. There may be only one or two children on the island, but the children's party is given just the same, and all the grown-ups come—only the men actually on duty being absent.

The pretty little church, built years ago, when Ascension was a naval station, is decorated for Christmas, and there is a special service taken by the lay preacher. They do not boast a regular clergyman. But the Bishop of St. Helena pays them a visit once every six months, and in between whiles the services are taken by the lay preacher.

☆ ☆ ☆

By 8 o'clock on Christmas morning the cable station has finished its Christmas rush of work and is then closed for the day. Only at noon, and again at 4 p.m., Ascension talks to Cape Town, Buenos Aires, St. Vincent, Rio and Sierra Leone to get the "All's well."

Otherwise, the day is given to much jollification—many healths are drunk in the morning and good wishes exchanged. After lunch there is either a game of football, or a cricket match between the women and the men, or both.

And the day ends with a Christmas dinner.

It also ends a night-and-day task for a little community to whom Christmas brings the busiest time of the year.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

MIDLAND DAILY TELEGRAPH :—"—— gave up at the end of the tenth SOUND."

CAMBRIDGE DAILY NEWS :—"It not only MATERNALLY helped on the financial side."

DAILY EXPRESS (MANCHESTER EDITION) :—"Found him dead at the top of a flight of STARS."

YORKSHIRE EVENING POST :—"In FACE, she said, he was becoming a mere machine."

BIRKENHEAD ADVERTISER :—"A near-by resident has a bulldog with a WHIST chest."

NORTHERN DESPATCH :—"Hull and Carlisle are still PAINTLESS away."

WORKINGTON STAR :—"Mr. ——, violinist, gave ELECTIONS."

DUNDEE COURIER AND ADVERTISER :—"The bride wore a long classical gown of crepe maroc WOMEN with silver threads."

NEWS OF THE WORLD :—"Whether a bowler is deliberately INTIMATING the batsman."

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS :—"Brings help and succour to the sailor from all quarters of a too often wildly tossing TEA."

"It was a lucky break the day I found BONDMAN tobacco!"

BONDMAN TOBACCO is blended for the man who looks for a smooth, cool, economical smoke. It is packed for the smoker who likes to be sure his tobacco will be in first-rate condition wherever he goes. Each ounce of **Bondman** is sealed in a **Vacuum Tin** for lasting freshness. Try a fragrant ounce to-day.

LLOYD'S
BONDMAN

LLOYD'S
BONDMAN
EMPIRE BLEND
RICHARD LLOYD & SONS, LONDON
BRANCH OF COPE BROS & Co. Ltd.

A BLEND OF COLONIAL & VIRGINIAN TOBACCOS
10d. PER OZ.

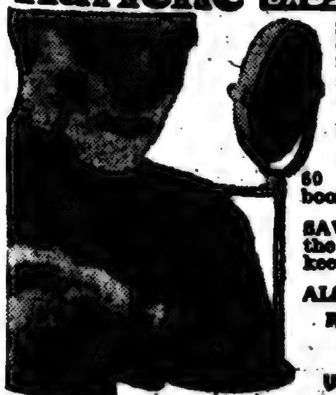
RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA
11½d. PER OZ.

PACKED IN VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

(23)

"Harlene" SOAPLESS BRUSHLESS SHAVING CREAM



SAVES TROUBLE—because it does away with Soap, Brush and Shaving Pot, and renders it unnecessary to shave twice a day as some men are forced to do!

SAVES TIME—because it enables you to shave in 5 minutes instead of 15 minutes—saving 60 HOURS a year! What a boon to busy men!

SAVES RAZOR BLADES—because the hair is cut more easily and the keen edge of the blade lasts longer.

ALSO INVALUABLE TO LADIES

From all Chemists and Stores, price 6d. and 1/- per tube.

Harlene
SHAVING CREAM

USE ALSO
HARLENE HAIR CREAM.

It is the latest and best Hair Dressing for men. It gives an air of distinction and a sleekness and polish which is eminently natural, and keeps the hair in position throughout the longest and most strenuous day. Sold by all Chemists and Stores, price 7½d., 1/1½ and 2/- per bottle.

FREE COUPON
Send this coupon with 3d. stamps and your name and address for Free 5-day Tube of "Harlene" Soapless, Brushless, Shaving Cream and a Sample Bottle of "Harlene" Hair Cream to EDWARDS HARLENE LTD. (H.S.501), 20-23, LAMB'S CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.C.1. (Stamp envelope with 1½d. stamp.) This offer does not apply to Irish Free State.

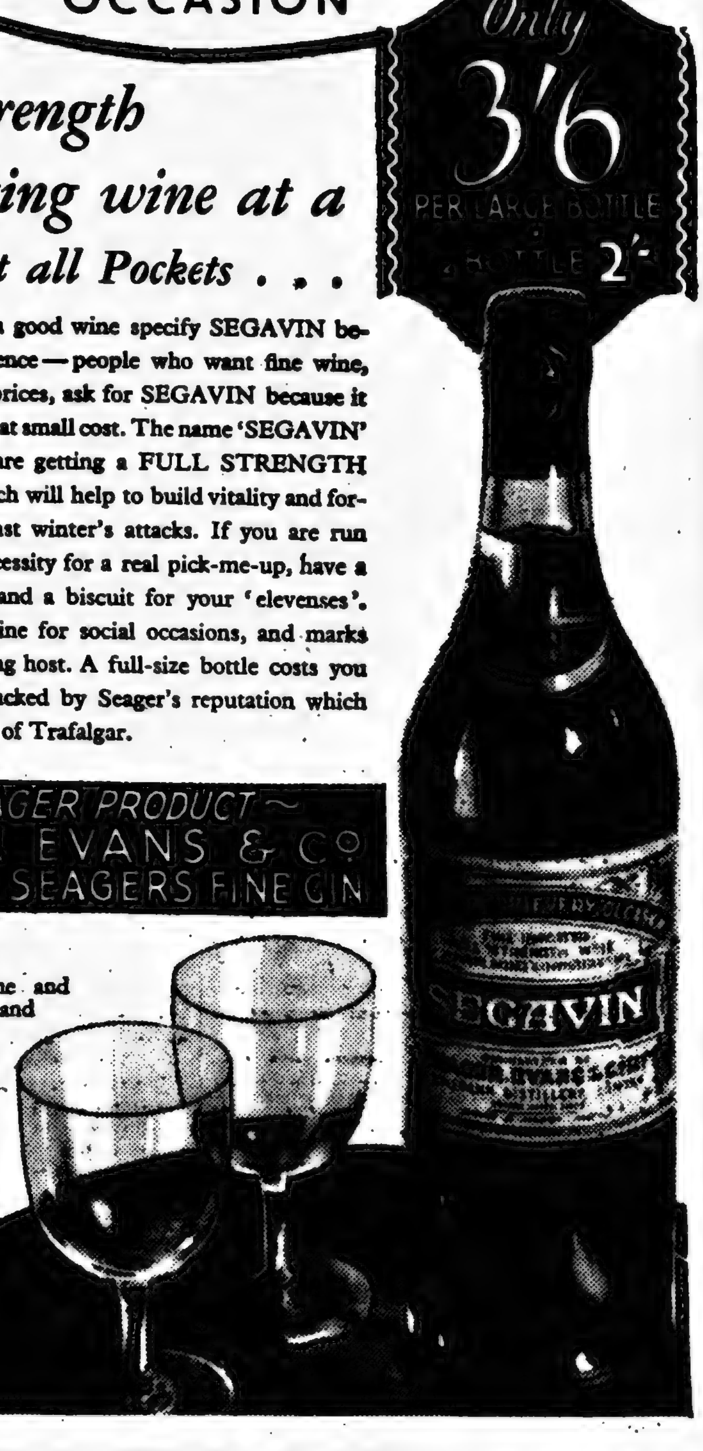
SEGAVIN
THE WINE FOR EVERY OCCASION

A full-strength invigorating wine at a price to suit all Pockets . . .

People who know a good wine specify SEGAVIN because of its excellence—people who want fine wine, but cannot pay high prices, ask for SEGAVIN because it gives them good wine at small cost. The name 'SEGAVIN' guarantees that you are getting a FULL STRENGTH invigorating wine which will help to build vitality and fortify your system against winter's attacks. If you are run down and feel the necessity for a real pick-me-up, have a glass of SEGAVIN and a biscuit for your 'elevenses'. It is also the ideal wine for social occasions, and marks you as a discriminating host. A full-size bottle costs you only 3/6, and it is backed by Seager's reputation which goes back to the year of Trafalgar.

~ A SEAGER PRODUCT ~
SEAGER EVANS & Co
distillers of SEAGERS FINE GIN

Obtainable from
Licensed Shops, Wine and Spirit Merchants, and Off-Licences.



IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

When we eat too much, our food decays in our bowels. Our friends smell this decay coming out of our mouth and call it bad breath. We feel the poison of this decay all over our body. It makes us gloomy and grouchy. It makes us feel no good for anything.

What makes the food decay in the bowels? Well, when we eat too much, our bile juice can't digest it. What is the bile juice? It is the most vital digestive juice in our body. Unless two pints of it are flowing from our liver into our bowels every day, our movements get hard and constipated, and three-quarters of our food decays in our 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over our body every six minutes.

When our friends smell our bad breath (but we don't) and we feel like a whipped tomcat, don't use a mouthwash or take a laxative. Get at the cause. Take Carters Little Liver Pills which gently start the flow of your bile juice. But if "something better" is offered you, don't buy it, for it may be a calomel (mercury) pill, which loosens teeth, gripes and scalds the rectum in many people. Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for — 1/3 and 3/-.

See your kiddies off to school,
Guard their throats. The Golden Rule:
"Go—suck a ZUBE"

ZUBES
3D. & 6D. in flat tins 2½D. Per ounce
ZUBES ARE BEST FOR THROAT AND CHEST

URGENT!

Write NOW for this Big Gift Book FREE!

All Real Diamonds

There is still time to send the Coupon below for H. Samuel's Big Book, which saves you hours of searching for the best Gifts for everyone, and it

SAVES YOU MONEY

A modern Aladdin's treasure of wonderful gift bargains fill its pages — Jewellery, Watches, Silverware, Clocks, etc., of unbeatable value at H. Samuel's direct from

FACTORY PRICES.

Free Prizes for buyers and a full list of the 99 H. Samuel Shops!

35/-

55/-

8/6

DIAMOND RINGS Amazing direct from the Craftsman Value! Every Diamond guaranteed. Enormous selection! Latest designs set in pure platinum and 18-ct. gold.

LADY'S CHROMIUM WATCH. A dainty design and an excellent timekeeper. Fully warranted. Moire Silk Band. A marvel of value.

MEN'S SHOCKPROOF WATCH with luminous hands and figures. Reliable timekeeper. Warranted. Leather strap. Many other wonderful bargains in silver and gold. See the Big Free Book.

7/9

H. SAMUEL 99 FINE GIFT SHOPS!

SAVING MONEY for MILLIONS!

COUPON. Send this now to Headquarters: Dept. 199, Market St., MANCHESTER, for beautiful FREE BOOK with illustrations in colour of Watch, Jewel and Silverware Bargains at direct-from-craftsmen prices.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

J.B., 15/12/34. Post now in unsealed envelope. ½d. stamp.

INDIGESTION

Stopped in 5 Minutes!

X-ray reveals the quickest-acting remedy known to Medical Science.

Amazing evidence of the remarkable speed with which 'Bisurated' Magnesia stops indigestion and other stomach pains has been revealed by experiments and X-ray photographs of actual cases. These prove the ingredients of 'Bisurated' Magnesia to be the quickest - acting and most effective known to medical science. *Within 5 minutes* a teaspoonful of 'Bisurated' Magnesia in a little water *produced complete relief* in cases where numberless other remedies had failed entirely. Here is a letter from Mr. Tom Grist, of Worsboro' Dale, Yorkshire, reporting his own remarkable experience—from violent digestive pain to perfect ease within *two* minutes!

"I was nearly mad with stomach pain, took a dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia and it was wonderful how quickly the pain left me. Now I am not afraid to eat anything, because a dose puts me right in a minute or two."

If you ever suffer indigestion, acidity, wind or heartburn, or other stomach pains, get a 1/3d. bottle of 'BISURATED' MAGNESIA and prove for yourself the amazing speed and certainty with which this remedy ends stomach suffering.

Husky Throats

Quickly and pleasantly relieved with VICK LOZENGES 6d

DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

Home, Sweeter Home!

by an EX-SLUM WIFE

Christmas in their new home—"nobody's going to be happier than we are".

I SHALL enjoy Christmas. It'll be the first real one I have had in ten years of married life.

I've had all my previous Christmases in a Paddington slum off the Harrow Road, London, and it's been enough to wear down the heart of a stone. But this year I'm in a nice four-roomed flat built for me by the London County Council, and I mean to make the best of it.

In the past my two kiddies have never known what it is to enjoy Christmas. It's just been something their Sunday School teacher has told them about on Sunday afternoons. Even their father has been so depressed by his home that he has looked on it as nothing more than an excuse for an extra drink at the pub.

And I can't blame him. I'd have been with him, in fact, if it hadn't been for the youngsters. You can't leave them alone.

I know it sounds selfish for a man to go out drinking when his wife and kids need his company. But who can blame him? He works hard. And although I do, too, I don't run the danger of being sacked if I'm not up to the mark, like he does.

* * *

I wonder how you'd like the sort of Christmas we had last year. It was typical of the Christmas I've had every year, even when my eldest, born on December 3, was three weeks old.

There was rain on the Boxing Day, if you remember. It won't seem much to you, if you've always lived in a real home as I do this year. But it made life hellish for me.

I ought to have got the airing done the previous week, but rain dirtied the clothes when I hung them in the garden, and I had to do them all over again. But I did hope I'd have them clean and dry on Boxing Day—and then the rain came and spoiled it.

So we had to have most of it hanging up in the kitchen on Christmas Day. That doesn't leave much room when you've got the family's tin bath hanging on the wall and a copper in the corner that takes up a lot of room, although useless to you because it leaks.

The rest of the clothes we had to have hanging up in front of our only fire, which was in the living room. Even on Christmas night, when other people have their parties, we had the clothes-horse in use.

What a freezer it was with the clothes getting all the heat! The gas companies talk about Chillspots, but the middle of the fire was the only place in that house that wasn't a Chillspot, and that was hidden behind damp clothes.

* * *

Then there was the dog. I know a family shouldn't keep a big dog like Peter in a small house, but you can't deny yourself everything in life. And the way he kept first crying to get out and then barking to get in, bringing dirt in with him each time, and muddying the sheets once, was enough to break your heart.

We didn't even have a Christmas dinner—not a proper one. I know it will make you think I'm a bad manager, but I don't mind admitting it. You wouldn't have been able to cook a proper Christmas dinner in a kitchen like ours.

What with the clothes, bath and what not, there wasn't room for another thing. Then we always had cockroaches and crickets, or something that made a chirping noise. My husband stopped all the chinks in the wall up, but it was the fire in the next door kitchen that kept them alive by keeping the wall warm.

On top of them, the kitchen range was one of those old-fashioned things that use a lot of coal but do very little cooking. So we were happy enough to add a half-dozen warmed-up mince pies and a bought Christmas pudding to our ordinary dinner and call it a Christmas dinner

I would have liked to ask the youngsters' aunt over from Sutton, but how can you ask people to a place like that—especially when they live in a nice country part?

Our three downstairs rooms, one of which was the kitchen, were built so that you had to walk from one room to another. What I mean is that there was no hall or passage. Then the rooms were so small that you couldn't swing a cat. Then the air wasn't healthy for a crowd, what with the window-cords being jammed, and not even my husband able to open the windows.

We didn't get rain through the roof, thank heaven, although we often did. My husband got on the tiles a few days before and put that right. But the bedroom ceiling got damp on the Boxing Day, and we were all the time worrying whether it would come through.

* * *

I think it was my continually worrying my husband with "Are you *sure* you mended the roof properly?" that sent him out to the pub. He called me a worrying old woman before he went out, and he's not a bad-tempered man at the worst of times.

As I was saying, you couldn't ask the aunt from Sutton to a place like that, especially as she couldn't stay the night, there being only two bedrooms.

Honestly and truly, I spent my Christmas wishing the kids were back at school again. At least, they were happy and healthy there.

It's going to be very different this Christmas, I'm hoping. If it isn't, it will be our own fault. And in any case, it's going to be a real Christmas for the children.

Our scullery's a bit small, but, as the London County Council man said, if you give everybody a big scullery that the whole family can eat in they'll keep the living room for special occasions, which will amount to a room wasted. And they can't afford to have rooms wasted in these days of housing shortage.

Admitted the bath's in the scullery, but it's a real bath, anyway, with a thing that drops over it to make a nice table of it, and a sink as useful for our purpose as any sink you'll find in a mansion. And there's a gas stove near that's going to cook as good a Christmas dinner as anybody's.

The living room's big enough for a real party and a full-sized Christmas-tree, so that we'll be able to have the family from Sutton for the first time in our married lives.

And even though there are only three bedrooms—one each for the children, because they are boy and girl; if they'd been both boys or both girls we'd have had one bedroom less allotted to us—we are going to be able to put up the visitors at a pinch.

I bet the youngsters will want to play Indians on the little veranda, small as it is. It's a tiny veranda, in fact, but it makes me wish we had got it when the kiddies were babies, to give them the benefit of the fresh air.

* * *

Taking it big and large, it's as good a home as anybody's, considering our humble needs. Nobody's going to be happier than we are.

Mark you, we were never considered *real* slum-dwellers. We had a house, poor and dilapidated as it was, and you've got to live in a cellar, a broken-down attic, or a basement, to be considered a slum-dweller in London.

Yet I suppose we were, as we came under a clearance scheme.

But "slum's" only a word, anyhow. It's good enough to say we are going to feel all the difference between spending Christmas in Hell and—Heaven!

Race with "Silver Ring"

FAST-TIMERS

I AM being queried as to fast-timers over the sticks. Conformation of the course has a lot to do with speed, but hurdlers in two-mile events who register a little under four minutes should pay their way. Six minutes ten seconds is excellent time for a three-mile 'chase.

It will come as a surprise to most racing men to learn that the Grand National is run almost at Derby pace, bearing in mind that, at Aintree, there are sixteen formidable jumps to be negotiated—fourteen of them twice—and that the going is seldom so good as that at Epsom.

Taking an average over a number of years, a mile is covered at Epsom in approximately 1 minute 46 seconds.

Average time for the National, which has been speeded up of recent years, is 9 minutes 55 seconds, or about 2 minutes and 10 seconds for a mile. This pace is maintained for four miles and 856 yards.

Some excellent sport will be presented at Hurst Park this week-end. I take Dusky Jack, Jack Drummer and Ma-Chin-On as three "specials" for Saturday.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, December 13, to Wednesday, December 19.

C 93 B 94 M R 98 T F O A P U X Z

J I 95 E D W N 96 G S K V Y 97 L

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: M94ZK989493F94 would read DELANEIG

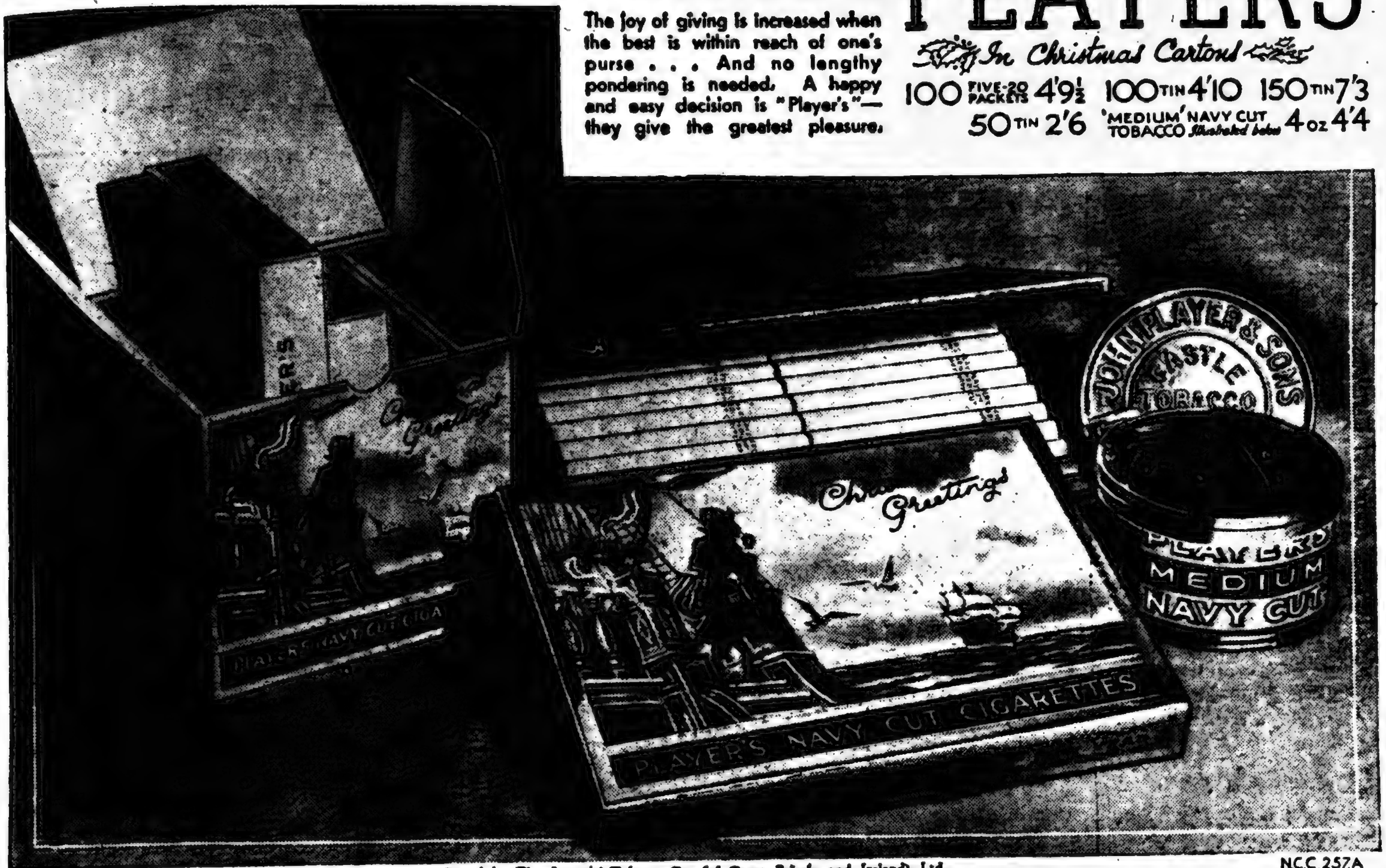
Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. O9882A94W would read SNOOKE

GIVE THE GREATEST PLEASURE.... GIVE PLAYER'S

In Christmas Cartons

The joy of giving is increased when the best is within reach of one's purse . . . And no lengthy pondering is needed. A happy and easy decision is "Player's"—they give the greatest pleasure.

100 FIVE-20 PACKETS 4/9½ 100 TIN 4/10 150 TIN 7/3
50 TIN 2/6 'MEDIUM' NAVY CUT TOBACCO *Illustrated below* 4 OZ 4/4


Christmas Greetings
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
JOHN PLAYER & SONS NOTTINGHAM CASTLE TOBACCO
PLAYER'S MEDIUM NAVY CUT

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

N.C.C.257A

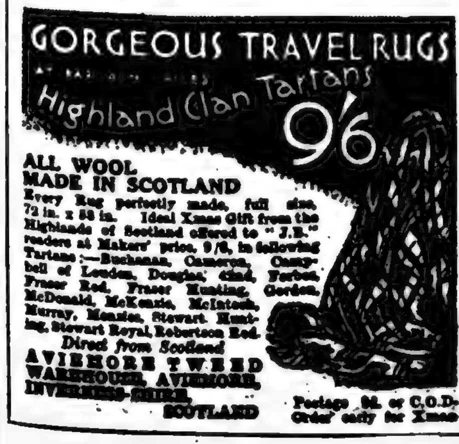
Winter

is so cruel to your hands

Chapped hands—how painful and unsightly! And how unnecessary! For a nightly rub with Snowfire Tablet makes all roughness disappear. Use Snowfire Tablet regularly and *keep* your hands smooth and white.

USE
Snowfire
TABLET 3D.

Family size 7½d. Soft Snowfire in Tins 3d.



ALL WOOL
MADE IN SCOTLAND

Every Rug perfectly made, full size, 72 in. x 58 in. Ideal Xmas Gift from the Highlands of Scotland offered to "J.B." readers at Makers' price, 9/6, in following Tartans:—Buchanan, Cameron, Campbell of Louden, Douglas, [illegible], Forbes, Fraser Red, Fraser Hunting, Gordon, McDonald, McKenzie, McIntosh, Murray, Menzies, Stewart Hunting, Stewart Royal, Robertson Red.

Direct from Scotland

AVIEMORE TWEED
WAREHOUSE, AVIEMORE,
INVERNESS-SHIRE,
SCOTLAND

Postage 9d. or C.O.D.
Order early for Xmas

Phensic

BRAND TABLETS

JUST STARTING 'FLU

2 PHENSIC TABLETS

In 10 minutes
FREE FROM PAIN

A CERTAIN CURE FOR 'FLU

"I was just starting with the 'Flu and I took two Phensic Tablets and they acted like magic," writes Mrs. L., of Oldham. "The pain went from my head in ten minutes' time—I could not have believed it if I had not tried it myself."

2 FULL DOSES for 3D.

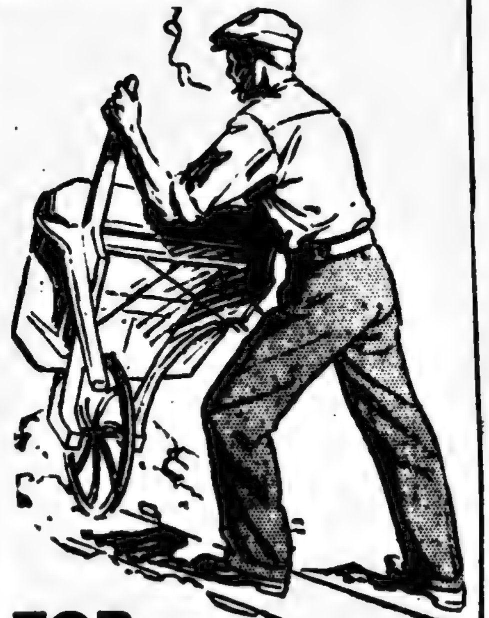
PHENSIC IS NOW WITHIN REACH OF EVERYONE

Phensic is the certain cure for Influenza. It increases the activity of the white blood cells, enabling them to fight the invading infection swiftly and completely. Although Phensic is the Quickest Pain-Killer known yet it is the Safest—Phensic cannot harm the heart. It reduces high temperature speedily and by its tonic action cuts short convalescence and prevents all dangerous complications after the attack. Now that Phensic is supplied in the new 3d. (containing two full doses) and 6d. sizes, every household can combat 'Flu successfully.

Be prepared against INFLUENZA, COLDS, HEADACHES, NERVE PAINS, NEURITIS, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, etc., etc.

3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

Sold Everywhere.



FOR DOUBLE WEAR —ANYWHERE

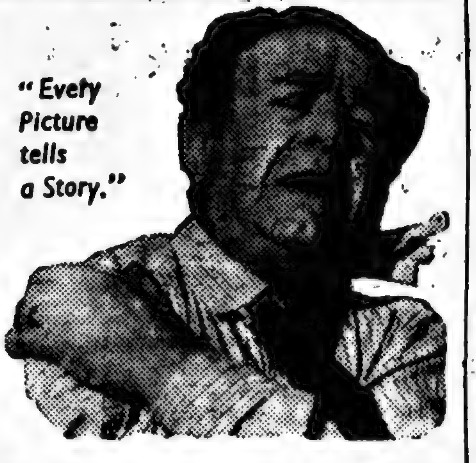
Hard-az-ian Trousers go with rolled up sleeves and a man-sized job to be done. Tough and trusty—yet smart enough for Sunday. In field, farm or garden, they wear on where others wear out. Double strength cloth, twisted in every strand. Double brace buttons. Double warp and weft pockets. Barred and lock-stitched where the strain comes.

HARD·AZ·IAN REGD.
TROUSERS
10/6

In 3 shades and 24 fittings

Breeches 12/11

Obtainable everywhere—if in difficulty, write to
37, Durward St., London, E.1


"Every Picture tells a Story."

Rheumatism!

Much so-called Rheumatic pain is due to weak kidneys.

HOW CRIPPLING rheumatic pains can be! Sleep is broken and often the slightest movement causes distress. Improved weather sometimes helps, but the way to ensure good health is to take Doans Backache Kidney Pills without delay. This medicine stimulates weak kidneys, enabling them to filter from the blood the excess uric acid which causes so much rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, renal dropsy, backache and urinary disorder.

"A Triumph for Doan's Pills."

On 18th October, 1910, Mr. R. Jones, 241, New Town, Ashford, Kent, said:—"For two years I was literally deformed with rheumatism in my hands and feet. So violent were the pains in my back that I had to be helped to move. Most of the time I lay in bed propped up with pillows. The water was scanty and I was swollen with dropsy.

But I am well now and my case is a triumph for Doans Backache Kidney Pills. Although hundreds in Ashford did not expect me to recover, I successfully underwent a medical examination for my present situation."

On 24th August, 1934, Mr. Jones said: "I owe over twenty-three years of splendid health to Doans Pills.

(*Signed*) R. JONES."

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. Insist upon Doans BRAND Backache Kidney Pills

There's no time like the Present, No Present like GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS ASTHMA, CATARRH. 1/3 or 3/- box. TAKE PEPS BRAND Breatheable Tablets

She Left a TOWN to ANIMALS

but Others have done Stranger Things

THE dogs of London have just had a windfall—and don't know it. Nearly the whole town of Adlington, in Lancashire, has been willed to them, and already £16,840 has been realised by the sale of the police station and other property, all of which will be used for the maintenance of an animals' home in London.

The people of Adlington are annoyed, for theirs is a town badly hit by the Depression, half the adult population is unemployed, and children there cry for food. To them the late Mrs. M. M. C. Whaley, who left such a will, is, to say the least of it, a very unusual person.

Yet if they worked among the wills that are filed at Somerset House they would find that the world is full of people whose love of animals prompts them to an abnormal generosity, and who are in some cases readier to help dumb animals than human beings.

This was the cat which lost its inheritance of £1,200 when it became a mother . . .

Photo by courtesy of "Cumberland and Westmorland Herald"

The case of the greatest stage magician of pre-war days — the Great Lafayette—flies to the mind. He loved all dogs and horses, and hated all women. It was said to date from a disappointment in love, but nobody knew for sure. In his car were sculptures of—dogs. Before his house near Russell Square were marble studies of—dogs. The subjects of his pictures and of the frescoes along his passages and halls were—dogs.

One night the music hall in which he was appearing caught fire, and he was safe outside. But he rushed into the flames to save the horses and dogs that appeared in his act, and perished in his attempt to rescue them. And when his will came to be proved, it was found that he had left his money in death for those on which he had bestowed all his love in life—animals.

That was twenty years ago. It is not necessary to go back more than two or three years to find plenty of additional instances of an exaggerated, almost illogical love of animals.

Who can understand sufficiently, either to praise or condemn it, the frame of mind of the late Mr. P. H. X. L. Roche, of Hendon, who, when he died, two years ago, left £45,000 of his £51,499 to animals, and the comparatively meagre remainder to his wife and family, with whom he had lived happily?

Cremated with his pet

Or the mental outlook of Mr. Geach, a former Belfast solicitor, who died little more than a year ago, when his will directed attention to the fact that he had kept the skull of his cat, Tom Titt, on his office desk for more than forty years, and stipulated that it was to be cremated with him?

Or the mind of the late Mr. Prideaux, of Chiswick, who not only left £3,000 to charity three years ago—mainly for the care of animals—but stipulated that nobody was to benefit from his will who ate "crayfish, lobster, prawns or shrimps unless satisfied that such creatures died painlessly?"

In Marlow, on the Thames, there is a large house kept solely for the storage of pets. Nor will it revert to its proper use as a residence until the last of them has died. That was laid down in the will of the woman who owned the house, who died three years ago, and who sought in this way to protect her pets against falling into strange hands.

It was a curious proviso—especially in a world in which children die for lack of suitable accommodation. But not so curious as that of a Mrs. Wendel, of New York, one of the famous family of millionaires, who left her entire mansion to her pet dog, and stipulated that footmen, butlers and other servants should carry on as usual until such time as her pet dog died.

As recently as September last a Carlisle woman left £1,200 for the upkeep of her cat, the money to be distributed among relatives on the death of the animal. But it was stipulated that there were to be no kittens! It is sufficient to add that the money has already been distributed among the relatives, although pussy is still alive!

Then in August last a Cheltenham woman left £1,000 to her gardener "to ensure the future of my three cows, 43 rabbits, eight cats, 46 canaries, and 44 hens."

Equally strange is the fact that an Ealing tabby cat with the important name of "Thomas Dudley Ryder" benefited twice from inheritances within a few months. Two sisters both left this favourite of fortune incomes of £20 a year for life.

And a Warwickshire man worth £32,000, and whose passion was the breeding of horses, left his entire fortune to his stud groom because it seemed to him that the biggest possible tragedy following his death was that his equine family might be broken up.

More understandable, perhaps, was the will of Miss Constance Bevan, of Kensington, who left £120,000 of her £233,000 estate to be divided among "widows' and animals' charities"—although one wonders, perhaps, why children did not figure in it.

BBBBB . . .

Make a bee-line for the nearest newsagent and get your copy of "Printer's Pie" Christmas Number. A magnificent 100-page magazine, printed in rich photogravure—over 40 world-famous contributors who have thrilled and entertained millions—stories and joke drawings that sparkle like a Yule-log. And all this wonder-annual costs is sixpence.

Many people leave pets to the Zoo. It is no joke to the Zoo, seeing that they have ambitions for something better than a park full of screeching and uninteresting parrots. And not a week passes without somebody being left a substantial lump sum or income provided they look after a particular pet.

For a London woman there was £250 and twelve guineas a week for looking after Chummy Chink, a dog. For another London woman there was £300 and £300 a year for looking after a dog with a similar name, Ching. A Midlands woman left ten shillings a week for looking after nothing more than a dove.

Legacy of breadcrumbs

It seems a lot for one bird, but not so much as the 30s. a week left two years ago by Miss Harriett Jay, the writer of "When Knights Were Bold," for the upkeep of a dog.

In so many thousands of cases are the futures of animals safeguarded by wills that it is natural that things go wrong at times. A Watford cat that inherited £30 a year only twelve months ago for fish, cream and meat, died before it could taste the first morsel provided by the money.

All in the last three years a London stockbroker has left money to safeguard the future of the cab-horse that used to take him home, an American visitor a thousand dollars for a dog he met at Manchester, and a Welshman £100 for the care of seagulls. Pity the man who had to throw £100 worth of breadcrumbs into the air, for it seems difficult to think of a better way of keeping to the terms of the will.

The lesson

One Englishman who left all his money to animals was killed by one. He died under the feet of an angry elephant in Tanganyika.

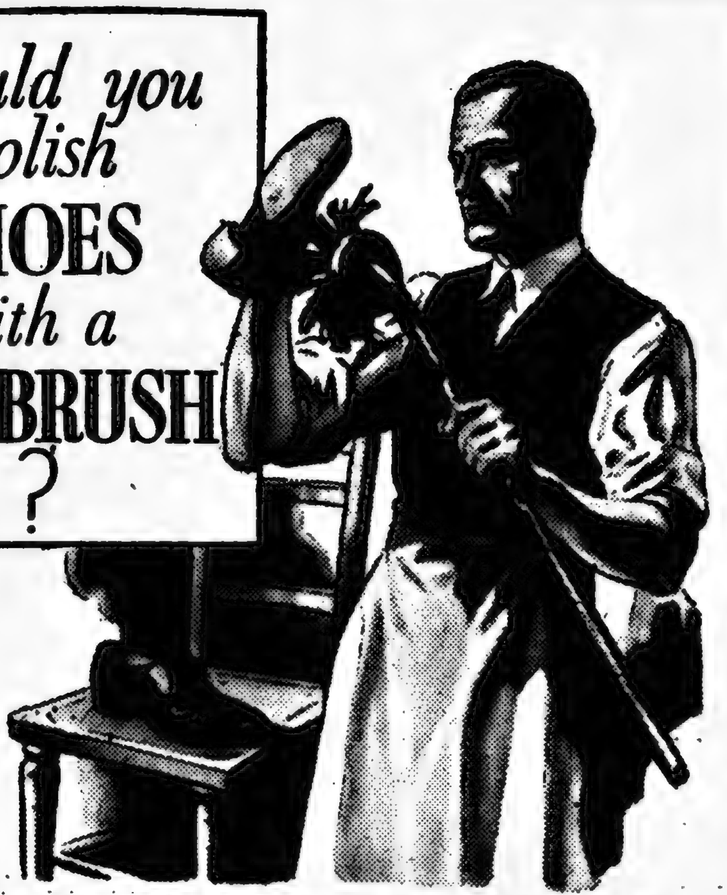
Four people have left money for animal welfare and stipulated that they should be buried among their pets—even if it entailed being buried in unconsecrated ground. In the case of John Bickerdyke, the novelist, he stipulated that his grave should be six feet from his mare, Black Bess.

That was obeyed, but not the request of the late Mr. Patterson, of Dumfries, an animal lover, who left £121,000 a year ago, and who asked to be interred in an animal cemetery among his pets.

Dogs, horses, cats, birds—they bring great joy into our lives. Only the very lonely can appreciate to the full all they can mean to the human family. To those who have been let down in life through the frailty of human beings, they must sometimes mean life itself.

Yet the man or woman who has failed to notice that the dog he loves licks the hand of the hungry child, the shuffling victim of unemployment, the woman who asks little more of life than bread for her babes, has missed one of the biggest lessons animals have to teach us.

Would you polish SHOES with a TAR-BRUSH?



Of course not! But there's many a man who wouldn't do anything so absurd yet uses household soap for shaving. And, after all, attacking a day's stiff growth with household soap is about as futile as trying to get a shine with a tar-brush—and it's painful too! Doesn't encourage one to shave *every* day. A beard needs a proper shaving soap to shift it—Lever's Easy, which costs only 6d and gives a whole hundred shaves. Fine shaves too—every one as comfortable and close as you could wish. Just the kind of shaves that a smart appearance demands.

LEVER'S
EASY
SHAVING STICK

The rich creamy lather which Lever's Easy gives makes a world of difference. Enables you to have a perfect shave *every* day, and you can't say that of household soap. See that Lever's Easy is on the shopping list for the grocer's.

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

100 SHAVES FOR 6D

E 238-172-58

£1,050 and 19 Xmas Hampers won in Crossword Competition No. 285.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following two competitors, who share the £850 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £425 will be sent:

Mrs. L. Goodair, 69, Broxholme Terrace, Doncaster.
R. Hinnigan, 15, Princess Street, Waterfall, Blackburn.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, December 18, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 17 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £5 17s. 8d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

In addition to the above awards, the two competitors sharing the First Prize and each of the 17 competitors sharing the £100 for Runners-up will receive shortly before Christmas an extra award of a Christmas Hamper.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 283.—Seventy-four competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered and payments of £1 7s. 1d. have been despatched.

A Splendid X-word Offer with a First Prize of a Life Pension of £6 a month and £300 Cash, or one lump sum of £850, together with £100 to be divided between Runners-up, and a Wonderful New Year Hamper for every Prize-winner who wins £1 or over in this Contest appears on page 40. Try your skill now!

INFLUENZA!
TAKE

FENNINGS' FEVER CURER

THE GREAT PREVENTIVE AND REMEDY FOR INFLUENZA, COLDS, FEVERS AND INFECTIOUS DISEASES.

Sold in Bottles at 1/3

70 YEARS REPUTATION.

SEND FOR THIS.
FENNINGS' "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR"
Post Free on Application to:
ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, I.W.
WHEN WRITING PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.

IRON is Strength!

Iron-Starvation must bring WEAKNESS

When blood is iron-starved the red blood corpuscles become enfeebled. Millions of them die. Consequently your blood is poor. Cannot nourish your body properly.

You complain of feeling generally run-down and out-of-sorts. You tire easily. Become depressed and 'nervy.' You sleep badly, lose your appetite, have no zest for work, no enthusiasm for recreation.

It is sheer waste of time and money to take temporary 'pick-me-ups.' You must *strengthen your blood* with MORE IRON.

Doctors and Nurses agree that the quickest and safest way to do this is to take IRON 'JELLOIDS.' Taken with each meal, IRON 'JELLOIDS' will rapidly make a wonderful improvement in your health. Weakness and Lassitude will give way to abundant Vigour and Energy. Mental Depression to Buoyancy of Spirits. In every way you will soon feel gloriously FIT AND STRONG.

IRON 'JELLOIDS' *do not blacken the teeth* or upset the digestion. And everyone can afford them. The 3/- size lasts 36 days, the 1/3 size 10 days. Get a 3/- box to-day!

IF YOU are IRON-STARVED, of course you will suffer from DEBILITY, NERVES, LASSITUDE POOR APPETITE, CONSTIPATION LACK OF VITALITY AND SPIRITS

Iron Jelloids

Rapidly Restore Rich Red Blood

Of all Chemists: 3/- (36 days' treatment) 1/3 (10 days' treatment)

FOR WOMEN: No. 2
The best blood enricher and tonic for anæmic women and girls. *Cannot blacken the teeth* or upset digestion. Certain to bring the roses back to your cheeks. Also suitable FOR MEN who do not like quinine.

FOR MEN: No. 2a
Run-down and debilitated men should take IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2a. These contain quinine, and are the finest tonic in the world. Take two large boxes, and you'll enjoy your food and soon feel stronger in every way.

FOR CHILDREN: No. 1
Every growing child should take a short course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 1 now and then, to keep up the supply of iron, and to ensure that the child's blood is always rich, red, and nutritious.

The word 'Jelloids' is a registered trade-mark. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture.

Cuticura SOAP

QUICK HEALING FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

If you suffer with pimples, eczema, rashes, chafings, eruptions or other distressing skin trouble, begin today to use **Cuticura Soap** and **Ointment**. Bathe the affected parts with the Soap, anoint with the Ointment. Relief comes at once and healing soon follows.

Sold at all chemists
Soap 1s. Ointment 1s.3d. and 2s.6d.

AT XMAS TRAVEL BY ROAD
'COASTAL' SERVICES COVER Gt BRITAIN
SPECIAL NIGHT SERVICES
BOOK IN ADVANCE
SEATS RESERVED AT
LONDON COASTAL COACHES
VICTORIA COACH STATION, S.W.1
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OR ANY COASTAL [illegible] AGENT

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get rid of your COLD in a day

Kill the cold germs in your blood, clear them from your system, relieve your fever, catarrh, headache and body pains, 'QUINCASCA' Cold Cure Tablets can do this surely, safely and in the short space of ONE DAY.

Tin of 30, 1/3; Family size 3 times the quantity 3/-. All Chemists, or post free from Laboratories (Dept. 8 D) 12 Chenies St. London, WC1

QUINCASCA Cold Cure Tablets

FREE Send postcard for trial sample.

Sold with a Satisfaction-or-Money-Back Guarantee.

He goes to prison time after time. But cannot the law help him to struggle out of the mire of criminal-mindedness rather than push him further in?

THEY should Never go to PRISON..

IS prison the proper place for many of the men and women who find themselves in the dock on a criminal charge?

The answer is definitely "No."

It is no rare occurrence nowadays for a person who is much more a a mental than a criminal case to be sent, sometimes again and again, to prison, when he or she ought to be placed in some institution where suitable facilities exist for special treatment to be given which is not available in jail.

A most pathetic instance of this is that of a much-imprisoned man, Guy Cochrane Veale Greetham, who is known to the police by a number of aliases, which include those of Guy Greetham, Colonel Hamer, and Captain Harper.

His can be accepted without doubt as a case which is typical of many.

Greetham recently came under the notice of the Somerset and Devonshire police, in various names, for a series of frauds he had perpetrated in all parts of the West Country. For months he had, with an inane weakness for wearing military decorations, been going about posing as an Army officer of high position, and, amongst other things, claiming to be a titled man.

In his possession were the cards of several exclusive clubs, at which, it has now been discovered, he had cashed dishonoured cheques and committed many thefts The title he assumed—that of "Sir Guy Cochrane Veale Greetham"—was bogus.

This man has been in prison on fourteen different occasions. He has done some remarkable things. At one time he hoaxed a whole officers' mess. He telephoned to say that he was Colonel Edwardes, of the Southern Command, and that he had come to the district on certain very confidential enquiries he had been requested by the War Office to make.

HE asked for facilities to use the mess, and for accommodation, with a batman, to be arranged for him during his stay. He arrived in full uniform, wearing several ribands, including that of the M.C. and D.S.O., and was taken as all he claimed to be.

Throughout most of the ensuing days he vanished to some secret haunt, and returned in the evenings to tell the officers at the mess the most amazing stories of his experiences. Actually he was not on any official business at all, and had been to adjacent towns and villages for the purpose of either cashing worthless cheques or obtaining goods by false pretences.

One day, when he said his confidential "mission" for the War Office was concluding, he arranged to give a mess dinner to his comrades. He ordered a lavish meal, complete with choice wines, and then disappeared, leaving a trail of debt on all sides. Several of his officer friends, who had been induced to oblige him with loans are to this day without their money.

His frauds are always carried out in soldierly "make-up," and there is not the slightest doubt that he has a perfect mania for masquerading as a military man.

Among the stories he tells is one to the effect that he won the Military Cross for carrying several men, one by one, to safety under heavy gun-fire, and that he had been mentioned in several dispatches, and had been five times wounded in France.

THIS is absolutely true.

His war record is one of the most excellent. But apparently a great change came over him in 1919, after he was discharged from hospital following treatment for a war wound in the head.

People who know him say that sometimes he is a brilliant conversationalist, and at other times is limp and dazed in appearance.

His mental capacity was undoubtedly affected by his war wounds, and time and again he has had to undergo treatment in sanatoria and mental hospitals.

Fourteen sojourns in jail have tended to make him more persistent in following a dishonest life than ever, and there never was a case more fitted than his for institutional instead of prison treatment.

It is sad, to say the least, that a man who, beginning his career at Lancing College and Sandhurst, had a distinguished war service, and was obviously affected by his wounds, should be flung into prison again and again because there is nowhere else to send him for more suitable treatment.

When he was recently arrested at Torpoint, Cornwall, for fraudulently inducing a butcher to cash a worthless £5 cheque, he seemed to be in a kind of trance.

At first he did not seem to know who he was at all; but later volunteered the information that he had been posing as "Sir Guy Greetham" and living with a woman known as "Lady Greetham."

Enquiries made by the Torpoint police revealed that he was "wanted" in several other towns on different charges of false pretences, and he admitted that there were at least fifteen outstanding charges against him.

He is in jail again now, where he will get steadily worse. Yet experts, even police officers, believe that, if prolonged treatment in a suitable home could be provided, he might yet be saved from getting further and further into the criminal mire.

AND this is only one of countless cases which, with similar features, are to be encountered in different parts of the country.

Magistrates often are puzzled, as they were in this case, as to what they should do And when a man has been to jail on fourteen occasions it must, we agree, be difficult for them to know what decision to make.

But is it impossible for the State to provide some modern and adequate home, suitably staffed, to which people like Guy Greetham could be sent, for proper and complete treatment, in the hope that they can have the chance to return to liberty once more to lead honest lives?

The Human Machine

A Big Wide Door

IN this queer world it is difficult to point to many things and say without fear of contradiction, "This is true."

There is one thing about which we can say this. We can say boldly that everything can always be done better than it is being done at the moment.

It opens up possibilities. Get that idea right into your head, and you will begin to see life in a new light.

You'll start by losing a lot of your awe of tradition. This will be a good thing, because tradition, worshipped blindly and without reason, can be a terrible handicap.

Just because something has always been done in a certain way is no reason for always doing it in that way. It is not even proof that that particular way is best. It is proof of nothing but mental laziness.

Now, you'll begin to see that this truth of everything being able to be done better is a big wide door labelled "Opportunity." And you'll see that you can get your chance just as soon as you can think up a better way of doing something.

The people who can do this are the people the world always wants. Behind all the restlessness of the world is the feeling that nothing is really being done well enough, and it is always looking for the better way.

The trouble mostly is that better ways and improved methods usually mean increased responsibilities for someone—and so many people are terrified of responsibility! So many people just want to stay put!

That all people are anxious to get on is nothing but a pretty theory. That's why those who understand this and want to get on—get on.

There are far more openings in life than there are candidates willing to fill them. That's another truth. The rest's up to you—believe it or not.

DRINK HOT WATER TO KEEP FIT

Health experts are constantly drawing attention to the fact that much illness is due to the insufficient consumption of liquids, especially water. To keep fit everybody should drink, each morning before breakfast, a glass of hot water, but if sufferers from rheumatism, indigestion, sluggish liver and constipation will add a teaspoonful of 'Limestone' Phosphate they will not only flush the whole of the alimentary canal, but will keep down uric acid and clear away from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the indigestible waste matter, sour bile, acidity and poisonous toxins that cause ill-health and disease. All who wake with dull, aching head, have furred tongue or unpleasant taste, as well as those suffering from rheumatism, indigestion or constipation should get some 'Limestone' Phosphate without delay. A supply can be obtained from any chemist for only two shillings, and if a teaspoonful is taken in a morning glass of hot water vigorous health will be quickly regained and maintained.

WHO IS YOUR SKINNY FRIEND, MARY?

Tell him to take Cod Liver Oil for a couple of months, and get enough good, healthy flesh on his bones to look like a real man.

Or tell him he needn't swallow Cod Liver Oil with its fishy taste, because he can now get the wonderful vitamins of Halibut Liver Oil, which is even better than any other Liver Oil, put up in sugar-coated tablet form.

Tell him to ask for the new Clotabs. Every chemist sells them at 1/3 and 3/- the bottle. Any man or woman can put on 3 lb. of healthy flesh with 30 days' treatment as prescribed or money paid for the tablets will be refunded by the makers.

Even with the old tablets one woman who was run down and lost 1 st. 11 lb. regained all her weight. A little girl of 8, weak and with no appetite, gained 6 lb., and gets healthier every day.

Insist on Clotabs. In case of difficulty send direct to Macleans, Ltd., Gt. West Rd., Brentford, Mdx.

WHEN CHEST IS TIGHT AND WHEEZY

By a Chemist

When breathing is 'shallow' and laboured and you find it difficult to get a good filling of air into the lungs, it is obvious that germ laden phlegm which clogs the bronchial tubes *must be dispersed*, and for this purpose I find nothing compares with honey syrup. Half a teaspoonful of 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup will instantly give amazing relief to adult or child. Containing antiseptic Pine to kill germs, Squills and Ipecac to loosen phlegm, Menthol to clear Bronchial passages and Balsam of Tolu and Honey to soothe and heal soreness and inflammation, 'Pineate' Honey Syrup goes straight to the root of this distressing trouble, quickly clearing the chest and lungs and ending the irritating cough which is generally present. A bottle of 'Pineate' Honey Syrup can be obtained from any chemist for eighteen-pence; it will stop any cough, and I strongly recommend it for immediate relief.—D. F. D.

PILES RELIEVED INSTANTLY

. . . . "I was advised to try 'Nemolin' and I can truthfully say that I got instant relief and have never again had the least bit of the awful irritation I suffered before." J.O., Burley in Wharfedale.

Packed in handy and hygienic tube, 'Nemolin' Pile Ointment is always sold under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Price 3/- of all chemists

SAFEGUARD THE FAMILY FROM THE 'FLU'...

Always keep a Bottle of GALLOWAY'S handy

For each and every member of the family, old and young alike, Galloway's Cough Syrup is the perfect safeguard. For over sixty years this fine old London remedy has proved itself the family's friend in need. Threats of coughs, colds and 'flu have no terrors for the wise mother who keeps a bottle of Galloway's at hand. The first spoonful arrests the progress of any winter ailment. After a few more doses the most stubborn cough or cold is completely cured. Galloway's Cough Syrup will quickly prove itself the unfailing remedy!

GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP

Cures like one o'clock

Sold by all Chemists and Stores

Price 1/3 & 2/6 per bottle or
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Qualified Chemists, London.
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THE GREAT LONDON REMEDY
GALLOWAY'S
FAMILY
COUGH SYRUP
LONDON S.E.17

SAFE TO TAKE.. CERTAIN TO CURE ENJOYED BY ALL!

How to get rid of

UGLY SKIN-SHINE

New "Dull Finish" Secret

Ordinary face powders only prevent ugly shine for a few minutes, because they absorb the skin's natural moisture and form a glistening paste. The powder *itself* becomes shiny.

Chemists have found that powder can be made 'non-absorbent' by blending with Mousse of Cream. This is the Tokalon patent process. Poudre Tokalon cannot soak up the skin's moisture. That is why it gives a smooth, even 'dull finish' like the bloom on a fresh peach. It stays on five times as long as other powders; even in wind and rain, and while dancing for hours in the hottest room. One application of Poudre Tokalon prevents ugly shine *all day long.*

FREE. By special arrangement with the manufacturers, any woman reader of this paper may obtain a de Luxe Beauty Outfit containing six shades of Tokalon 'Mousse of Cream' Powder so that she may test them for herself. The outfit also contains Crème Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 222 F.), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

Have You tried SEGAVIN ?

A FULL-STRENGTH invigorating wine at a price to suit all pockets—that's SEGAVIN! A wine for every occasion—only 3/6 per large bottle (half bottle 2/-). SEGAVIN is made by Seager Evans and Co., distillers of Seager's Fine Gin. Their reputation goes back more than 100 years

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SCIATICA

"If you can put your finger on the painful spot—apply a little Sloans just there—and the pain's gone. It's a fine remedy."

Every outdoor worker and all who are exposed to the weather, continually run the risk of SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, or NEURITIS with consequent loss of working time and money. Do not let these painful ailments get you in their fierce grip this winter. Use Sloans at the first sign of pain. It is the standard remedy for pain used by millions of people all over the world. Applied lightly without rubbing, the liniment itself penetrates instantly and gives amazing relief.

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HAPPY MARRIAGE—the One Secret

WHY courtship should end when marriage starts is incomprehensible. Yet this happens all too often. The fires of love cease to be fanned by whispered "sweet nothings," and are no longer replenished by warm eager kisses.

Consequently they smoulder, and bid fair in time to die out altogether. Unless marriage is one long courtship, it cannot possibly be a true and lasting partnership.

The way to the altar is through "Lover's Lane," marriage is simply a turning—a happy one. The lane goes on, and on.—*H. P. W., Southampton.*

Better Understanding

A period of heartbreaking poverty, in my own case, revealed the one secret of happy marriage. Until six months ago I had a spell of unemployment lasting for two years

It was during this time that my wife and I really got to know one another. We went through dreadful times together, shoulder to shoulder, and the way each of us struggled to keep head above water inspired in both of us a deep love and profound respect for the other.

I can honestly say that my wife and I are ten times more fond of each other now.—*E. L. S., Brixton.*

Amiability

Though married in a little tin chapel, our pathway's been one of gold.

True, we've often had to share one rasher for breakfast, measure the tea with care, make wireless music from a London hotel season our bread-and-cheese supper. But we've had the gold of commonsense, wisdom to laugh at little happenings, the blessed spirit of forbearance.

The brightest gem in the marital crown is in two words, spoken by the Archbishop at the Royal Wedding. "Be amiable." It's our little secret which has stood the test.—*"Happy," Seaham.*

Don't be Fussy

My secret is "Don't be fussy!"

Yes, I know it's provoking to have him leaving tumblers all over the house, twisting the loose covers, throwing his clothes down anyhow. But man's ever been like that—even in cave-man days he'd let his club fall on the woman's head, without thinking, of course.

A normal husband loves home; he likes to see babies. He'll work his fingers to the bone in exchange for kindness and a comfy chair.

A little cigarette-ash on the carpet shouldn't be viewed with jaundiced eyes; seen rightly, it's evidence he thinks too much of his wife to wander.—*"Merry Meg," Co. Durham.*

Let Him be Boss

The woman must "obey." There can be but one predominant partner in the home.

This fact received a unique reaffirmation at the Royal Wedding. Of deliberate thought, the word "obey" was included in the marriage service. And love makes such service a joyous adventure.

Arguments, naggings, and useless disputations go by the board when the man is master of his own household. I cannot imagine a well-ordered home without such a safeguard.—*Mrs. G. A. B., Southall.*

Comradeship

The trouble with marriage is that most young people believe that their married life is going to be "roses, roses, all the way."

It isn't. It's going to have its trials and tribulations, its joys and sorrows. It is going to be a testing-time for both bride and bridegroom.

The secret of really happy marriage is true comradeship, that bond which will endure long after passion has burnt itself out. The husband and wife who are "mates" have solved the secret of successful marriage, and can face the future with equanimity.—*"Darby," Tottenham.*

Comrades as well as man and wife—is that the secret?

Get Rich!

Money! That, I believe, sums up the total of happiness in married life.

I have seen so many marriages go "on the rocks" for the want of a little money. You can talk of your love, but love doesn't pay doctor's bills, nor fill the larder.

I'm not married, and haven't the least intention of getting married, although I'm nearing thirty. Jealousy, coldness, worries, illnesses—nine-tenths of these are avoidable in married life if one has money.—*"Still a Bachelor," Sutton Coldfield.*

Children, but . . .

As a married man, with one small daughter, I would say that the keynote of married happiness is children. But observation has taught me that whereas one, or two, children bring joy into the home and knit husband and wife closer together, large families often have the opposite effect.

The wife is continually overworked and nervy; the husband's invariably at his wits'-ends keeping his large family decently clothed and fed. How can happiness thrive in such an atmosphere?

As in most other things, it is moderation that counts. Small families make marriage successful; large ones wreck it!—*J. B., Golders Green.*

Give in Gracefully

Learn to give in gracefully. Men and women are in many ways fundamentally different and incomprehensible to each other, and what is lost in understanding can be made up in generosity.

It is often hardest to yield on quite small matters, yet it is the little willing concessions that constantly prove that love of the other is stronger than self-will.

When one party is willing to give in solely for love's sake, the other is never far behind, and disagreements are ended as soon as they begin.—*A. J., Oxon.*

In and Out

"To be happily married," said an old man at my wedding breakfast, fifty-three years ago, "the great secret is to act like a pair of scissors. Each side may move in opposite directions, yet they cut through everything that comes between them."

So clever, I thought. So practical, I believed, that I tried. And now, I feel that he was right.

My husband has moved his way, I have moved mine but in prosperity and adversity we have always gone forward together, just like the old scissors.

And the patterns we have cut, we are not ashamed to show.—*"Grandma," Glam.*

Put Them Out!

How well I remember when, as a child, mother tucked me into bed with: "You've been a naughty girl, but go to sleep, and we'll forget all about it."

Now middle-aged, hubby and I use the same method of forgiving, forgetting. Whatever's happened (and things do happen when there's a brood of eight), we put our grumbles outdoors before retiring.

I believe sleeping on one's grievances exaggerates them next morning. Our tip is: A prayer together, and tremendous appreciation of one another!—*"Ino," Notts.*

Mutual Trust

I have proved that the secret of a truly happy marriage is mutual trust.

My husband and I have accorded each other freedom of thought and action, and this fact builds up a confidence which, as the years go by, strengthens our love.

This attitude on the part of each partner is bound to make for peace and happiness, and to shut out such ugly things as jealousy and suspicion.—*G. M., Leeds.*

* * *

Understanding each other is the secret of happy marriage, and, above all, putting each other first, before anybody else. My wife and I are neither of us jealous, because we understand that whatever we are doing, we are doing for each other's benefit.—*J. W. C., Shepherd's Bush.*

Not to have secrets! To be open and frank with your partner is to inspire trust and understanding, and in such an atmosphere the so-called battle of life becomes a glorious adventure.—*F. H., Luton.*

I suggest that the one secret of happy marriage is for the wife to be a mother to her husband as well as to her family. Creditable or not, the average man is only a grown-up boy.—*J. S. R., Glasgow.*

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Monday, December 17.

Best Lesson 1934 Has Taught Me

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches Played on December 15

FIRST DIVISION.
(1) Middlesbrough v. VILLA.
(2) Portsmouth v. Sunderland.
(3) WEDNESDAY v. Everton.
(4) STOKE v. Wolverhampton.
(5) W.B. ALBION v. Grimsby.
**(6) ARSENAL v. Leicester.
(7) BIRMINGHAM v. Huddersfield.
(8) BLACKBURN v. Derby.
(9) LEEDS v. Preston.
*(10) LIVERPOOL v. Hotspur.
(11) MANCHESTER C. v. Chelsea.

SECOND DIVISION.
(1) NEWCASTLE v. Oldham.
(2) NORWICH v. Burnley.
(3) FOREST v. Sheffield U.
(4) PLYMOUTH v. Swansea.
(5) West Ham v. Bolton.
(6) BLACKPOOL v. Southampton.
(7) Bradford v. MANCHESTER U.
*(8) BRENTFORD v. Barnsley.
**(9) BURY v. Notts County.
*(10) FULHAM v. Port Vale.
(11) HULL v. Bradford C.

SOUTHERN SECTION.
*(1) NEWPORT v. Aldershot.
(2) NORTHAMPTON v. Q.P. Rangers.
(3) READING v. C Palace.
*(4) WATFORD v. Swindon.
(5) BOSCOMBE v. Torquay.
(6) BRISTOL C v. Brighton.
(7) ORIENT v. Bristol Rovers.
*(8) COVENTRY v Southend.
(9) EXETER v Cardiff.
(10) Gillingham v. Charlton.
(11) MILLWALL v. Luton.

NORTHERN SECTION.
(1) ROTHERHAM v Crewe.
(2) Rochdale v. N. BRIGHTON.
**(3) TRANMERE v. Southport.
(4) Walsall v. Stockport.
(5) WREXHAM v. Doncaster.
(6) Barrow v. Darlington.
(7) CARLISLE v. York.
(8) CHESTERFIELD v. Gateshead.
**(9) HALIFAX v. Hartlepools.
(10) Lincoln v. Chester.
*(11) MANSFIELD v. Accrington.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
(1) DUNDEE v. Airdrie.
(2) FALKIRK v. St. Mirren.
(3) Hibernian v. Celtic.
**(4) MOTHERWELL v. Partick.
**(5) RANGERS v. Kilmarnock.
(6) ST. JOHNSTONE v. Queen of South.
(7) ABERDEEN v. Hamilton.
(8) Albion v. HEARTS.
*(9) AYR v. Dunfermline.
(10) CLYDE v. Queen's Park.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—10 (*H*); Div. II.—7 (*A*); Southern Section—8 (*H*); Northern Section—9 (*H*); Scottish League—5 (*H*) would indicate Liverpool, Manchester United, Coventry, Halifax and Rangers.

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Price 1'6

Also in handbag size, with screw top. 1'3.
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For
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DON'T MASK YOUR SKIN BLEMISHES

Creams may fill up enlarged pores, and powder cover up pimples, spots, eruptions, etc., but nothing can equal the charm of a naturally spotless complexion. Don't put a mask over your blemishes; cleanse the disfigured skin with D.D.D. Brand Prescription, a sure cure for all skin troubles. Apply this soothing liquid and the skin is quickly cleared of blemishes and eruptions, and the old tissues are replaced by the faultless complexion you have always longed to have. Buy a 1/3 bottle of D.D.D. Prescription to-day—of all Chemists.

FREE.—Send a postcard to-day for a liberal free trial bottle. D.D.D. Laboratories, M.N.15, FLEET LANE, LONDON, E.C.4.

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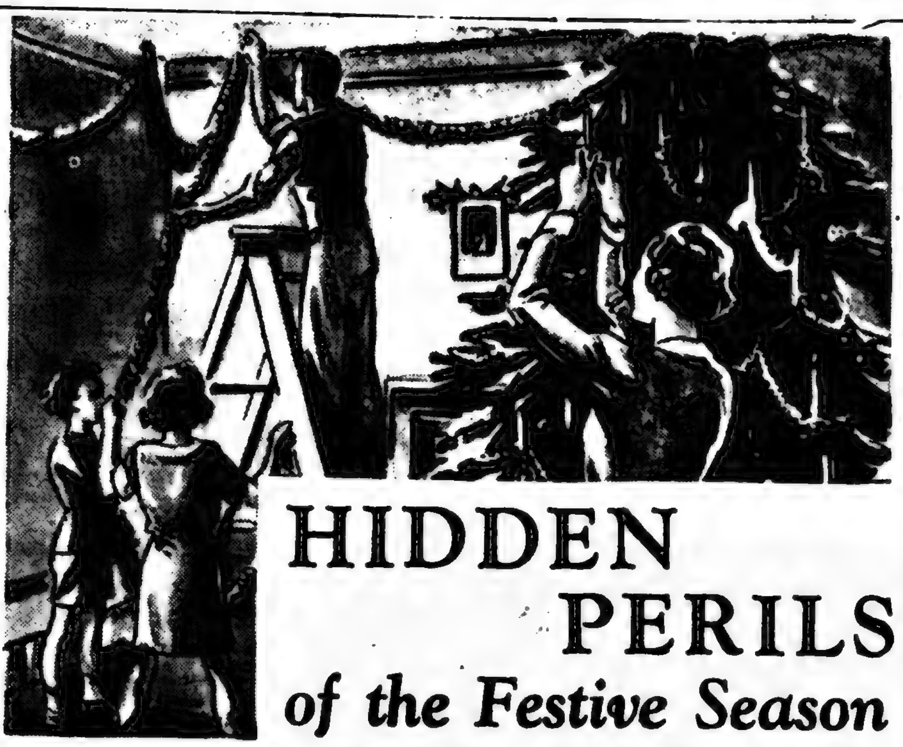

HIDDEN PERILS

of the Festive Season

CHRISTMAS parties will soon be in full swing—but first there are preparations. Father must set to work hanging up those jolly paper chains—mother will decorate the tree with little candles and all sorts of wonderful things—the children will eagerly help.

Though such tasks are pleasant, they harbour perils, and a sudden slip or fall from a step-ladder or a chair may bring tragedy to the whole household. Children, too, may mean anxiety and doctor's bills should one of them meet with an accident in their eagerness to assist.

The perils of the home are many, and they are there not only at Christmas time but all the year round.

And then there are those little innocent candles on the tree; they appear to be so harmless and yet their shimmering light harbours the greatest potential danger to mankind—FIRE.

If you have not already safeguarded your home against these and other perils, don't delay in signing the forms below which will give you the protection of JOHN BULL's comprehensive Free Family Insurance Gift. Do it now before you start your Christmas preparations.

Look at a few of the generous benefits provided by JOHN BULL's magnificent Insurance Gift—Safeguard against Fire, Storm and Flood Damage—Sickness Benefit—and a 10 per cent. bonus added to every benefit paid to registered readers of over three months' standing—these are features which are absolutely exclusive to JOHN BULL's Free Insurance Gift. No other paper in the world offers you this protection and bonus.

But that is not all! Among other Benefits provided by JOHN BULL under its Insurance Gift are Accidents in the Home and Garden; on the Sports Field; Burglary; Children's Accidents; Damage to Wireless by Lightning, etc., etc.

For the sake of your wife and your children, and to safeguard those precious possessions that mean *home* to you, sign the forms below now, whilst you think of it.

"John Bull"—The *only* paper to pay Fire, Storm, Flood, and Sickness Benefits

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To (Name of Newsagent) ....

Address ....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature..

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PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 15/12/34

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***Post* this Form to**

"John Bull" Registration Department,
128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature.

Age..............................

Address..

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Name and Address of Newsagent. ....

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.... Date..............................

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 15/12/34

Read the Advertisements and keep up to date

ASTONISHING how advertisements concern not merely other people's lives but your own. They contain the most interesting news of the day. New use for old products—new products for old jobs. New recipes—new fashions—new playthings. New books to read—new things to eat and drink.

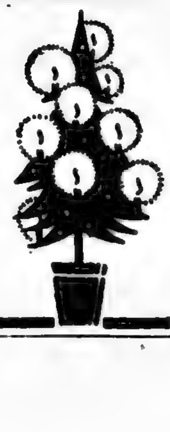
News? Why the news that really sets your household buzzing is in the advertisement columns. Have you examined *all* the advertisements in this issue? Do so now—you will profit by it!

JOHN BULL'S

Xmas Gift to You

Your last chance before Xmas

SEE PAGE 18



Every dog loves CREMMA dog CAKES
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The best of food in Cremma—and your dog knows it. Watch him pick them from a mixed feed! Scientifically tested for food value.

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Terrible Cough After Severe Attack of 'Flu

NO REST DAY OR NIGHT.

"I feel I must write and thank you for the wonderful results of Venos Lightning Cough Cure in my case," writes Mrs. F. L., of London, S.E. *"I had a severe attack of 'Flu which left me with a terrible cough. I got no rest day or night and my chest was simply choked with nasty phlegm.*

"The first dose of Venos Lightning Cough Cure gave me wonderful ease. It brought away all that awful phlegm and in 3 days the cough had absolutely disappeared. Thank you ever so much—I am sure Venos Lightning Cough Cure saved me from very serious complications."

Cures Your Cough Or Costs You Nothing

Venos *Lightning* Cough Cure Challenges the World. It cures your cough or costs you nothing! If you suffer from Cough, Cold, Asthma, Bronchitis, 'Flu or any Respiratory Disorder, obtain a bottle. Take as directed for 2 days and if the results are not ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY return the empty carton to Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, and we will refund your money in full without the slightest hesitation. *Sold Everywhere,* prices 1½d. and 1/3. Large Family size 3/- per bottle.

My Beauty Specialist tells me—

that if I want to preserve my complexion I must beware of "scraping" acquaintances. "Have nothing to do with men with scrubby chins," she says. I shall tell my admirers to use Stead Blades—I hear they give marvellously smooth, clean shaves and last longer.

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ENTERTAINING
X·WORD
£6 MONTHLY FOR LIFE and £600
Between all Runners-up £100
BONUS AWARD of a Giant NEW YEAR HAMPER added to each prize of £1 or over in this Contest
BONUS AWARD of 40-week X-word SEASON TICKET to every runner-up from whom we receive two 6d entries in same envelope. VALUE £2

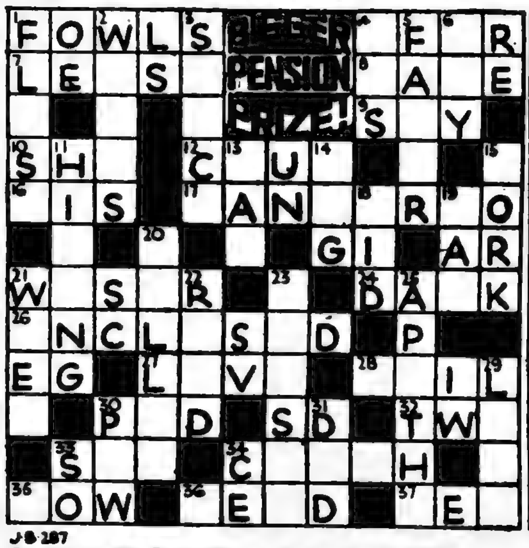
CHRISTMAS will quickly come and go—but what of the New Year to follow? Think of its 52 weeks of "just managing" on your income—and realise how different life could be were you to start 1935 by becoming a "John Bull" Life Pensioner!

If you miss your entry this week you will be missing more than the opportunity of winning a First which has swollen to £6 Monthly for Life and £600 cash, for there are three other attractions in this Contest. New Year Hampers with all prizes of £1 and over, Season Tickets to be distributed as announced and £100 cash amongst all Runners-up support our huge Pension-plus-Fortune prize and complete a prize-list unique in Crossword Contests of to-day.

With so much to be won, lose no time in getting down to a study of our Compiler's interesting problem this evening. But be sure that your decisions are made in time for your squares to reach us by noon, Thursday, December 20.

WIN LIFE PENSION AND £600 WITH SQUARES BELOW!

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 287—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, Dec. 20, 1934



J B 287

BIGGER PENSION PRIZE!

J B 287

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value....... No...............
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6D.

SIGNED ....

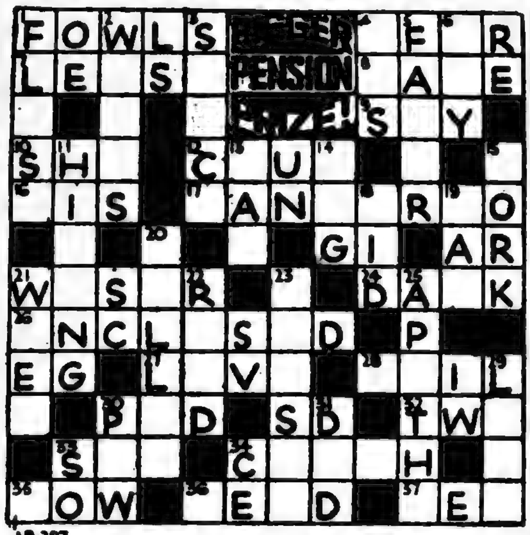
ADDRESS ....

....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 287—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, Dec. 20, 1934



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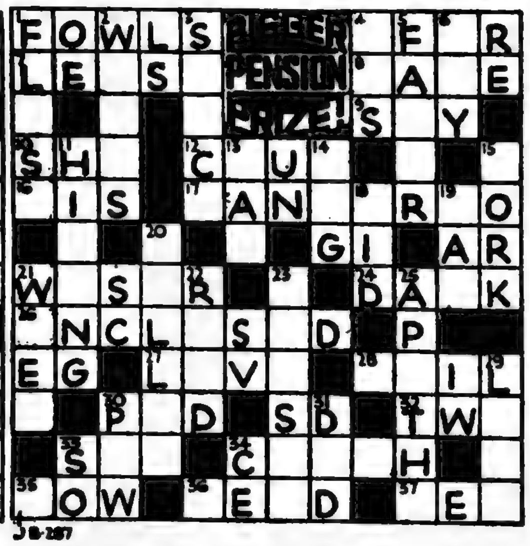

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Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1/-

SIGNED ....

ADDRESS ....

....

ENTRY FEE.
With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. Extra entries at same rate. See rule 1.

ADDRESS ENTRY THUS:
"John Bull" Crossword No. 287,
57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2
(Comp.)

**PLEASE
POST EARLY
IF YOU CAN!**

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED—ALL ENTRIES EXAMINED

JOHN BULL will pay a Life Pension of £6 a month and £600 (or a lump sum of £850) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of a Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries to our Crossword Contest will be awarded to every Runner-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in the same envelope. To the winner of any cash prize of £1 or over a GIANT NEW YEAR HAMPER will be sent. Solution of puzzle will be published in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, December 27, and winner in "JOHN BULL" on sale Thursday, January 3.

Winners in Competition No. 285 on Page 35. Solution and Winners in Competition No. 286 will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, December 27.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. They supply us with eggs
4. Long way off
7. Less than lesser
8. Sound in mind
9. We prefer to see it blue
10. "—who must be obeyed"
12. Wise solver studies it closely
16. Belonging to him
17. Animal with powerful tail
21. What wisdom makes you
24. They say cats can see in this
26. Letter is, in an envelope
27. Pours from volcano
28. Is commonly hard to drive in
30. Peas grow in this
32. Bicycle is sometimes made for
33. Planks are cut by this
34. Becomes wearisome to invalid
35. Chorus girls make one
36. Hubby gets needle if he has to do this for himself
37. What woman's "No" often means

DOWN

1. Successful bookie usually is
2. What shop assistant is paid for selling
3. One's balance may depend on this
4. Coster's moke
5. He goes in for trickery
6. "—port in a storm"
11. By doing this you avoid the crowd
13. Six months make little difference to him
14. Hen's handiwork
15. Keeping pigs provides plenty of this
18. Is rendered by ambulance men
19. Used in rowing
20. Describes pear that's ready to eat
21. Each one makes the neglected garden worse
22. Traffic uses it
23. Good one makes Spa popular
25. Explains low poll
29. Is often made on motor insurance
30. Mouse dreads the cat's
31. This kind of cheque is worthless

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE, for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed to reach us not later than NOON Thursday, December 20.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 3, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, January 15, 1935 in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £850 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

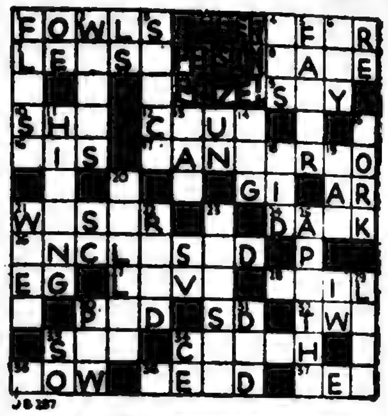
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW.

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solution.



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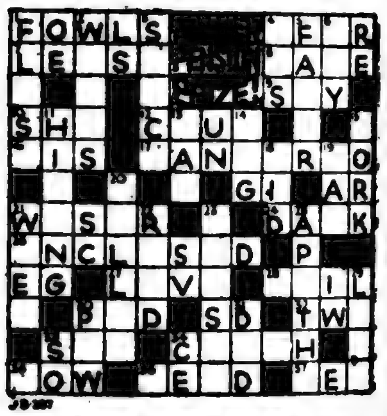

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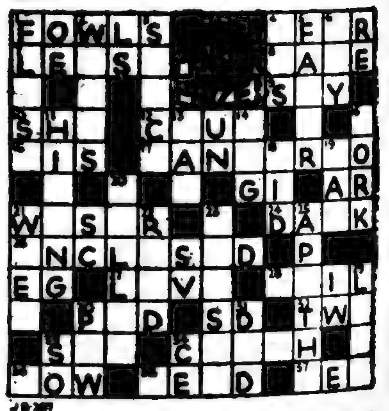

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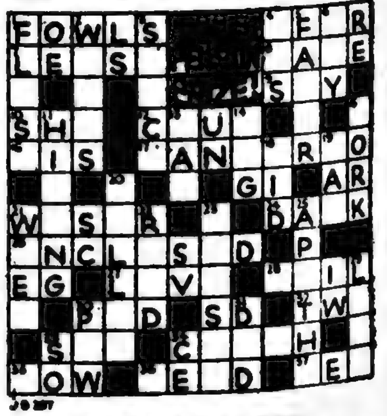

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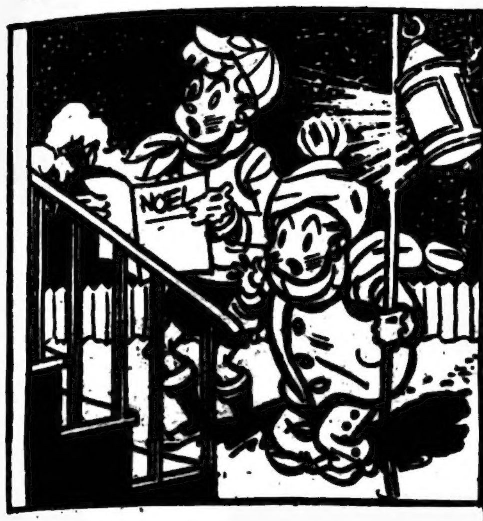
NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

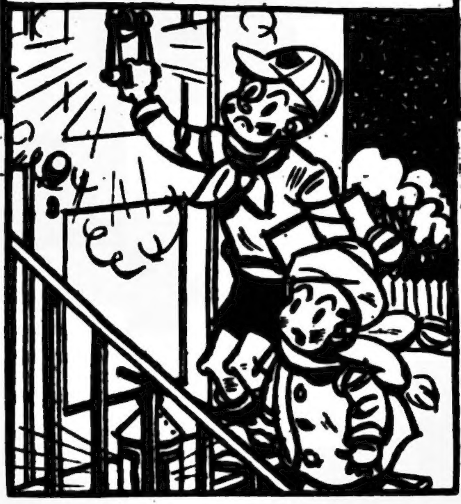
A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents

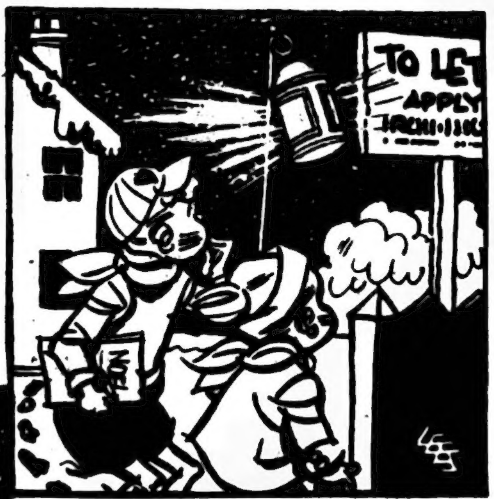
Free Help for X-Word Entrants.

Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address: Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, or register for 12 weeks' supply on Coupon on "Bullets" page

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST







The KID

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature,—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

D. L. (Rye).—"Is the law elastic?" Yes, and if broken it means a stretch.

F. Y. (Chatham).—"I am very clever at fretwork." Cut out for it, as it were.

F. S. (Thrapston).—"I rarely think of myself." So you are generally out of your mind.

WRITER (Barnet).—"A good poet seldom gets stuck for the right word." Especially if he plays golf.

MRS. W. E. (Tranmere).—"I've just bought a duck of a hat." And given the bill to your husband?

T. E. (Leicester).—"The burglar who ransacked our house left a note behind." To say how many he had taken?

L. P. (Kensington).—"Is it possible to get uninterrupted sleep anywhere in London?" Yes, in Whitehall.

M. W. M. (Earl's Court).—"I find it easy to make an honest living." Of course, there is so little competition.

C. E. (Aldershot).—"I now train Army mules as a hobby." And no doubt you get a kick out of it.

ACTOR (London, W.).—"I was only given three days in which to learn my lines." You had to act quickly.

CONJUROR (Leeds).—"I lost my court case because I couldn't furnish any proof." You, of all people.

CHORISTER (Towcester).—"After we rendered the full programme of carols the people refused to contribute to the cause." You were waiting in vain.

T. R. J. (Erith).—"I have just ordered some more coal, although my coal-house is nearly half-full of small coal." That's slack.

G. L. (Watford).—"Do you think fog has a beauty of its own?" We can see little of it.

H. M. (Hendon).—"Why do beggars take more in the rain?" It's the pour that helps the poor.

S. T. (Balham).—"Whether I should keep it or return it is proving a riddle to me." Give it up.

F. W. (Highgate).—"Surely it takes courage to lug a harp on to a tram-car?" Yes—and it takes pluck to play it.

PAT (Wimbledon).—"Confirmed gamblers usually possess very bad health." It is well known that many of them have very weak systems.

G. K. (Blandford).—"What can a man do in the evenings if he doesn't help his wife to look after the children?" Enjoy himself.

N. A. (Bolton).—"I think you'll agree that an expert golfer does not often lose his temper." Quite, but a beginner is constantly cutting up rough.

D. K. (Boston).—"To ensure a jolly Christmas in the family there's nothing like a big pudding." But not a heavy one.

A. K. (Liverpool).—"I often imagine I have more money in the bank than is really the case." Unfortunately you cannot draw on your imagination.

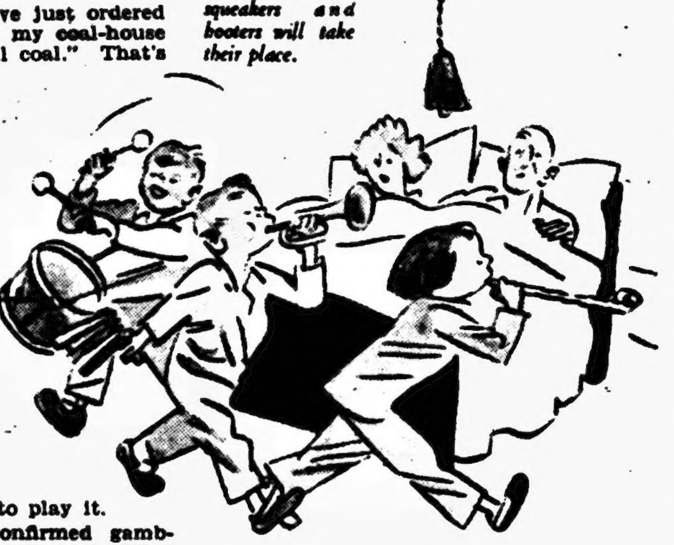
J. C. (Elstree).—"Does a gift mince-pie really mean a happy month?" Sometimes, provided you are prepared to put up with a rotten hour or two first.

W. J. (Hull).—"I believe the opposition of farmers against allowing jerry-builders to erect houses on their land is collapsing." So are some of the houses.

SUFFERER (Folkestone).—"After having had five teeth extracted, the dentist advised me to eat soft food for a few days." You found it rather hard.

SPORT (Highbury).—"The road to the Final Cup match is a rough one to travel for any football team." Certainly a lot depends upon the coach.

Curious (Grimsby).—"I wonder how many alarm clocks will not be set for Christmas morning?" They won't be necessary—tin whistles, squeakers and hooters will take their place.



F. L. (Bodmin).—"How does one get water on the brain?" From a tap on the head.

CURIOUS (Newcastle).—"How is it that so many street-corner tipsters are fined?" They're caught napping.

BOOK-LOVER (Ayr).—"Before lending anyone a book I always put a book-mark in it." Your name and address?

FISHERMAN (Brixham).—"I told him that I wouldn't go outside the harbour in the boat he had just bought." A nasty smack.

MALT (Burton).—"I felt that there was something wrong in the brewery, so I handed in my notice." Was trouble brewing?

D. H. M. (Charlton).—"Could not one big combine supply all the mistletoe that is needed?" Well, it would have to have thousands of branches.

LAST DAYS—HURRY!

Readers who wish to avail themselves of JOHN BULL's Great Christmas Gift should lose no time if they would receive their Writing Sets in good time for Christmas.

On page 18 will be found two Free Gift Vouchers, one worth 2s. 9d. and the other 7s. 6d. One or both—which will you accept? Hurry if you want to be in time!

FATHER (Eastbourne).—"I had a long talk with my son on his twenty-first birthday." As man to man.

AMBITIOUS (Heswall).—"As the years go on my one ambition approaches fulfilment." To draw the old-age pension?

DOCTOR (Hull).—"Take my advice, if you are in a great hurry, eat standing up." Bolt upright?

ALFRED (Grymmych).—"Whether she is right or wrong in an argument I always stand by my wife." You can't get away?

H. L. (Hendon).—"What would you do if the person in the next flat bought a kettledrum?" Beat it.

G. M. C. (Ipswich).—"I see that an American convict was released for a day in order to get married." So both sentences will be served concurrently.

REFORMED (Liverpool).—"After pawning my watch, I drank and drank all the evening." A silly way of spending your time.

G. V. (Liverpool).—"Don't you agree that all sports are for open-minded people?" All except bowls, and they are terribly biassed.

WAITER (West End).—"I was sparring cautiously with the infuriated chef when the gas cooker exploded." And then, of course, you went all out.

W. E. (Norwich).—"Do you think that the ideal motor mechanic is the man who is mad over cars?" Yes, and efficient under them.

H. B. (Harley Street).—"My doctor told me that to stifle a cough or sneeze is bad for the health." Not a burglar's health.

V. H. (Wye).—"A man should not expect his wife to make bricks without straw." Some wives seem to manage it with flour.

W. A. (Goole).—"Elbow-pads for women who do a lot of writing make a very sensible Yuletide gift." So do knee-pads for men who do a lot of playing with Sonny's new engine.

MUM (Harrow).—"When father dresses as Santa Claus he has to pick the moment of entry into the children's bedroom very carefully." It's awkward if he's in there just as they arrive back from the dance.

PLUS FOUR (Plymouth).—"The very first time I met my wife was when I came round after being struck on the head by her tee shot." You thought she was a stunner?

MISS G. (Chelsea).—"I see that it is a London lady who started the craze for blue fingernails." Yes; it is said that she conceived the idea after her husband had nailed up the Christmas decorations.

F. L. (Exeter).—"What do you think of the American idea of publishing a book with luminous type which can be read in the dark?" It should be full of sparkling dialogue.

M. T. S. (Swansea).—"I have already received three Christmas cards without the names of their senders on them." Your fear is that the same people might get them back?

SEVENTY (Dudley).—"My advice to any young man is to get his shoulder to the wheel and push for all he's worth if he wants to get out of the rut." Rather an awkward position with a modern car!

J. G. B. (Glasgow).—"Could a man with a new slimming treatment win through to success without a lot of capital?" At least he'd want many stout adherents.

A. A. (Bury).—"It's a good thing we don't know what 1935 has in store for us." Agreed—so why not concentrate on the good things of 1934? There are 1,934 of them on page 43, and one is as much as £500.

BANK CLERK (Birmingham).—"Although a colleague of mine pays only a small rent for the flat over the bank and seems to have no vices, yet he is always borrowing small sums before the end of the month." He's living above his income.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Every Sufferer from
INDIGESTION
knows this to be true

Every sufferer from Indigestion wants three things, and wants them quickly.

★ **Firstly**, he wants immediate relief from his pain, feeling of fulness, palpitation or flatulence.

❡ **Secondly**, he knows that unless his inflamed or weakened stomach is protected from the hot, burning acid continually poured out, he will only have the pains come back again.

§ **Thirdly**, he wants help for his weak stomach to digest the food he must take.

All these requirements have been carefully provided for in De Witt's Antacid Powder.

★ On entering the stomach De Witt's Antacid Powder **firstly** neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain of flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

❡ **Secondly**, the valuable Colloidal Kaolin ingredient coats the stomach walls, and while protecting them from the burning acids, allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

§ **Thirdly**, another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Finally, by persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder, the system gets regulated and healthy so that the stomach can digest your food, and medicine is no longer required.

So every day that you put off getting a supply of De WITT'S Antacid Powder means another day of unnecessary suffering for you.

DE WITT'S
ANTACID POWDER
Sold by all Chemists, in Sky-blue Canister,
1/6

If you live in agony from piles, get MAN ZAN Brand Pile Remedy. Nothing so quickly ends the dreadful irritation, the weakening pain and banishes pile trouble for good. Get your supply of Man Zan in its easy, clean-to-use tube. Use it and be pile free and happy again. Man Zan costs but 3/- for the big supply.

BACKACHE

How often have you told yourself that your backache was due to over-tiredness—that you had been "taking too much out of yourself?" Make no mistake—those stabbing, sudden pains, or that down-dragging, dull ache, are Nature's warning of a trouble that may seriously undermine your health. Your kidneys are at fault—they are not discharging their duty as purifiers of the blood stream.

If you try to carry on you will be giving yourself needless agony. What is more, you will be allowing the blood stream to carry poisons, uric acid among them, all over the body, because your kidneys are too weak to filter them out naturally. This uric acid will then form crystals that lodge in the joints, giving rise to backache or rheumatism, and it may lead to scalding gravel or inflammation of the bladder.

HEALTHY KIDNEYS
REMOVE URIC ACID
De WITTS PILLS
MAKE YOUR
KIDNEYS HEALTHY

Why suffer the maddening pain of backache, when De Witts Pills will bring certain, quick relief? They are specially compounded to reach the kidneys and restore them to healthy, natural action. You will have visible proof of this within 24 hours of taking them. No other pills will do this. A few hours after taking De Witts Pills your pain will lessen and soon the kidneys will be working naturally. De Witts Pills cost 3/- per box, or larger, more economical size, 5/-.

DE WITTS
BRAND
KIDNEY AND BLADDER
PILLS
For Rheumatism, Backache, etc.

HEART TROUBLE

PRESCRIPTION THAT WILL GIVE YOUR HEART A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic No. 632** (known as "Blue Lion Fox Nuts") will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down condition and stops that falling to pieces feeling.

Ask for Shadforth Prescription Tonic No. 632.

Prices: 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 13/- (432).

Here are further well-known **SHADFORTH** Prescriptions largely prescribed and used at this season of the year:—

"**WHITE LIONS**" or Stomach Tablets (No. 1077) cure Acidity, Gastritis, Stomach Pains and Digestive Disorders. Prices: 1/4 (72), 2/6 (144).

"**BRAIN SPARKLERS**" or Neurasthenia Tablets (No. 470), the mighty modern tonic for brain and nerves. Prices: 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100).

REDUCE YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE with the Shadforth complete three-fold Treatment (No. 1108). It gives prompt relief and reduces the risk of a "stroke." Prices: 2/6 and 5/6.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites and the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order, or you can obtain privately packed and post free at these prices from:—

SHADFORTH

PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD.

Dispensing Chemists

(Dept. J.B.X), 40, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Every man who Smokes a pipe should Turn to page 31.

AND every woman, too, who wants to give her husband, brother or boy friend a treat will find that he will enjoy Bondman Tobacco because it ensures a smooth, cool and economical smoke!

NEEDLESS SUFFERING!

Suffer no longer the torture of Rheumatism. Attack the trouble at its source; URACE brand TABLETS give prompt relief. 1 3 & 3 -. From your Chemist

FREE SAMPLE from NEWBERY & PHILLIPS, Ltd., 3 m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1.

URACE

BRAND TABLETS FOR RHEUMATISM

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Send for this powerful Portable Gramophone with 12 Half-Crown Records (24 brilliant Selections) and all Accessories complete & carriage paid £2.18.0 or 4/- monthly. Fullest Approval; no charge for Easy Terms. New type worm drive motor, natural tone sound box, plated fittings, waterproof cloth covered case. CATALOGUE of Portable, and other Models, Free.

4/- NOW

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

Husband & Wife Benefit

Mrs. Ogden, 59, Kilton St., Pitsmoor, Sheffield, writes:—"I shall always recommend Vitadatio as my husband and myself experienced great benefit from it.

I was very run down, but after the first bottle I felt better and began to improve in health generally. My husband had a Nervous Breakdown and felt tired and worn out after getting up in the morning. He started with Vitadatio and felt great benefit, getting back his energy and strength again. We shall recommend your wonderful herbal remedy."

Vitadatio SEND FOR FREE BOOK of TESTIMONIALS

The World-renowned Herbal Tonic and Blood purifier—invaluable for Blood Trouble, Liver, Kidney, and Stomach Complaints. Vitadatio has saved thousands of lives—it may save yours. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy White's, Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle (per post 6d. extra in U.K.). Special bottles for export 21/- post free. From VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

Instant Relief for Coughs

—from one spoonful!

For years the quickest and most effective remedy for coughs, colds, catarrh and bronchial trouble, Parmint has been improved till one single teaspoonful brings relief. Always keep Parmint in the house. Take it at the first sign of a cough, cold, sore throat or chill. It carries to the very root of the trouble the healing and soothing properties of Siberian Pine extract and the purest Oil of Peppermint with 9 other valuable medical elements. That's why Parmint brings such speedy relief. You can get Parmint at any chemist in two forms, a 2/9 bottle of concentrated essence with which you make up a big 80-dose bottle of medicine yourself, or a 20-dose bottle ready made up for 1/3. Get one to-day.

PARMINT

BRAND SYRUP for COUGHS

INSTANT RELIEF FROM STOMACH PAINS.

If you know what it is to suffer pain from any form of disordered Stomach, here is good news. Not only immediate relief but complete cure is yours if you will only ask your chemist for a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. This wonderful remedy has brought comfort and health to thousands of people who never knew what it was to eat an ordinary simple meal without hours of distress from wind and indigestion; people to whom every day brought pain and sickness and every night its hours of sleeplessness. Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is the remedy which doctors recommend to their patients all over the country.

It is just as effective in the most serious cases of gastric or duodenal ulcer as it is in indigestion or biliousness. If you have tried other medicines in vain just get one bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, but ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

GOOD NEWS FOR TIRED WOMEN.

Women who are run-down, tired, out-of-sorts, whose nerves have got so bad that any little thing upsets them, are finding relief in something doctors have been recommending for over fifty years as the surest and quickest restorer of nervous and physical health and strength.

They are finding new relief in Wincarnis; Wincarnis with all the valuable salts of its delicate wine, with the strength-giving qualities and the vitamins of its malt and meat extracts.

And they find this delicious tonic wine works wonders. It creates rich, new blood. It soothes jagged nerves. It builds up wasted tissues and brings new vigour, strength, vitality. It cures their depression, ends those sleepless nights, restores the looks they were in danger of losing.

From the very first glass you feel the benefit, for there is no long waiting for results with Wincarnis. It stimulates new energy immediately, puts you on the road to health at once. Try it to-day!

SKIN DISEASES

New Blood Treatment.

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble, and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world. . ."

(Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP, 30, British Grove, Chiswick, W.4.

The New Elasto Blood Treatment is bringing quick relief to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Bad Legs, Varicose Veins, and other diseases of the skin and circulatory system.

Send for Free Sample!

Elasto blood treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! while you think of it. *This offer is too good to be missed!* THE NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY, LTD., (Dept. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

HE'S ARRIVED AGAIN...

And isn't Mother pleased!

RAISING money for extending a business can be a complicated process, but a young Isle of Wight printer, Mr. L. Thomas, "St. John's," Park Road, Cowes, found a quick way over its difficulties.

Following a Friday telegram which disposed of his troubles, writes a JOHN BULL representative. I called to congratulate him on his First Prize of £500 and £20 Yearly Christmas Cheque in Competition No. 961.

"Only a little while ago," said Mr. Thomas, "I was telling my mother how much I needed capital to expand. Next day I wrote the four words that brought all the capital I needed."

The words he spoke of were those with which this young printer of 34 composed that simple but ingenious *Bullet*, MY MOTHER — OVERJOYED — I'VE "ARRIVED" AGAIN.

"I've been a 'Bulleteer' for the last two years," he told me, going on to recall that only once had he risen above the "Target" winners to a 2s. 6d. success.

Those months of amusing work on *Bullets*, though without big reward until now, taught Mr. Thomas something which has led to his £500 victory—the strength of an effort drawn from personal experience and the importance of presenting an idea in clear and simple wording, yet with telling effect.

But for learning these lessons, he believes, he would never have made up his First Prize *Bullet*—and the idea upon which it was based might never have occurred to him.

"My mother and I are great pals," Mr. Thomas explained, "and, of course, she's delighted with my success, especially as she's a keen 'Bulleteer.'"

How keen on *Bullets* is Mrs. Thomas I realised when she pointed to the wall and I saw her framed Certificate of Merit which came with a £5 prize won just two years ago. Competing in friendly rivalry with her husband and son, she was the first in the family to reach the published list of winners in our columns.

"Both mother and dad," Mr. Thomas said, "get *Bullets Bulletin*. I read it regularly and find it keeps my ideas flowing in the right direction."

* * *

This fine prize, I may add, will do more than help to develop the little printing business which Mr. Thomas conducts at Gurnard, near Cowes.

He had been hoping that a telegram one Friday would make an early marriage possible. So I was not surprised to hear that wedding-bells will soon be ringing for this "Bulleteer" and his bride.

"Goodness knows when we could have done it without this prize!" Mr. Thomas said.

* * *

Are you waiting to marry the only girl in the world? Or, being married, are you longing to give her the better home she deserves?

If your problem is of this kind, or of any other sort which £600 would solve, give JOHN BULL the opportunity to send this week's *Bullets* First Prize to you.

Don't Miss Your Xmas "Bulletin"!

THERE is a fascinating game which you and your guests can play this Christmas—and it may bring one of the players a £600 fortune! You can read all about it in the special Christmas Number of *Bullets Bulletin*, to be posted on Wednesday, December 19, to those who have reserved a copy.

A personal Christmas message from JOHN BULL's Competition Editor, an expert's masterly analysis of winning styles, a helpful discussion of efforts that failed, a Lichfield gardener's secrets of his First Prize and other successes—these are just a few of the *Bullets* tit-bits with which this bright little weekly is packed. Lists of winning efforts are provided for you to study—and you can win £50 in the process.

"I began to take in *Bullets Bulletin* and started winning." These are the words of Mr. T. H. Collins, 106, Park Lane, Wallington, Surrey, who won the Giant Pension of £50 Monthly for Life in our 957th Contest.

To obtain the invaluable guidance of *Bullets Bulletin* will cost you no more than its ½d. weekly postage. Post off without delay the Reservation Coupon opposite and your 96 pages of competition help will start with this special Christmas Number.

MAKE THIS £25,000 LIST YOUR GUIDE

THE big prize *Bullets* in our 962nd Contest are not due for publication here until next week. But since we always advise a would-be winner to study a list of successful efforts before tackling the *Examples*, we recall for your assistance a batch of First Prize *Bullets* for which JOHN BULL has paid over £25,000 this year.

As you study their good points, notice that their phrasing, though ingenious, consists of simple, everyday words.

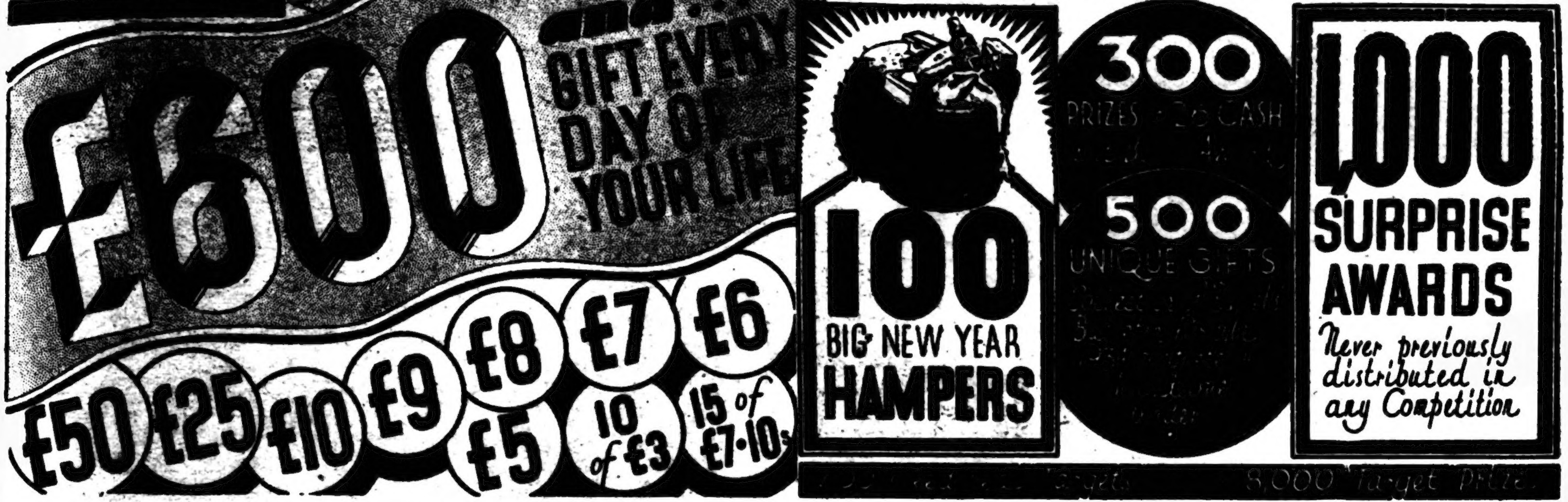
Not one of these winners, you will find, is a *Bullet* which you could not have made up yourself. Let that fact put extra impetus behind your attack on this week's 1,934 special prizes and £600 may be your reward.

THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM
    MAY CONFETTI "HIT" HARDEST!
BETTER MAN
    CONGRATULATE—AND SHAKE *Yourself*!
STILL LEADING
    BRITAIN, FOR "ENDURING THINGS."
HIS MATE
    EASES "COLLAR"—TIGHTENS "TIE."
GLEAM OF SUNSHINE
    PASSED—THE "OPENING'S" FILLED.
NEEDS WATCHING
    OR *My* "GOVERNMENT" OVERWORKS!
MERCIFULLY
    "LAST JUDGE" ALSO "FATHER."
BRAVE FIGHT
    HER "FADED PRINT" RECORDS.
PEAK OF SUCCESS
    "HAPPY, MARY?"—"YES, JOHN!"
MAN I ENVY
    UNTIL LIFTED FROM LIMOUSINE.
DOCTOR SUNSHINE
    CAME "STEALING"—RESTORED "JEWEL."
WE WANT PEACE, BUT
    "AS WE FORGIVE"—FORGOTTEN.
AN ACHIEVEMENT
    CLAP IT! CAP IT!
HE'S A PESSIMIST, SO
    TROUBLE'S "STAMPED ON HIM."
WHEN WE WAKE UP
    FEWER MOTHERS "FALLING ASLEEP."
DEBTS
    ENDLESS NOUGHTS—WORLD'S "CHAINS."
BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL
    WORLD—"HER PEOPLE" FRIENDLY.
WHAT MOTHER MADE
    AND MERITS, "HEAVENLY HOME."

"John Bull's" Xmas Gift Vouchers—see page 18

"John Bull's" Insurance Registration Forms appear on page 39

1934 FINE OPPORTUNITIES in LAST HUGE OFFER of 'BULLETS' RECORD YEAR!



Big New First, Fine Cheques, Hampers and Surprises!

TO-DAY sees the launching of JOHN BULL'S last huge Contest of 1934, with no fewer than 1,934 opportunities to win a fine prize with a neat *Bullet*.

For the entrant who turns Christmas leisure to golden account by making up the best *Bullet*, a fortune of £600 is waiting. And to this splendid sum will be added a Gift every day for life!

Following this splendid 2-in-1 First come 33 other substantial cheques—and these are followed by 100 giant New Year Hampers, crammed to the brim with seasonable delicacies of the famous JOHN BULL quality.

Every one of the 300 half-crown winners will receive an added Bonus, 500 other winners will each secure an invaluable collection of *Bullets Bulletin* and 1,000 Surprise Awards will be despatched to other successful entrants.

THE WAY TO WIN!

TO make a *Bullet*, read slowly through the *Examples* given and write down each that appeals to you specially, together with all the rough thoughts it brings to your mind.

Next you should proceed to build these first thoughts into prizeworthy efforts, remembering that a *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, linking up neatly with its *Example*.

For instance, considering the *Example* STUDYING, your first thought might be *Others—That's Wise Plan*. Polishing up the phrasing of this simple idea, you could readily arrive at the finished *Bullet*, STUDYING—OTHERS—THAT'S LIFE'S "LESSON."

Before settling down to your own efforts you will be wise to study the list of winning efforts which appear on the previous page. Once you have fully appreciated the merits of these successful *Bullets*, each a model of its kind, you will be well on the way to phrasing one of your own ideas just as effectively.

Now you are ready to start. Those 1,934 prizes are waiting, but you can only be a winner if your entry reaches the judges by Saturday, December 29.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

BRITANNIA'S CHILDREN
MOTHER'S TEARS
STUDYING
WHEN THE CLOCK STOPPED
HER BEST FRIEND
IMMOVABLE
NO SMALL MATTER
BLACK AS NIGHT
BIGGER
SLICE OF LIFE
POOR SUBSTITUTE
NEVER FORGETS
CHEAP
IN AGONY
AT ITS BEST
WANDERING
IN CAME THE CLOWN AND
WITHOUT EXAGGERATING
PITY THE DRIVER WHEN
SONNY THINKS
GLORIOUS LIFE
DISAPPEARING
WHEN THE WORK'S DONE
REFRESHING CHANGE
STOPPED HER
PANDEMONIUM
VACANT CHAIR
ARRIVING LATE
DOWN ON HIS LUCK
IN A MAD MOMENT
FATHER'S PROBLEM
FUEL ON THE FIRE
IN A DINGY OFFICE
HE LOST HIS GIRL AND
PRIMITIVE MAN
LIKE A POLITICIAN

96 FREE PAGES OF COMPETITION HELP

What do the judges want? How do the big prize-winners make their efforts?

These and scores of other questions you will find answered in "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, which will also introduce you to a thrilling £50-a-week *Bullets* Football Contest.

Post off the coupon to-night and receive each Thursday for 12 weeks this eight-page guide to competition success.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to *John Bull*), to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £3, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. [illegible] usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for [illegible] awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 961 will be displayed in the window of Mr. S. Varndell, 111, High Street, Cowes, I.O.W.

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(965) Closing SAT., Dec. 29.

P.O. No. ....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed ....

Address ....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(965) Closing SAT., Dec. 29.

P.O. No. ....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed ....

Address ....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(965) Closing SAT., Dec. 29.

P.O. No. ....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed ....

Address ....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(965) Closing SAT., Dec. 29.

P.O. No. ....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed ....

Address ....

Enter name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(965) Closing SAT., Dec. 29.

P.O. No. ....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.

Signed ....

Address ....

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

☛ **Address Entry:** "Bullets" No. 965, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

To Enjoy Your XMAS FARE

Take a nightly Dose of

GIVE your system that little extra help it needs now and especially during the Festive Season. A regular nightly dose of Bile Beans tones up your digestion, keeps you fit and well, and gives you a healthy, happy Xmas. And, you need not be afraid of putting on weight.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

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